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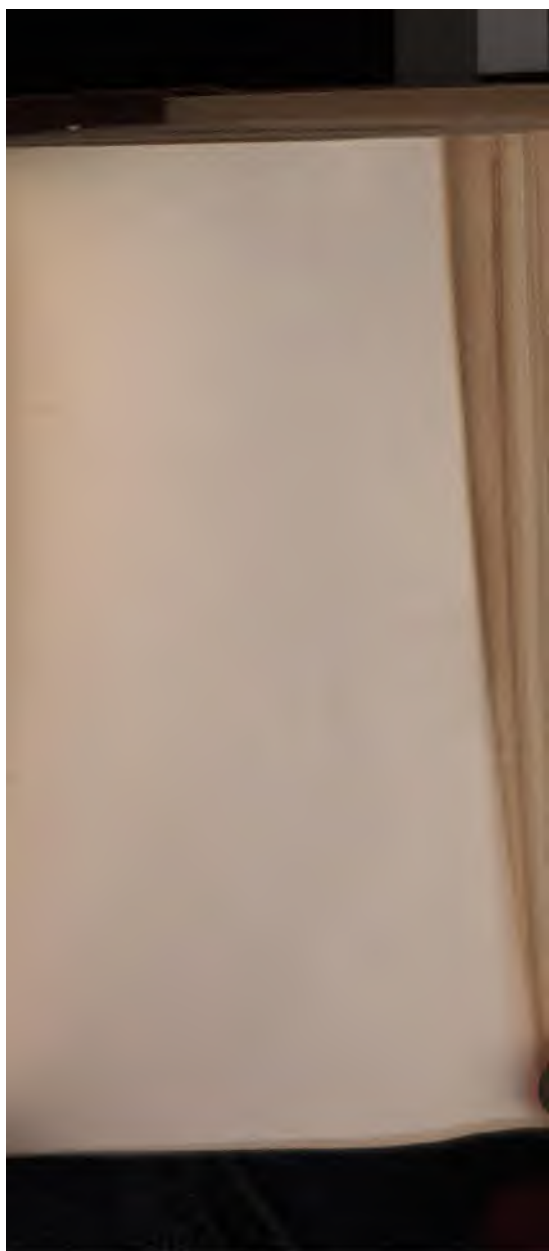
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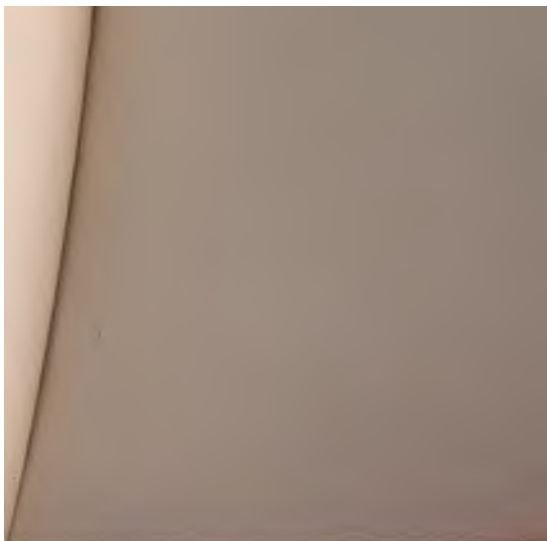
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THE  
*ALBION QUEENS;*

OR, THE DEATH OF  
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

A  
TRAGEDY.

---

By JOHN BANKS.

---

ADAPTED FOR  
*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRES - ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE, AND COVENT-GARDEN.

---

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## JOHN BANKS.

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OF this gentleman the particular history is not known. Thus much however is noted, that he was an Attorney at Law, and of the Society of NEW INN. That falling out with a profession which he most probably deemed disreputable and dry, he became a dramatic writer by chance, and continued so from necessity.—To such a claim how frequently have the *pure* springs of poetry welled forth with fertilizing plenty in their flow; and how frequently, on the other hand, have they issued contaminated by dirt, and no more profitable than

“ The green mantle of the standing pool.”

He produced the following tragedies :

*Rival Kings*, - - - 1677.

*Destruction of Troy*, - 1679.

*Virtue Betray'd*, - - 1682.

*Island Queens*, - - - 1684.

*Unhappy Favourite*, - 1685.

*Innocent Usurper*, - - 1694.

*Cyrus the Great*, - - 1696.

By the fourth and fifth of these compositions he is now occasionally remembered.



from his sentiment and his un-

~~derstanding of the world~~

1

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## THE ALBION QUEENS.

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LED originally the *Island Queens*, was among few tolerable pieces to which originally licences were refused. The author, however, printed it

“ To shame the rogues.”

Upon the stage it at length found its way.

The title tells all that can be known from the play and this, where surprise is meant to be excited, is round of strong objection to historical dramas.

The *ALBION QUEENS* in diction is turgid and incorrect; the flights of *BANKS* are the frenzies of excited sublimity, soaring among the comets of irregular imagination.

Much of his exuberant bombast is retrenched in representation. The noisy declamation of the acting tragedian has still an ample field to

“ Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,

“ The very faculties of eyes and ears.”

The characters of both these queens seem to be length *clearly understood*. Abilities of the first

class at that time were the qualifications of both—  
but a GOOD WOMAN would conceive it a prophana-  
tion to have it said, her heart was not better than  
either that of the one or the other.

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## PROLOGUE.

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*WITH farce and sound too long you have been teaz'd,  
ho' some are with such wretched joys most pleas'd ;  
at we, this night, in other paths shall move,  
hat lead to honour, innocence, and love :  
queen distress'd, to touch the ladies' eyes,  
noble prince, that for her beauty dies ;  
British queen, lamenting their sad fate,  
nd mourning over the unfortunate.  
'ho is there here, that could so cruel be,  
's not to mourn at their sad tragedy ?  
o see such honour and such beauty fall,  
nd England's queen mourn at their funeral.  
ur noble Britons, tho' for arms renown'd,  
ave for the fair a tender pity found ;  
'nd in the midst of slaughter still took care  
ot to destroy, but guard the tender fair.  
hen let this night your courages be seen,  
nd guard the British and the Albion Queen.*

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**Dramatis Personae.**

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**COVENT-GARDEN.**

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*Men.*

Duke of NORFOLK,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Wroughton
DAVISON,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Lestrangle.
MORTON,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Fearon.
CECIL,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hull.
GIFFORD,	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson

*Women.*

Queen ELIZABETH,	-	-	-	Mrs. Jackson.
MARY Queen of Scots,	-	-	-	Mrs. Hartley.
DOWGLAS, the Page,	-	-	-	Mrs. Bulkley.

*Ladies, Gentlemen, Guards, &c.*

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THE  
ALBION QUEENS.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

CECIL and DAVISON *discovered.*

*Cecil.*

REMEMBER, Davison, thou rising star!  
Who took thee from thy lowness, made thee shine  
Living monument of thy mistress' favour;  
Then plac'd thee on this height, whence to look  
down,

Men will appear like birds or insects to thee:"  
Remember too, "thou now art in a sphere  
Where princes to their favours set no bounds,  
And their rewards, though large and bottomless,  
Yet" statesmen have no mean betwixt  
The extremest pinnacle of height and ruin.

*Dav.* Wisest and justest that in courts e'er dwelt,  
Great oracle of Britain, prince of statesmen,  
Whom men nor angels scarce can praise enough!  
Nor divine Plato ever spoke like you;

B iij

" Plato, on whose sweet lips the muses sung,  
" And bees distill'd their honey in his cradle."

*Cec.* No more; 'tis worse than death for me to hear  
A fawning cringer or submissive praiser.

I should suspect thee, did I not believe

Thou art as far beyond a sycophant, 20

As I'm above the reach of flattery.

Thou art my equal now, nay more, my friend;

Thou art an honest man, "of parts, a compound

" That I have chosen 'mongst the race of men,

" To make a phoenix in the court."

*Dav.* The pow'rs above, the strongest guard of  
kings,

Still place such men about our royal mistress."

*Cec.* But now especially she needs their aid.

" Now, when the madness of the nation's grown

" To such a height, 'tis to be fear'd. Death walks

" In masquerade, in strange and many shapes:

" The court, that was the planet that should guide us,

" Is grown into eclipse with these confusions;

" Fears, jealousies and factions crowd the stage:

" Two queens, the like was never seen before,

" By different arts oppose each other's interest;"

Our virgin constellation shines but dim,

Whilst Mary, Scotland's queen, that northern star,

Tho' in a prison, darts her rival light.

*Dav.* The champions of her faction are not few;

Men of high birth and titles plead her cause, 41


'Mongst whom, the gallant duke of Norfolk's chief,

*A prince that has no equal in his fame,*

of power and wealth, to be reclaim'd,  
 own sake, as well as for the queen's :"  
 he plunge himself too deep in this,  
 ay chance to lose the best of men.  
 : queen's peculiar safety be thy care ;  
 the secretary's place be thine ;  
 high post, as from a perspective,  
 ayst discover all her foreign foes,  
 ne conspiracies, how dark soe'er."  
 f all, let Mary be thy fear,  
 hou hear'st inform me of: I'll act  
 shape : be thou my proxy still.  
 t Cromwell ever trod with so much care  
   steps of the most famous Wolsey,  
 states of the wiser Burleigh——  
 sh regent yesterday arriv'd,  
 discover'd plots to accuse his queen :   60  
 (to poise these heavy articles)  
 of Norfolk is from Mary come,  
 ire to have audience strait——Behold  
   speak of.  
 it you on the queen.                   [Exit Dav.

*Enter* NORFOLK.

e is welcome from the queen of Scotland.  
 that sad and most illustrious pattern  
 fortunes.  
 Dost thou pity her ?  
 me fly, and hold thee to my bosom,  
 and far more dear than ever bride





" Was held by hasty bridegroom in his arms!

*Cec.* My lord, you make me blush.

*Nor.* " Should the hyena thus bemoan,

" And thus the neighbouring rocks but echo him,

" My queen, I would devour the precious sound,

" And thus embrace him from whose lips it came,

" Tho' wide and gaping as the mouth of hell."

My lord, I came to seek you; I've a secret

T' unfold, which, while I keep it, weighs me down,

And when 'tis out, I fear it will undo me. 81

*Cec.* Then hold it in your breast; let me not know  
What is not fit for you to speak, nor me to hear.

*Nor.* Now, only now's the time; the traitor,  
Morton,

The false, usurping regent, is return'd,

With all the magazine of hell about him.

The queen, my lovely Albion Queen's in danger;

And if thou wilt not strait advise thy friend,

Mary's undone, and Norfolk is no more.

*Cec.* What is't, my lord?

*Nor.* First wear the looks of mildness,

Such as forgiving fathers do to sons:

Yet 'tis no treason, unless love be treason.

*Cec.* Out with't, my lord.

*Nor.* *Wilt thou forgive my bold aspiring hopes  
If I confess I love the queen of Scotland?*

*Cec.* Ha, love her! " how?

" *Nor.* How should she be beloved,

" But as mild saints do to their altars bow,

" *And human patriarchs kiss the copes of angels?*

her! for what?" 101

a crown, I swear.

seen her in that plight as I did,  
n Alexander, thou hadst kneel'd,  
gloves and sceptres at her feet,  
rown for ev'ry tear she shed!  
ot hear you out.

ust; you shall;

rs be deaf alone, nice statesman!  
chrystal champion o'er our heads,  
th immortal warriors to her aid,  
s, louder than the breath of thunder,  
than the winds, proclaim" to "earth  
y's wrongs and my eternal love.

l, you've said too much; I dare not  
you.

ng the distress'd, and loving her

ut envy hates, a crime?

uld not marry her?

urry her!

tood on Ætna's sulphurous brink, 120

mouth ran o'er with liquid fire,

ng flames higher than Phœbus shot,"

urning lake to make her mine.

y, recollect your banish'd reason;

you've said; it must undo you:

s greater far than I can feign."

ow that's she's accus'd of treason?

oyal crown our mistress wears

candidate, against all force,

*Nor.* Let justice now be silent, whilst from high  
Astrea looks, and wonders at her oracle. [Aside.]

*Mor.* Your Majesty must give me leave to speak,  
And plead the right of nations for my guard—  
Your subject I am not.

*Nor.* Audacious traitor!

*Mor.* If innocent, why is she then a prisoner?  
If guilty, why against the law of nature,  
And clamours of a kingdom, your ally,  
Do you bar the gates of justice, and secure her?

*Qu. El.* To such a daring insect as thyself  
I give no other answer, but my will.  
But as thou represent'st a power above thee,  
I tell thee, proud ambassador, 'tis false;  
My throne's an altar with soft mercy crown'd,  
Where both yourselves and monarch may be bless'd,  
And all your wrongs be equally redress'd.

"At home was she not scandal'd and betray'd?

"Nor dignity, nor tender sex was weigh'd;

"She flew to me for refuge from a crown,

"As safer in my castle than her throne."

*Mor.* Nay, then, I will be heard.

260

If your confederate's danger will not wake you,  
Then you own kingdom's must. Behold a letter,  
By Navus wrote, and sign'd with her own hand,  
Sent to the noblemen, her friends in Scotland,  
Wherein she does asperse your majesty  
With treachery, and breach of promise to her;  
But bids them be of courage, and expect her;  
*For now she is assur'd of other means,*

mighty man, your subject, by whose aid,  
opes to be releas'd, and suddenly.

*r.* Most wise, discerning princess, did you hear?  
ar this bold man, how loud he mouths at  
princes?"

base, degenerate coward, dreading you,  
turns his back, but worries still a queen.

*El.* Let him be heard.

*r.* Oh, stop the traitor's mouth!  
not a monarch by her rebel stain'd:  
at bright throne of justice which you fill,  
false, 'tis forg'd, 'tis Lucifer's invention.

*El.* My lord——

280

*r.* We've letters too, and witness,  
rove that Allen, Inglesfield, and Ross,  
bargain'd with the Pope and King of Spain,  
communicate her son and you,  
give a resignation of both crowns,  
at most catholic tyrant for his service.

*El.* Defend me, powers! this is a mountain  
treason!

*r.* Prodigious monster?

*El.* Are you not amaz'd?

guard, my faithful Cecil, "more my friend!  
ou art my Delphos! to whose oracle,  
here should I have recourse, but unto thee,  
hose bosom is my guide, whose breast my  
council?"

t think you now, my lord?

*r.* 'Tis all conspiracy.

*Cec.* Rest, and refer this matter to your council:  
Something may be in this, but more design.

*Mor.* If all's not true, I'll give my body up  
To torments, to be rack'd, and die a villain:  
Or stand the test with any he that dares. 300

*Nor.* Quick, let me take him at his word——  
Oh, that I had thee in some desert wild,  
As far from man as thou art from humanity,  
“Where none could save thee but thy fellow-monsters!  
“I'd crush the treason from thy venom'd throat,  
“As I would do its poison from a toad.

“*Mor.* My lord——

“*Qu. El.* My lord of Norfolk, you are to blame.

“*Nor.*” I beg your Majesty to grant the combat;  
And I, as champion for that injur'd saint,  
I, Thomas Norfolk, with this arm, will prove  
That Mary, queen of Scotland, is abus'd,  
“That she is innocent, and all is forg'd,  
“Nay, 'till I have made him own to all the world,  
“That he's not born of noble blood, but that  
“Some ruffian stept into his father's place,  
“And more than half begot him.

“*Mor.* Gracious queen——”

*Qu. El.* If Norfolk can so suddenly forbear  
That noble temper was so long admir'd, 320  
And trample o'er so rudely, in my presence,  
The dignity of crowns and law of nations;  
I can as soon recall the lavish bounties,  
That made this mad-man equal with myself;  
*Nay, were you duke of all your fancy'd world,*



Your head as high as your aspiring thoughts—  
 Confess 'tis frenzy, so go home and rest ;  
 But take this caution, sir, along with you—  
 Beware what pillow 'tis you rest upon.

*Nor.* If to proclaim the innocence of her  
 Who has no liberty to do't herself,  
 Be such a crime, take then this life and honours,  
 They're more your majesty's than his that wears them ;  
 But while I live, " I'll shout it to the skies,"  
*I will aloud proclaim,*

" Whilst echo answers from this ball of earth,"  
 Queen Mary's wrong'd, queen Mary's innocent.

*Qu. El.* And must I endure all this ?  
 Hence from my sight, be gone, be banish'd ever.

*Nor.* I will obey your anger ; but, alas! 340  
 You'll hear my message first from the sad princess.

*Qu. El.* What said she ?

*Nor.* Here is a letter from that guilty fair one ;  
 She bid me thus present it on my knees.

*Qu. El.* Before I read it, you may speak, my lord.

" *Nor.* Mark but the superscription—is't not to  
 " Her dearest sister, queen Elizabeth ?

" *Qu. El.* It is."

*Nor.* But had you seen her write it, with what love,  
 How with a sigh she perfum'd every word,  
 Fragrant as eastern winds, or garden breezes,  
 That steal the sweets of roses in their flights :  
 On every syllable she rain'd down pearls,  
 And said, instead of gems, she sent you blessings ;  
 For other princely treasure she had none.

*Qu. El.* Alas, what mean'st thou, Norfolk ?

*Nor.* Then she sigh'd, and said,

Go to the queen, perhaps upon her throne ;  
 Tell her, mine is an humble floor, my palace  
 An old dark tower, that threat'ning dares the sky  
 And seems at war with heaven to keep day out :  
 For eighteen years of winter, I ne'er saw  
 The grass embroider'd o'er with icy spangles,  
 Nor trees majestic in their snowy robes ;  
 Nor yet in summer, how the fields were clad,  
 And how soft nature gently shifts the scene,  
 From heavy vestment to delightful green.

*Qu. El.* Oh, duke, enough, thy language stab  
 soul.

*Nor.* No feather'd choristers of chearful note,  
 Salute my dusky gate to bring the morn,  
 But birds of frightful omen. " Screech owls, be  
 " And ravens, such as haunt old ruin'd castles,  
 " Make no distinction here 'twixt sun and moon  
 " But join their clattering wings with their  
 creaks,"

That sing hoarse midnight dirges all the hours.

*Qu. El.* Oh, horror ! Cecil, stop thy ears and n  
 Now, cruel Morton, is she guilty now ?  
 She cannot be ambitious of my crown ;  
 For though it be a glorious thing to sight,  
 Yet, like a glittering, gaudy snake, it sits,  
 Wreathing about a prince's tortur'd brow :  
 And, oh, it has a thousand stings as fatal.  
*Thou hast no more to say ?*

*Nor.* I found this mourning excellence alone:

"She was asleep, not on a purple bed,  
 "A gorgeous palate, but upon the floor,  
 "Which a mean carpet clad, whereon she sat,  
 "And on a homely couch did lean her head:  
 "Two winking tapers, at a distance stood;  
 "For other light ne'er bless'd that dismal place,  
 "Which made the room look like some sacred urn,  
 "And she, the sad effigies of herself.

*Qu. El.* No more; alas! I cannot hear thee out—  
 Pray, rise my lord.

*Nor.* Oh, ne'er till you have pity.

"Her face and breast I might discover bare;  
 "And looking nearer, I beheld how tears  
 "Slid from the fountains of her scarce clos'd eyes,  
 "And every breath she fetch'd turn'd to a sigh.

*Qu. El.* Oh, I am drown'd! I'm melted all to  
 pity. 400

*Nor.* Quickly she wak'd, for grief ne'er rested  
 long,

"And starting at my sight, she blush'd and said,  
 "You find me full of woe; but know, my lord,  
 "'Tis not for liberty nor crowns I weep,  
 "But that your queen thinks me her enemy."

*Qu. El.* "My breast, like a full prophet, is o'er  
 charg'd,

"A sea of pity rages to get out,  
 "And must have way."—Rise, Norfolk, run, haste all,  
 Fly, with the wings of darting meteors, fly  
 "Swift as the merciful decrees above



"A're glided down the battlements of bliss :

"Quick, take your queen's own chariot; take  
love,

"Dear as a sister's, nay, a lover's heart,"

And bring this mourning goddess to me straight;

"Fetch me this warbling nightingale, who long

"In vain has sung, and flutter'd in her cage;

"And lay the panting charmer in my breast;"

This heart shall be her gaoler, and these arms I  
prison,

And thou, kind Norfolk, see my will obey'd.

Nor. *I fly to execute.*

[Exit

"Oh, run, and execute the queen's commands,

"Prepare her golden coach, and snow white stead

"The pattern of that innocence they carry.

[Exit second Ge

"And fly more swift than Venus drawn by doves.

"Should all the clouds pour down at once upon y

"Make your quick passage through the falling ocea

"Not the dread thunder, let it stop, nor lightning s  
you."

Mor. Madam——

Qu. El. No more, you shall have justice, sir,

The accuser, and the accus'd, shall both have just

Why was I born to empire, to a crown,

Now when the world is such a monster grown!

When summer freezes, and when winter springs,

When nature fades, and loyalty to kings!

"Nor. When first the fox beheld the awful lion

Kings once were gods, but now like men appear;  
Tis for the royal fur, they hope to win,  
The ermin might be safe, but for the skin:  
If kings have any fault, 'tis but the name, 410  
And not who wears it, but the crown's to blame."  
[*Exeunt.*]

---

ACT II. SCENE I.

---

NORFOLK *solus.*

"SHOUT the loud world, sound all the vast creation,"  
Let proud Augusta, clad in robes of triumph,  
Through her glad streets, with golden trumpet sound,  
And echo to the ocean that she comes!"  
Maria comes, proclaim it to the world,  
Let the four winds from distant corners meet,  
And on their wings, first bear it into France,  
Then back again to Edina's proud walls,  
'Till victim to the sound th'aspiring city falls."

*Enter* MORTON.

*Mor.* My lord, I come to find you.

*Nor.* Pardon me;

The mighty joy that has since fill'd my breast,  
"And left no room for other tongues," has made me  
Forget that you and I were foes.

*Mor.* And I, my lord——

"Brave spirits should be stirr'd to wrath,  
As seldom as the centre is with earthquakes;

Have left their callings, young men left their sports,  
“The old their crutches too would fling away,  
“And halt to see my face?” The bridegroom at the  
altar,

That had his bride by th’ hand, at my approach,  
Left the unfinish’d rites to see me pass,  
And made his eager hopes wait on his queen.

*Dav.* And there are millions yet, that so would do.

*Qu. El.* No, I’m forgot; a new thing has their hearts:  
I am grown stale, as vulgar to the sight,  
As sun by day, or moon and stars by night.

Oh, curse of crowns! oh, curse of regal power!

“Learn you, that would such pageantry adore,

“Trust whining saints, the cunning harlot’s tears,

“And listen when the perjur’d lover swears;

“Believe the snake that woman did delude,

“But never, never trust the multitude. [*Shouts here.*

“*Cec.* Run, and proclaim the queen’s commands  
to all, 200

“On penalty of death, they cease this shouting.

“*Qu. El.* No, let them stun me, kill me; yet, vile  
traitors!

“Ye shall have her ye long for, in my throne;

“False queen! you shall enjoy your sister’s crown;

“But it shall be with stings of scorpions guarded;

“And a worse plague to thee, than mine is now;

“It shall be in the Tower, there thou shalt sing

“Thy Siren’s song, and let them shout in answer:  
do:

“*I’ll teach you how to flatter and betray—*

So to convey her title to the crown,  
To the worst enemy this nation has.

*Nor.* Name but the man who dares aspire to be  
Her kneeling slave, much more her royal husband ?  
Say is't not Leicester ?

*Mor.* All but yourself—  
Would first have nam'd the duke of Norfolk.

*“ Nor. Hal*

*“ Mor. Wonder not, sir.”*

*Nor.* I ne'er can be ambitious of a throne ;  
But if I were, I swear to thee, oh, Morton !  
I would prefer the lovely Albion Queen,  
To crowns, to empire, or ten thousand lives.  
Queen, did I say ? the name's too great, too distant,  
And sounds too mighty for a lover's hopes. 61

*Mor.* The planets all above, and men below,  
Have mark'd you out to be that happy man.

*Nor.* Oh, were she not a queen,  
But born of Sylvan race, her royal seat  
Some mossy bank, instead of Scotland's throne :  
Under no canopy but some large oak ;  
“ A crook in that bright hand that once a sceptre  
sway'd,

“ And coronet of flowers her temples wreathing,  
“ Whilst round her all her bleating subjects fed ; ”  
Glad I would be to dress me like a swain,  
Beg from her looks alternately my doom,  
Mingle our smiles, and mix our woes together,  
Sit by her side, freed from the chains of power,  
And never think of curst ambition more.

*Mor.* Come, come, my lord, "you wrong your  
" hopes to hide

" This secret from the only man can serve you.  
" I know you love the afflicted queen ; confess,  
" And," soon as she's arriv'd, I'll wait on her,  
Fall on my knees, nay, prostrate on the earth, 80  
Implore my pardon of that injur'd saint,  
And make it my request for all her subjects,  
To take you for her husband, and our king.  
And for her dower, her crown and liberty.

*Nor.* By all my shining hopes, if thou art real,  
And mak'st us one, as we're one soul already,  
I will reward thee with that crown thou proffer'st,  
And thou shalt reign for infant James, and me ;  
" But, if I find thee false——

" Hear, mighty Vengeance, and aid me with thy  
scorpions,

" Lend me thy surest thunder thus to grasp,  
" Give me the strength and rage of Hercules,  
" That I may take the monster in these hands,  
" And when he proves a traitor, shake his body."  
The queen's approaching, one of us must part,  
It is not fit we should be seen together ;  
You will go wait upon the queen of Scotland.

Oh, Morton ! be thou faithful, and be great. [*Exit.*

*Mor.* Farewel ; greatness I'll owe unto myself, not  
thee.

" Mary, like a proud fabric, safely stands, 100  
" Supported by great Norfolk as a column ;  
" Saw but this pillar off, the building falls.



is hot-brain'd heedless duke, to save the queen,  
 runs, blind with love, himself into the gin;  
 Thus, when the king of beasts, hears his lov'd mate  
 Roar in the toil, with hopes to free her strait,  
 Scours to her aid, and meets the self same fate."

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, CECIL, attendants and guards.*

*Qu. El.* My lord, the queen's already in our walls,  
 and passing through the city to our palace.

*Mor.* I hope this meeting will be kind and lasting,  
 and prove as joyful to your majesty,  
 as is our welcome queen to all your subjects.

*Qu. El.* My lord, what mean you? Who has wel-  
 com'd her?

*Mor.* I mean the shouts, the joyful ring of bells,  
 and fires, that turn'd the night to shining day,  
 on as your orders were dispatch'd to bring her.

*Qu. El.* Were they so much transported at the news?

*Mor.* No doubt to please your majesty they did it.

*Qu. El.* It does not please me; why was I not told it?  
 I would have added water to their flames, 121  
 Dug up their wharfs, and sluices, at their gates,  
 To quench their saucy fires."

*Mor.* 'Twas ignorance——

*Qu. El.* 'Twas insolence!

What how behav'd the queen? Inform me, Morton?

Did she not look as one that came in triumph,

Deck'd with the spoils of all my subjects hearts?

Wast thou *not* read upon her guilty cheeks,

Strugglings, to shew a false dissembl'd grief?

[*Shouts here.*]

Ha! in my ears! and at my palace doors,

"Thus they would dare me, had they forts and canons."

*Mor.* This sounds, as if the queen were near.

*Enter* DAVISON.

*Qu. El.* Speak, Davison; what means this shouting?

*Dav.* The queen is come; these thundring acclamations

Proclaim your people's joy, where-e'er she passes.

It was your royal pleasure, I should meet

This wish'd for princess, ere she reach'd the town,

But could not pass it for the gazing throng;

So numerous, that, had your majesty beheld them, 140

You would have wept, as Xerxes o'er his armies,

To think, perchance, that in a few short years,

None of those god-like creatures would be living.

*Qu. El.* Thou art mistaken; for had I been there,

I should have smil'd to hear the giddy rout,

That in one moment will their prince adore;

And sacrifice the next.

*Dav.* Mistake me not, nor your kind subjects' loves;

I hope they did not mean it to offend.

*Qu. El.* Proceed; did they not strive to give thee  
way?

Not for my sake, nor for my dignity and place?

*Dav.* Alas! 'twas past their power! I might as well

Oppose my breast against a gushing torrent,

Or driven the ocean from its deep abode,

in the multitude—but mark what follow'd ;  
 this was but the curtain to the scene.

look displeas'd, I doubt I've said too much,  
 fear I've done them wrong.

*El.* I'll hear ; go on.

*v.* The queen no sooner did appear, but strait  
 obedient crowd shrunk back at her command, 161  
 making a lane to guard on every side ;  
 t' Æolus with his commanding breath,  
 d the unruly waves so soon control,  
 she with her mild looks the rout dispers'd."

*El.* 'Tis well ; and what am I, ungrateful people ?

*v.* But when she spoke, they hung like cluster'd  
 grapes,

cover'd all her chariot like a vine ;

e loaded wheels, thick as the dust they hide,

d swarm'd like bees upon her coach's side.

utrons and virgins in her praises sung ;

hilst tuneful bells in grateful changes rung ;

l harmony from discord seem'd to flow,

d shouts from tops of towers, meet shouts below ;

rses, when they with joy, her face had seen,

ould, pointing to their children, shew the queen :

hilst they (ne'er learn'd to talk) for her would try,

d the first word they spoke, would Mary cry."

*El.* 'Tis false ; thou wrong'st my subjects,

durst not do this ! Durst not, did I say ? 180

people would not.

[*Shouts here.*

t's this I hear ?

these *the perjur'd slaves*, that at my sight,

*D ij*



“ Though she stood here, and dar’d me with revenge,  
“ I’d seat you in that place in spite of her.”

*Qu. M.* May all that’s great and good forbid.

*Nor.* The powers above, and mortals all below,  
Would praise me for that deed—Who can behold  
England’s bright heiress, queen of France and Scotland,

Whose veins thus treasur’d with the sacred blood  
“ Of Fergus, and a hundred Albion kings,”

Lie thus neglected, in a state thus mean!

Who can behold it, and at once be loyal?

*Qu. M.* Oh, tempt me not with thoughts of any state  
But this that I am in; it was a vision,  
The world till now was but a dream to me.  
When I was great, I always was in danger;  
Giddy, and fearful, when I look beneath;  
But now with scorn I can see all above me,  
Happy in this, that I can fall no lower.

*Nor.* Oh, say not so, for pity of mankind,  
Lest fate descends in battles, plagues and fire,  
To scourge the earth for so profane a sight,  
And treating thus the majesty of queens.

“ Had I the thunder, Nature’s self should wreck,

“ The frighted world should at my burthen groan

“ Whilst thus I fell with my immortal weight,

“ Thus at your feet, and crush’d its soul away.

“ But as I am Norfolk still, the meanest wretch,

“ Let me dig out of thee a grave, and say,

“ As raving Aristotle to the sea,

“ *Since I can’t conquer thee, thou bury me.*”

now be soon again set out at  
d Sc To rocks, wide seas, and vast exte

That nothing but a miracle can sav

nod Nor. Oh, could I dare but whisper

Or claim the sacred promise once you

Here you should meet that calm repos

In Norfolk's grateful breast.

y state, Qu. M. Oh, name not love!

Love always flies the wretched and aban

And I am both; sorrow has play'd the t

Plow'd up this once fair field, where bea

And quite transform'd it to a naked fallow

That you had once my word 'tis true, but

When I had hopes to be a queen again;

I thought to give you with some charms

Which you deserve; but now they all are

I am not worth the taking, cease the thou

Nor. You are above all wealth, all que

Your glorious head was shadow'd with a

"A brighter body seem'd but coar

"With robes of ...

You bear the badge of Heaven where'er you go,  
And beauty's mine, more worth than all below.

*Qu. M.* Where shall I fly?

400

*Nor.* "To Scythia, wilds of beasts.

"Or," any where but this accursed court;  
To Scotland fly, where the repenting Morton,  
(Whom real pity of your matchless sufferings  
Has turn'd a saint) has writ to all the states  
To meet, receive you, and approve your choice.

*Qu. M.* First let my virtue with my mind consult.

*Nor.* Nay, while we think, we stumble on our graves,  
Or prison "else," you know not what the queen,  
And your vile foes are now consulting of.

*Qu. M.* To fly suspected, is to make me guilty:  
Yet she condemns, and shuns me like a monster,  
Denies what to the meanest criminal she grants.

*Nor.* A moment will undo us.

"*Qu. M.* Whilst fears, and hopes, to be victorious  
strive,

"Like seas with bold contrary winds opprest,  
"They rouse the quiet ocean in my breast."

*Enter DAVISON and guards.*

*Dav.* The queen, my mistress, to her royal sister,  
The wrong'd and beauteous majesty of Scotland,  
Sends by her slave, the dearest of all loves, 420  
Not such as wanton fickle lovers give,  
*But such as royal friendship owes to virtue;*

ovingly intreats you would accept  
is her guard.

r. Ha!

v. Not as a restraint,  
o protect your life against your foes,  
h still she prizes dearer than her own.  
out are officers prepar'd to wait you  
n apartment nearest to herself.  
ord, it is the queen's command,  
leave this place, and instantly attend her. [*Exit.*

r. Immortal Powers, a guard!

. M. Haste, noble duke, prevent her threat'ning  
rage.

l for yourself—behold I am not worse,  
a when you saw me first at Fotheringay.

r. Oh, rigid caution! Virtue too severe!  
have done a cruel justice on yourself,  
quite undone your Norfolk.

. M. Give me your hand; 440

l be yours, or never be another's,  
hat as my heart!" but, oh, most gallant Norfolk!

e time allow to weigh the nice regards,

alous honour in a prince's breast;

l example, cruel greatness awes

sex and monarchs with the hardest laws—

wel. [*Exit.*

r. Oh, tyrant law! more cruel greatness still;

till forbidden knew not what was ill;

till ambition sow'd the fatal strife,

bands were blest, each bride a happy wife;

E

“ Virtue once reign’d, and then was so renown’d,  
“ Valour made kings, and beauty oft was crown’d;”  
Merit did then, much more than interest plead,  
The happy pair but lik’d, and soon agreed;  
“ But now love’s bought, and marriage grown a trade,  
“ Estate and dower are in the balance weigh’d;”  
Love still was free, till pride got in by stealth,  
And ne’er a slave till undermin’d by wealth.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Enter MORTON and DAVISON.*

*Morton,*

Now, famous Davison, ’tis in your power  
To be the genius of our threaten’d nation;  
And the protector of your crown and laws;  
“ A glorious merit offers to espouse you,  
“ And make your name in England’s cause renown’d;”  
Your mistress must not see the queen of Scotland,  
This you must study to prevent, for ’tis  
To give a dagger to a lunatick!  
How does she hold her yesterday’s resolve?

*Dav.* Just as I fear’d; for in her bed-chamber,  
Early this morn, I found the duke of Norfolk,  
Upon his knees petitioning for the queen;  
*At first she started, whilst her eyes shot flames,*

And bid him in a fury straight begone;  
Then, with an elevated tone, she cry'd,  
What must I ne'er be kneel'd to, but for her:  
"All knees, all hearts, must bend to her alone;  
"Whilst I, like the dull slavish animal  
"That bore the goddess' image on his back,  
"Am worshipp'd only for her."

*Mor.* Said rarely!

*Dav.* Then on a sudden, call'd him back again,  
Blotting a tear that fell in spite of her,  
And bid him go to the distress'd poor queen,  
Sending her ring, and with it many a sigh;  
Tell her, said she, though jealousies of state  
Forbid that we should meet; not many days,  
Not many hours I am resolv'd to live,  
Unless I hold her in these arms for ever.

*Mor.* Then all my fears again return.

*Dav.* The duke

Rose from the ground, exalted and inspir'd,  
Leaving the queen with Cecil and myself;  
But soon on us, presuming to advise her,  
She thunder'd, as th' immortals on the giants,  
And made us feel what 'twas to war with heaven:  
"Then in a rage she darted from her closet,  
"And threw the door so hard with such a fury  
"(As I have seen her father Harry do)  
"That made us tremble."

*Mor.* What would you advise?

*Dav.* I know not, for she wearies her attendants,

And fain would shake them off; "surveys  
chamber,

"And measures every apartment in the palace

"A hundred times."

I know the cause, and though her soul's too proud

And would not stoop to see the Scottish queen,

Yet she seeks all occasions out to meet her;

"And therefore loiters like a miser's ghost,

"About the treasure that it lov'd on earth."

*Mor.* This mighty duke must be lopp'd low, or

"His towering branches are too vast, and high,

"Under whose tops our queen securely lies,

"And mocks the just avenging storms above."

He thinks he's clear'd from all accounts of guilt;

But I have that will set him in arrear,

Ne'er to be paid, and ne'er to be forgiven.

I'll to the duke.

*Dav.* And I'll go seek the queen.

*[As Davison is going out, Gifford meets]*

What art thou that has haunted me so long?

"Thou look'st as if thou mean'st to draw my picture

"I saw thee in the presence of the queen,

"Which as I left, thou follow'dst me,

"And still survey'st me with a curious eye.

"What would'st thou with me? Say, what art thou?"

*Gif.* A man;

And what indeed is rare in such a place,

A miracle at court; an honest man.

*Dav.* That were in truth, a wonder.



*Gif.* I am a priest.

*Dav.* How dar'st thou shew thy head within these walls?

I'll have thee seiz'd.

*Gif.* Thou had'st better, if 'twere possible,  
The guardian-angel of thy mistress seize:  
I'm hir'd to kill the queen.

*Dav.* Oh, monstrous villain!

*Gif.* I am no villain, but a scourge to villains.

*Dav.* Oh, horrid! most unheard of impudence!  
Durst thou say this to me that am her servant?

*Gif.* Because you are, therefore I sought you out;  
I came not here to act it, but reveal it: 81  
"Hell could not rest, and know it."

*Dav.* "Thou sayest well;"  
What dire companions in this tragedy  
Hast thou? Who set you on?

*Gif.* Oh, they are mighty!  
Nor was the queen alone to have felt the blow.

*Dav.* Is not the queen of Scotland in the plot?  
Speak as thy virtue prompts thee, "and the throne,  
"Thy innocence, and heaven, be all thy guard."

*Gif.* I know that for her sake this was contriv'd,  
Am witness too she was consenting to it.

*Dav.* Wert thou alone to act this monstrous treason

*Gif.* No; five bold traitors more, beside myself  
(Curst that my name should e'er be read for one),  
All made of nature's roughest, fiercest mould,  
Have enter'd in a damn'd association  
"(Start all that's human and divine to her)"



To kill the queen ! to murder majesty,  
Their several instruments of fate, in sport, 10  
They made the guilt of chance ; to one by lot  
A sword fell to his share, the next a gun,  
The third a pistol, poison had the fourth,  
The fifth chose water for the deed, who was,  
If all the rest had fail'd, to have sunk her barge,  
Rowing some evening, as her custom is,  
From Greenwich : and this dagger was my lot.

*Dav.* Thou'st gain'd a glorious and immortal credit

*Gif.* I can produce what will amaze you worse ;

“ No necromancer ever shew'd the face

“ Of a suspected stealer in a glass,

“ As I” the lively figures of these monsters,

In glorious ostentation of the deed,

Painted on tables, set in gold, with Babington

High in the midst, and in his threat'ning hand,

Grasping the weapon that should kill the queen.

*Dav.* Oh, villains ! didst thou ever see queen Mary

*Gif.* Yes, and have seen her letters to the Pope,

To the confederates, and to Babington.

*Dav.* To Babington ! Say ! Does she write to him

*Gif.* To him !—I am the intrusted messenger. 11

*Dav.* Dost know them to be hers ? Who gave thee  
to thee ?

*Gif.* Her secretary, Curl.

*Dav.* But are you sure they are the queen's own  
hand ?

*Gif.* Her hand I know, and this I'm sure's her  
writing.

THE ALBION QUEENS.

As they are first deliver'd to convey.

[*Producing letters*

and henceforth, as they come into my hands,  
you I'll bring them.

*Dav.* Do so; which I'll open,  
And cause them to be neatly counterfeited,  
Then send the false, and keep the true ones by me.  
If it hold, we are perceived; come, follow me,  
And when time serves, I'll bring thee to the queen.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Queen MARY, DOWGLAS, and attendants at the  
other door, and sees DAVISON and GIFFORD.*

*Qu. M.* Shew me the unfrequented'st gallery  
To walk in; for we have not chang'd our state,  
We only have a little larger prison."

*v. Ha!*

*M.* What ails the guardian genius of his queen?  
His disorder? Wherefore didst thou start?  
Saw you that fellow, madam?

*M.* Yes; why ask'st thou?

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I know not; but a sudden horror seiz'd me  
At man's sight——

That Davison and he together  
Should talk? Ah, madam, Davison!

Of quality, a leger here  
Against your sacred innocence.

Unspotted soul! just such a person

's not the same) I often saw

As, during your imprisonment:

Oh, my prophetic heart warns and foretels me,  
There's mischief gathering in your scarce clos'd wound.

*Qu. M.* There's no fear; for my kind sister's love,  
And my own innocence, shall conquer all  
That hell or malice can invent against me.

*Dav.* What mean these drops? Oh, stars! what  
meant this shaking?

Your prophets never wept, nor trembled so,  
For pity when they told the fate of kingdoms.  
Ah, brightest star that e'er adorn'd the world!  
Take, take, young Dowglas' counsel, and retire! 160  
Oh, shun the barb'rous place; and fly this moment.

*Qu. M.* What dost thou mean?

*Dow.* I know not, but am pull'd

By some strange destiny, that seems to you  
As if I rav'd, but blest were you 'twere madness.  
Last night, no sooner was I laid to rest,  
"But just three drops of blood fell from my nose,  
"And stain'd my pillow, which I found this morning,  
"And wonder'd at.

"*Qu. M.* That rather does betoken

"Some mischief to thyself.

"*Dow.* Perhaps to cowards,

"Who prize their own base lives; but to the brave,

"'Tis always fatal to the friend they love.

"Mark farther: I was scarcely fallen asleep,"

But you were represented to my fancy,

Deck'd like a bride, with Norfolk in your hand;

The amorous duke, that smiles with every glance,

Whilst you return'd them, with more piercing darts;

it it seem'd to lighten, and a peal 180  
 dful thunder rent you from each other,  
 from the ceiling, painted o'er like heaven,  
 ght I saw the furious queen of England,  
 gry Juno mounted on a cloud,  
 l in flames, at which dread sight you vanish'd.  
 f. These are but starts of an o'erwatchful soul,  
 always represent to us asleep,  
 most we fear or wish when we're awake.

Ah! my best mistress! on my knees I beg,  
 n the brave duke be as renown'd as any  
 er the antients first chose out for gods;  
 gh never man so rivall'd all the sex,  
 left them bare of virtue, like himself;"  
 your precious life's sake, that's more worth  
 housand dukes, break off your marriage with  
 him.

M. My little guardian angel, thou hast rous'd  
 at a war within my breast, between  
 terest of my love, and preservation:  
 know'st 'twas long consulted, and at last  
 ded best for my uncertain state; 200  
 er and Cecil both have given their words,  
 lorton too, to gain the queen's consent.  
 ow. There's Morton in it, therefore go no  
 farther.

M. Thou would'st not have me wed the gal-  
 lant duke,  
 thou would'st have me fly. Where shall I fly?  
 re not go to Scotland, that lays wait

catch me in a hundred snares of death ;  
and into France I must not, will not go ;  
or then my sister might with reason say,  
went for help to drive her from her throne.”  
*Dow.* See where he comes, just in the moment.

Fate,  
your ill stars against themselves are kind,  
and send to warn you, that you might avoid it.  
*Qu. M.* What shall I do ? Say, *Dowglas* ! Lo, I  
stand  
Like one that in a desert lost his way,  
Sees several paths, yet knowing not the right,  
Stands in amaze, and fears to venture any.

*Enter NORFOLK and MORTON.*

*Nor.* What ! what in tears, thou mourning excellence !  
Shed not the precious balm in vain ; “ but spare it,  
“ To heal the world, when nature is a dying, 22  
“ And chaos shall be threaten’d once again ;  
“ O save those pearls to buy large empires for us :  
“ And when we have liv’d long centuries in love,  
“ To purchase twice as many years from fate.”

*Mor.* Weep you, when love and hymen gladly v  
To banish grief for ever from your breast ?

*Qu. M.* Morton, I will proceed no further in  
marriage,  
My lord, I fear it will be fatal to us.

*Nor.* What do I hear !

*Qu. M.* By all my hopes I must not.

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by sign !  
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She knows it, and in not forbidding it, 260  
Her silence may be taken for a grant.

*Qu. M.* Delay it but a day, and let me haste,  
(If shame, your cruel foe, will give me leave)  
And ask the queen's consent.

*Mor.* You yet create new hazards,  
And still forget the queen denies to see you :  
Besides, that were to wake some new surmise  
Of state ; perhaps she'll then demur on the request,  
And call your foes to council ; but, if done,  
And past prevention, she'll not blame the deed.

“ *Nor.* Oh, gallant Morton ! let me hold thee thus ;  
“ More pitiful than sighing virgins are,  
“ And kind as interceding angels, thou.”

*Mor.* Go quickly then, and tie the sacred knot  
Due to your interests, due to matchless love.  
“ Elizabeth shall jealous be no more,  
“ Nor fearful then that any foreign prince  
“ Too soon should join his kingdom to your right,  
“ And claim your lawful title to the crown——”  
Go instantly—howe'er she seems to frown, 280  
She'll smile within her heart when once 'tis done.

*Nor.* By all your woes now felt, and joys to come,  
And more, by all your precious vows, I charm you.

*Qu. M.* Why do you hold me ? Where d'ye hurry me ?  
To be your fate ! To be your enemy !

*Nor.* Remember, oh, remember Fotheringay !  
Forget not what is heard, and echoes still,  
Your oft repeated vows, and Norfolk's groans.

*Qu. M.* Some pitying angel from above look down,

hew me straight the path that I must follow.

Away; the sun sets forth like a gay brideman  
with you.

M. Come then, conduct me, since I must.

Now ambition, empire, all be gone,

Load you with your heavy weight, a crown;

*I err, bright register above,*

*with forgiveness, all my fault was love.*

Curst accident! The queen is here.

M. What's that you say? Oh, take me from  
her sight;

and pale fear within like giants fight;"

He bids me go: my trembling heart forbids: 309

Who can love and reason both obey?

What you will with me, away, away." [*Retire.*

Queen ELIZABETH, CECIL, DAVISON, lords,  
attendants, guards. Queen ELIZABETH sees Queen  
MARY and NORFOLK going off on the other side.

El. Ha! see, my lords! behold!

Is the queen and Norfolk so officious?

Or!

May it please your majesty, it is.

El. Bid him come back. See, she comes with  
him too.

How durst you to approach that hand?

Talk with an offender against your queen,

Light thus plain my absolute commands?

M. Alas! let not the noble duke for me be  
blam'd,



Nor bear a weight so heavy as your anger,  
 "When I am thought by you the foul aggressor!"  
 He only met a poor abandon'd wretch,  
 Lost in a wild, and put her in the way;  
 For here I wander by myself forlorn,  
 Know few, and taken notice of by none.

*Qu. El.* She has a royal presence, awful form!

"By those bright constellations o'er our heads,  
 "Which story feigns were charming women once,  
 "There is not half that beauty in those orbs,

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[*Aside*

"Nor majesty on earth.  
 "Think you, my lords,

"That she appears so beautiful as fam'd?  
 "Give me a glass—Ha! how's this jewel plac'd!

"What a vile curl and aukward patch is here!  
 "Look but on her! And yet, methinks,

"She's much beholden to her sable dress,  
 "As through a sky of jet, stars glitter most.

*Cec.* Not to deny the charms of Scotland's queen  
 "Yours rival hers, and all the sex.

*Qu. El.* Nay, now you grossly flatter me, my lord!  
 "'Tis long of such mean sycophants as thou,

"That princes are so wretched, ne'er to know  
 "The errors of their persons, or their minds."

*Qu. M.* What, not a word! Am not I worn  
 word!

Now, stars, I dare you now to do your worst,  
 You cannot curse me more now if you would.

*Qu. El.* Ha! she shoots magic from her very  
 charm that lulls my rage

ing drops of mild and gentle rain,  
er into this breast of adamant.”  
ow, my courage, pity, friends;  
all! How shall I bear it now?  
or yet a look! Not one kind look upon me!  
at I once was Scotland's queen!  
ear'st thou this, Burleigh—cruel Davison!  
f rocks, ye brood of wolves and tygers!  
ed me into stone, more monstrous than  
arselves!  
ook on her, she awes my sight;  
ath'd fiend I dare not see the light.”  
d I ever think our meeting would be thus!  
and Elizabeth should greet!  
Christians with the Pagans treat,  
Plantagenet with Ottoman,  
an eagle with the silver crescent,  
thus the white cross with the red.  
his needs must charm, were she more  
than woman——  
yet fain would hide it—Happy sign!”  
he friendly ocean, when the world was  
de, 360  
o join our kingdoms near together;  
ot we our loves and tender hearts?

STANFORD LIBRARIES

“ *Qu. M.* The beauteous Margaret, your royal au  
“ Whose right and lawful grand-daughter I am,  
“ Met not my grand-father, the valiant James,  
“ With such a scornful and neglected brow;  
“ For if she had, I never had been born.

“ And you not known the hated queen of Scotland

“ *Q. El.* Come, lift me from the place where I  
rooted,

“ On wings of angels bear me to her arms.”

*Qu. M.* Whate’er may be the effects of natur  
power,

In your hard breast; I’m sure that part of you  
That is mine, torments me to get forth,  
Bounds upwards, and leaps from me to embrace y  
My whole blood starts!——

*Qu. El.* And mine can hold no longer——

My sister—Oh! [*Run and embrace*]

*Qu. M.* Can this be real?

*Qu. El.* Throw thy lov’d arms, as I do mine, ab  
thee,

And never feel less joy than I do now——

“ Oh, ’tis to great, it is unspeakable;

“ Cleave to my breast, for I want words to tell.”

*Qu. M.* Then injuries, farewell, and all my wron  
Forgiveness now, and pleasures fill my breast.

They were not half so great when I espous’d,  
And threw these arms about young France’s neck,  
And laid me down the queen of half the world.

I feel the blood of both our ancestors;

*The spirits of Tudor and Plantagenet*

through my veins, and start up to my lips,  
rley with, to wonder and to kiss  
royal brothers hovering upon thine.

*El.* Witness, ye powers! Take notice how I  
love her!

hip this token, as glad saints receive  
assadors from heaven.

*M.* Oh, let me go!  
my wild joy some breath, "some room to  
walk in;

, I shall burst into a thousand pieces!  
many atoms as my queen has charms—" "  
ousand years of pains is not enough  
his one moment of seraphic joy.

she is kind, and thinks me innocent!  
cent! That one word's far above  
wealth of crowns, nay, all but you, and love.

*El.* Ah, royal sister! urge my guilt no more,  
plot it from thy breast, as I from mine.

n on your knees—all that regard my frowns:  
ld your queens, both Scot and English here;

, thou wide ocean, hear thy Albion queens:  
ny dread voice far as thy waves be heard,

n silver Thames to golden Tweed proclaim,  
e harmony of drums and trumpet's sound,

me, not her alone, not one, but both;  
d Mary and Elizabeth your queens.

*[Kettle-drums and trumpets sound, and beat here;  
then all rise again from kneeling.]*

*Qu. M.* Oh, be less kind! lest fate should snatch  
my joys, 420

And hoard them up for an immortal treasure,  
“For they’re too great for mortal sense to bear.”

*Qu. El.* “I do her wrong to keep her from new joys:  
“Each moment shall beget, each hour bring forth  
“Fresh pleasures, and rich welcomes, to delight her,  
“Prepare her table, deck the bed of state,  
“Let her apartment shine with golden arras,  
“Strew perfumes in her way sweeter than incense,  
“Rare as the sun draws every morning up,  
“And fragrant as the breath upon her lips;  
“Soft music sound where e’er she wakes or sleeps,  
“Music as sweet, harmonious, and as still,  
“As does this soft and gentle bosom fill.”

Thus let us go, with hand in hand combin’d,  
The white cross with the red thus ever join’d.  
England with Scotland shall no longer jar;  
And Albany with Albion no more war;  
But thus we’ll live, and walk thus every day,  
’Till from the verge of life we drop away:  
So have we seen two streams, with eager pace,  
Hasten to meet, and lovingly embrace, 440  
Making one current, as we make one soul,  
’Till arm in arm, they in the ocean roll. [Exeunt.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Enter CECIL and DAVISON severally.*

*Cecil.*

"WEEP, Davison, and drown thy head in tears;  
"Or let thy tongue, for eloquence so fam'd,  
"Be mute for ever; once like angels sounding,  
"To charm the ears of our offended monarch."  
The gallant duke, the darling of his country,  
The Scipio, the delight of all mankind,  
The nation's glory, star of shining virtue,  
Is lost. You came from searching of his closet;  
We are his friends; say, have you any hopes!

*Dav.* Oh, none! The false and treacherous Morton  
That fir'd the Duke's fond passion for the queen,  
Then, like a villain, to his foes betray'd him:  
This serpent of delusion has discover'd  
Whate'er the brave and generous-hearted man  
Did in his harmless mind entrust him with.

*Cec.* What token, or what circumstance of treason,  
Amongst his papers found you?

*Dav.* Very little,  
Besides his aim to wed the queen of Scotland.  
"Yet one thing points some colour of a guilt;  
"It did appear he furnish'd her with money,  
"To aid her friends in Scotland; who, you know,  
"Now at this time invade our English borders.



“ Here is the paper, which, alas ! was found  
“ Under the quilt, beneath poor Norfolk’s bed,  
“ Plac’d there on purpose, as suppos’d by all,  
“ By Hickford, a domestic of the duke’s.  
“ Who, apprehended, has accus’d his master.”  
Read here a list of several lords, his friends,  
As Arundel, Southampton, and some others,  
All order’d to be taken.

*Cec.* Cruel chance !

What temper holds the queen in this extreme ?

*Dav.* Fiery, and cool, and melting in a breath,  
At one she sighs, and pities the fall’n man,  
And the same moment rages and upbraids him.

*Cec.* Oh, she must worse be stung before to-morrow  
“ How will she bear herself, when she shall know  
“ The foul conspiracy of Babington ?”  
Place Gifford ready as the queen comes forth ;  
’Tis dangerous to conceal it any longer.  
Methinks I pity less the fate of Mary,  
Now it has cost the ruin of the Duke—  
See where he comes ! Would Cecil had no eyes ;  
Yet he bears manly up, rears his stout head  
Like a bold vessel in a storm, and scatters  
Bright beams of majesty through all his clouds.

*Enter Duke and guards.*

Room for the duke—

*Nor.* Room for the duke ! Room for no duke, r  
substance now ;

*The emblem of dissembling greatness rather.*

is the truest dial of his fate;  
prince's favour, like the sun at noon,  
is not a thing so beautiful and gay;  
as the planet sets, too soon he spies  
growing shadow painted on the ground;  
Cecil! thou and Leicester have undone me;  
ought by thy cruel caution to my ruin,  
by the traitor Morton thus betray'd.  
These tears be witnesses, I never meant it.  
I must believe you, yet you are 60  
good a statesman, and too nice a friend.  
By all that's just, you wrong the love I bear  
you——  
I'll gain your life, brave duke,  
I'll hazard now my own.

*Queen ELIZABETH, MORTON, gentlemen, guards,  
ladies.*

merciful, most royal, and belov'd!  
your Cecil bends, who ne'er yet su'd  
in vain—Oh, spare the gallant duke,  
this act of adoration, vows  
worth to prove the faithfull'st of your vassals,  
in this hour to abjure the queen of Scotland.  
Hold, Burleigh, hold; proceed not for the  
globe;  
The word that I'll abjure the queen  
from thy mouth, by my bright hopes, 'tis false.  
ask pardon, though I never wrong'd you.  
[Kneels.



'Tis but a word, and I'll do it again :  
For kings are like divinities on earth,  
Whom none can serve, but must sometimes offer  
But to deny my love, and to disclaim her !  
Oh, ye bright powers ! abjure my Albion Queen  
First let me grovel in some loathsome dungeon,  
And feed on damps and vapours like a toad.  
" What, to save my life ! a hated skull !"  
Had I as many heads as I have hairs,  
Reap'd from this body like a field of corn ;  
Yet after all, not one should be so base.

*Qu. El.* You'll find, bold duke, this one has  
too much,

" And done more than a thousand heads can do  
Go, send him to the Tower :  
I'll have him try'd to-morrow ; and, if guilty,  
Beheaded straight ; send his ambitious head  
To travel for that airy crown it wish'd for ;  
And tell me, when 'tis off, if then it talks,  
Or calls out for his Albion Queen to help him.

" Oh, where, my soul, is there a friend that's just ?

" Or, after him, a man that I can trust ? [

*Nor.* You need not doubt it ;  
That dying martyr who invokes her name,  
Calls for more aid than all the queens on earth ;  
" She is herself thy genius ; but for her,  
" This isle had been like flaming *Ætna* found,  
Or, as the world was, in a deluge drown'd.

*Qu. El.* She's false, and thou a most ungrateful  
traitor !

Cecil, all the world can tell,  
wille to marry her, and get my crown,  
Immortal hopes, I am betray'd,  
'd by traitors——  
t, no honest subject dares ;  
the worst of furies, may.  
good, so innocent and mild,  
nd, wert thou curs'd to that degree,  
hy scatter'd seeds yield nought but  
is,  
t women bring forth none but Mortons,  
on'd for all those plagues in giving her. .  
y with him ; " and let me never see  
gain, but on a pinnacle."  
ness, all ye powers, I bear it mildly ;  
te, I kneel again, and bless you :  
ver ; and for Norfolk's death,  
e disturb your balmy rest ;  
soft eternity glide on, 120  
aradise, and golden slumbers.  
ur'd queen, inspir'd I rise,  
eaten'd prophet, yet dare speak :  
falls, may her accusers all  
*conscience feel within their breast,*  
*o the transport of the blest :*  
' vultures in their bowels feel,  
eir king of traitors roar in torments.  
queen, that judg'd this royal martyr,  
bins to earth your guilt shall sound,  
e than the last trumpet shall rebound ;

"Wake or asleep, her image shall appear,  
 "And always hollow Mary in your ear." [*Exit guarded.*]

*Cec.* Now, Davison's the time.

*Dav.* May't please your majesty—  
 What shall be done with the offending queen?

*Qu. El.* Nothing, bold saucy penman, I say, nothing—  
 Send Norfolk to the Tower; but, on your lives,  
 I charge you, use no violence on her.

Make not such haste; too soon you'll break this heart  
 Then glut yourselves with slaughter of my subjects.  
*Cec.* Then so much for the duke—Call Gifford in

*Enter GIFFORD.*

If you are steep'd as in a lethargy  
 Of love, and o'er-grown mercy to the queen,  
 And will not let your eyes behold your danger,  
 Then we, who are your watchful servants, must  
 Behold and hear; for 'tis so loud and plain,  
 That 'twill astonish ev'ry sense about you.  
 This man, this honest man, whose statue ought  
 To be set up in gold in all our streets,  
 Inspir'd from above, discovers that himself  
 With five bold ruffians more, were all set on  
 By Mary queen of Scots, to murder you.

*Qu. El.* To murder me!

*Dav.* With sacrament they bound it,  
 More horrid than e'er Catiline invented,  
 Who, t'enslave Rome, ty'd it with human blood  
 First view the monsters pictur'd to the life,  
 Each with their several instruments of fate

is hand, with which to hell they swore, 160  
of them fail'd," to write your doom.

Protect me, angels!

'hat, does this make you start?  
strange hieroglyphics raise your wonder?

: that fir'd the gaudy fane at Ephesus,

to be a saint to these: he strove

n odious credit after death;

, alas! presumptuously defy

nd the world to anticipate the blow,

mankind they glory in the deed."

What's here? A Latin sentence, which  
sir chief

to bellow from his hellish mouth.

he men whom danger only leads—

face makes one among the ruffians.

a horror I confess it.

tell the rest.

l; but wonder when you hear what men  
ations join'd to do this mischief:

ents are not so aptly mix'd

a perfect world, as they to act a deed 180

artle nature and unfix the globe,

it from its axle-tree and hinges."

Babington; rich, and of birth

im to be rank'd amongst the nobles;

ud and daring, fiery and ambitious.

know the gentleman; of Derbyshire;

me for leave to go to France.

same.

*Qu. El.* Oh, horrid! who can read a villain?  
How subtly nature paints, hides a false heart,  
And shrouds a traitor in an angel's garb!  
The next.

*Gif.* Tilny—a courtier.

*Cec.* What, the queen's own servant!

*Dav.* I know him too; his father's only hope  
Heir to a great estate. Oh, parricide!

*Gif.* This Barnwel—turbulent and precipitate  
A bloody-minded wretch, fit for the deed;  
“Of Ireland.

“*Cec.* I believe each word thou say'st;  
“Without his country it could have been no pl

*Gif.* Savage—a ruffian of the worst degree,  
And never to be painted as he is;  
Stew'd in a brothel-house, and tann'd in blood.

*Qu. El.* Oh, queen! oh, Mary! where's thy  
fuge now?

*Gif.* The fifth is Charnock, student of the law.  
Lastly, to make the compound great, myself.

*Qu. El.* I've heard too much; hence, and be d  
for ever!

Oh, for the quiet that my mind has lost!  
Strip me of glory, titles, and renown,  
I'll give them all for that so blest repose  
Last night I felt. “Deny me not this prayer;  
“Curse me with madness, blast me with disease;  
“Turn all these hairs to snakes upon my head,  
“To hiss me from the stage of mortal life;  
“Telt this loath'd diadem with lightning down,

as it ran before it was a crown,  
to a desert let me strait be sent;  
suffer all, make her but innocent."

'Tis fit you double all your strength about you,  
t the queen immediately be seiz'd. 221

*El.* 'Tis false! she is abus'd, and this is  
forg'd:

is not, nay, she shall not guilty be,  
monster, fury, traitor, altogether Jesuit!  
ure thou prov'st this crime upon my sister,  
ure thou dost, without the smallest doubt,  
will rack thee with ten thousand tortures:

I will have thee long, long years a dying;  
thee by weight, to starve a grain a day,  
lst thy vile flesh whole ages shall decay,  
spirits by slow degrees distil away.

oh, 'tis all too little to recall

: wealthy mass of quiet thou hast lost me!

*c.* 'Tis the request of all your faithful subjects,  
t you'd be pleas'd to seize the queen of Scotland,  
she should act what is but yet design'd."

Your sacred life's in danger every hour:  
ur poor kingdom's sake, and for your own:  
your nation's lives depend on yours.

*El.* Rise——

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: conspirators be apprehended.

om this Gifford gives you information.

And not the queen?——

*El.* Oh, spare my sister's life!

*G ij*

If nothing but a queen's blood will content you,  
Take mine, ye barb'rous hunters.

" *Cec.* Alas!

" *Qu. El.* Begone! why was this hid from me so  
long?

" If this were real, I had soon been dead,  
" And then ne'er felt the blow, 'cause unsuspected.  
" But now ten thousand deaths are not so painful  
" As this curs'd life, which thou dost strive to save.  
" My soul's in torment, reputation, all  
" In this loath'd act, which thou wouldst have me do.

" *Cec.* Whose soul, whose reputation will be rack'd,  
" And censur'd with severest pains hereafter?  
" If by your fond neglect you lose that life,  
" Intrusted by the powers to guard your nation,  
" And leave your laws and liberties betray'd;  
" Your people, all a prey to foreign monsters, 260  
" Die, and bequeath the dagger in your breast,  
" To brood, and get an hundred thousand more,  
" Perhaps as many as your subjects throats.  
" Nay, we must speak, think what you will, and weep;  
" For, not to tell you, 'tis to be more cruel.

" *Qu. El.* But how shall I be censur'd,  
" To throw this charming guest so quickly from  
" My bosom, and then shut her in a grate?  
" 'Twas but last night she had another prison.

" *Cec.* There's now no time for answer or dispute;  
" Either resolve her fate, or bear your own."

*Qu. El.* Begone, I charge you, tempt your queen  
no more.

man was form'd of mildness, love and pity :  
 e from me first the softness of my sex.  
 e I the hot, revengeful monster, man ;  
 an, a savage, fierce Hyrcanian tyger,  
 I could not be so cruel.

c. Then since you'll shut your ears to all safe  
 counsel,

witness, you celestial Powers, and you,  
 queen, I have discharg'd my duty, 280

clear'd myself of your approaching danger.

re that dreadful day of your eclipse,

e, Davison, let thee and I go wander ;

we'll remove, where such a horrid deed

neither blast our eyes, nor reach our ears.

and, farewell ; I've serv'd you well and long ;

I not stay here to be good-counsel's martyrs,

to be torn in pieces by the rabble,

n you are dead, which we forewarn'd you of :

ne'er so just, and cautious of your fame,

ng's miscarriage is the statesman's blame.

. *El.* Stay, I command you——

it a crown ! impeach a sovereign queen ! [*Aside.*

take my crown, depose me first, or kill me ;

ifford's dagger do its fatal office :

like a nest of tyrants you may reign,

nder public laws do public wrongs ;

royal power can never be so cruel."

. Behold she comes. Command we apprehend  
 her.



“ Now, when a queen, an injur’d queen implores ?

“ *Qu. El.* Incroaching pity stop thy flowing torrent,

“ And ebbing nature sink to that extreme

“ Of cruel Brutus, that condemn’d his son ;

“ For this is now my trial.”

*Qu. M.* Say, amongst you,

Who is that man or devil, that dare accuse me ?

*Dav.* The traitor has confess’d his guilt, and yours,  
With letters that you sign’d, to do the deed.

*Qu. M.* Hear, hear, just powers, and all your guard  
of kings ? 360

“ Hear, royal maid, for virgin pity fam’d !”

Heard you how they did slander majesty ?

And can you bear it ? Half these veins are yours,

My royal title, tender sex the same,

Doubly of kin, in royalty and blood ;

And can you hear your sister, hear yourself so stain’d ?

*Qu. El.* Oh, blame not me, but curse the fate of  
princes ;

We are but guardians of our subjects’ rights,

And stewards of our own, none bound so fast

To keep the laws they make, as the creators selves.

Alas, I am like one that sees far off,

Have all the wishes of a friend to save you,

But ty’d by oath, and cannot stir to help you !

*Qu. M.* This Babington, *who ne’er yet curs’d my sight,*  
Must be some villain hir’d to do this treason,  
And lay it upon me. But bear me witness all, and  
you,

*That of disjointed atoms form’d the sun,*

המחזור

... my knees take to  
Dart. Tho' clear and spot  
Yet that must be examin'd  
The lords must quit you.

Q. M. Must the law then  
Say, then I'll rise with shame  
" And now I feel the majest  
" Dart from above, to hear i  
" Stretching my soul and lin  
" As the first race of mankin  
" When heroes more than mo  
Come, bring me straight to th  
Then all the courage

1 If my imperial ancestors insp  
A " This breast, from Fergus fir  
To " Just of his breast that sway'  
Alas, " For seven hundred years, a  
Have all " In my forehead every  
... ..

When that is clear'd, we shall both yet be happy.  
I can no more—Farewell—Grief ties my speech,  
And pity drowns my eyes.—*Farewell!*

*Qu. M.* Pity'd by you! I will not die so meanly:  
No, tho' in chains, yet I'm more brave and free,  
Scorn thy base mercy, and do pity thee:  
Thou canst not take my life; but if thou dost,  
I'll leave a race as numerous as the stars  
Whilst thou shalt fall with barrenness accurst,  
And thy tormented soul with envy burn,  
To see thy crown on Mary's issue shine.  
And England flourish with a race of mine.

*[Exit guarded.]*

*Qu. El.* Stay, sister, stay——

"Oh, 'tis too late!  
"She's gone! dragg'd from me by the merciless laws,  
"Nor can I tear her from the vulture's talons;  
"But, oh! like the distracted mother rear,  
"Whose child a wolf had from its cradle bore;  
"Hastes to its aid, and all the way, in vain,  
"To Heaven, and to the savage does complain,  
"Speaks the beast kind, till hearing, as he flies,  
"Betwixt his teeth her tender infant's cries,  
"Then she adds wings, and in her flight does race,  
"With eager hopes its precious life to save;  
"But finds the monster with her bowels garr'd,  
"And in her sight its panting limbs devour'd."

*[Exit.]*

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter MORTON and DAVISON, severally.*

*Morton.*

WELL have we met, thou Machiavel of England,  
And rival to great Cecil in his fame !  
There's something of importance on thy brow,  
Whereon I read the great delinquent's fate.

*Dav.* Queen Mary is condemn'd, and which is worse  
The sentence of the duke must rest no longer,  
And Norfolk is this hour to lose his head.

*Mor.* The plot of Barny, to release the duke,  
Was thought the means to urge his speedy end.

*Dav.* He had obtain'd his pardon, but for that,  
His circumstance of treason was so slight.  
Poor duke! the most unfortunate and brave !  
He comes to meet his death within these walls,  
Where she must enter and prepare for hers ;  
And chance, alas ! may be so kind or cruel,  
To let them meet. Her sentence was pronounc'd,  
And she repairing hither in her barge.

*Mor.* How did the haughty queen submit herself ?

*Dav.* This great commission, which consisted of  
All the queen's lords and counsellors of state,  
(Of which myself was one, with five of the judges  
made

The highest throne of justice upon earth ;

he contemn'd, and scorn'd them as too base  
upon, and judge a sovereign queen.

c. How could you then proceed?

d. The court o'er-rul'd it as a slight objection,  
said, they did not try her there as queen,  
as a private prisoner to the laws.

e. A nice distinction that, "and like your law-  
yers."

f. At last, having deny'd, with constancy,  
legal power of this imperial court,  
finding all too plainly prov'd against her,  
a rare swimmer, shipwreck'd on the ocean,  
vast and dreadful distance from the shore,  
and hopeless grown, with all his arts to reach it,  
gives himself o'er contentedly to drown,"  
he sat down, and mildly then submitted.

g. But what was the most stabbing proof against  
her,

correspondence had with Babington?

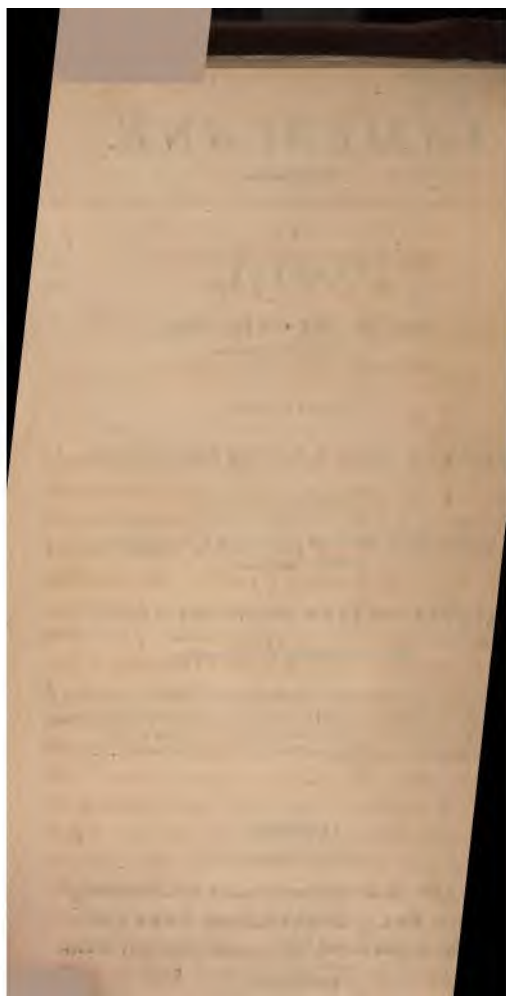
h. Behold, the duke's just coming forth to die: 40  
queen is entering too; 'tis as I fear'd. [*Exeunt.*

*Queen MARY and guards. The Duke of Nor-  
FOLK and two guards, as going to execution.*

i. M. Must the brave duke receive his death to-  
day?

iv. Alas, see where he comes! a sight will kill  
you.

j. M. Quick, lead me, drive me from this dismal  
object.



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TO  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE,  
*WILLIAM,*  
LORD MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.  
(Afterwards Duke of Devonshire.)

---

MY LORD,

*EVERY body is now so full of business, that things of this kind, which are generally taken for the entertainment of leisure hours only, look like impertinence and interruption. I am sure it is a reason why I ought to beg your Lordship's pardon, for troubling you with this tragedy; not but that poetry has always been, and will still be, the entertainment of all wise men, that have any delicacy in their knowledge: yet, at so critical a juncture as this is, I must confess I think your Lordship ought to give entirely into those public affairs, which, at this time, seem to demand you. It is that happy turn which your Lordship has to business; that right understanding of your country's interest, and that constant zeal to pursue it; that just thinking; that strong and persuasive elocution, that firm and generous resolution, which, upon all occasions, you have shewn in parliament; and, to add that which is the crowning good quality, your Lordship's continual adherence, and unshaken*



*Qu. M.* Oh, duke! “are you so cruel and unkind  
I had but two priz’d friends in all the world,  
The queen and you; and she forbids me earth,  
Will you deny me heaven?”

*Nor.* Away! your danger spurs me on the race  
Swift as the mind can think my soul shall fly,  
And make the scaffold but one step to heaven.

*Qu. M.* And till I come, your happiness to see  
Kneel, and atone th’ offended Powers for me.

*Nor.* Oh, doubt it not! One last farewell—  
Yes, all the shining host shall plead your cause  
Round the ætherial throne Queen Mary’s wrong  
Shall be the theme of their immortal songs;  
Whilst for revenge their crystal trumpets sound,  
’Till their shrill voice to frightened mortals bound  
The stars shall shake, the elements be aw’d,  
And both the globes shall feel th’ avenging rod

“*Qu. M.* No more;  
“Our souls shall soon a joyful meeting have;  
“But to our mortal parts, a long farewell.”

[*Exeunt severally*]

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SCENE II.

---

*An Alcove, with a table, pen, ink, paper, and chair.*

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH and ladies.*

*Qu. El.* A midnight silence sits upon the morrow  
The eye of day shuts, as afraid already,

the setting, not the rising sun.  
 lories that the world can give ;  
 my head, and kingdoms at my nod :  
 the quiet, where's the freedom here ?

*Enter CECIL and DAVISON.*

lord, I fear we have transgress'd too far  
 ueen's most private thoughts.  
 oughs, or no thoughts, we must and will  
 rake her.

;" let us retire within hearing,  
 pleas'd to call. [Retires.

Norfolk is now no more ;  
 free from pain, his mind from fear,  
 like mine, no doleful beatings here.  
 be this crown, and this loath'd scene of  
 iver,  
 id this head that e'er the magic wore.  
 less shepherd's breast feels no such sting,  
 'd, obey'd, and happier than a king ;  
 cts do not one another hate,  
 ce, or for jealousy of state ;  
 lessly the ewe and crested ram  
 e by side, and guard the tender lamb."  
 e ?

*Re-enter DAVISON and CECIL.*

it would your majesty ?  
 Welcome, kind Cecil, to assist me ;  
 I hope, to rid this breast of tortures.

*H iij*

What say the council to their queen's demand?  
Shall my dear sister live? Shall I be happy?  
Speak, Davison, and tell your mistress' doom;  
Quick, for my soul now starts to meet the sound.

*Dav.* May't please your majesty, your faithful  
council,

To what you urg'd, that mercy should be shewn  
To one of Mary's dignity and sex,  
And near relation both in blood and title to you;  
They humbly offer, that no sex nor greatness,  
Nay, were they sprung from the same royal father,  
Ought to protect offenders 'gainst their sovereign;  
And boldly tell you, mercy is a crime,  
When it is shewn to one that has no mercy.  
"She would have ta'en your life,  
"Which is not safe as long as Mary lives,  
"Whom if you save, in hope that Heav'n will spare  
you,

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"'Tis not to trust to mercy, but provoke it."

*Qu. El.* Is this the censure then, of your most wise  
And arbitrary caution?

*Dav.* Mightiest queen!

Do not mistake what is your subjects' love;  
Our only zeal is for your royal safety,  
To whom one precious moment of your welfare,  
Is far more worth than all our lives and fortunes.

*Cec.* To that objection of your majesty,  
That this may draw a war from France or Spain,  
We all agree, with one entire consent,  
If any such should be, to guard your crown

And royal person with our lives and fortunes;  
And such fond fears are held impossible,  
For they can ne'er hurt England, but by her;  
And all such danger's at her death will vanish.

*Qu. El.* Is this your answer to your sov'reign's tears?  
This all the kindness that two queens can beg?

*Dav.* All fix'd, and firm as fate, we are resolv'd,  
Like rocks, to stand the tempest of vain pity, 180  
Since to deny you this is to be loyal:

And t' assuage the tyrant, Mercy, in your bosom,  
No other answer we can give but this:

"I kneel, and humbly offer to your thinking,

"A saying no less true to be observ'd,

"Than once was said of Conradine of Sicily,

"And Charles of Anjou, rivals in a crown,"

Which is—the death of Mary is the life

Of queen Elizabeth; the life of Mary

The death of queen Elizabeth.

"*Qu. El.* Hear, you immortal and avenging Powers!

"Are kings vicegerents of your rule on earth?

"Breathes the rich oil yet fragrant on our brows,

"And are we thus oblig'd? There are but two

"Main attributes which stamp us like yourselves,

"Mercy and sole prerogative, and those

"Daring and saucy subjects would deny us."

*Cec.* May't please your majesty——

*Qu. El.* I'll hear no more—"Hail pious confessor!

"In vain we sprung from Edward's sacred line;" 200

I from this hour the tyrant will begin,

Throw off the saint, and be no more a queen;

No more be fam'd for merciful abroad,  
But turn my sceptre to an iron rod ;  
“ For if thou wouldst be great, thou rather must  
“ Be fear'd for cruelty than lov'd for just.  
“ Hence, and begone ; for I will thunder bring,  
[*Ex. Dav. and*  
“ Fell as a woman, awful as a king. [*Going,*  
“ What have I done ? With whom shall I advise  
“ Heaven keeps at awful distance now, and treat  
“ With kings, as it with monarch's did of old,  
“ In visions counsell'd, or by prophets warn'd.  
“ Inspire my thoughts.”—Bid Davison come back  
How wretched is my fate !  
That on each side on ruin I must run,  
Or take my sister's life, or lose my own.

*Re-enter DAVISON.*

*Dav.* I come at your dread majesty's command

*Qu. El.* Oh, Davison ! thou art a man on whom  
My daily smiles, like rays, adorn thy person ;  
But thou hast merits that outshine my bounties.

*Dav.* Oh, whither would your majesty ?

*Qu. El.* Thou seest how thy poor queen is tortured  
“ 'Tis vain to hide what thou hast eyes to find,  
“ How backward I am still to cruelty,  
“ How loth to drain the blood ev'n of my foes ;  
Is there no way to satisfy my people,  
“ Nor jealous power,” but by my sister's death

*Dav.* “ I would advise ;

“ But, oh, what hopes can that physician have

whose patient throws away his medicine,  
 that is a poison?" Lo, I kneel  
 : wisest, justest queen on earth,  
 t'st pattern to those pow'rs above :  
 the more y'are good in mercy shine,"  
 more fix'd to save such excellence,  
 not be, but by the death of Mary.  
 ' Screech-owls, dark ravens, and amphi-  
 nous monsters,  
 uring in that voice." Fly from my sight ;  
 ster, fiend, and seek thy habitation  
 ch loathed vermin build their fatal nests,"  
 re to the centre as thou kneel'st, 241  
 a that should be. " Rise, and begone!"  
 is shall not fright your slave from his lov'd  
 ity,  
 is humble posture; no, unless  
 his weapon in your royal hand,  
 it in your faithful servant's breast,  
 out all my blood that's loyal; yet  
 m dead, so well you are belov'd,  
 none of all your subjects but would bless  
 u,  
 cel, implore, and hug the fate that I had."

[Rises.

egone, quick, Davison, thou fatal charmer,  
 e mouth of the deluding senate.  
 as I what ends can your kind people have?  
 ite benefit can they propose  
 en's death, but to preserve your reign;

*Around, in crowds, his valiant leaders wait,  
Anxious for glory, and secure of fate;  
Will pleas'd, once more, to venture on his side,  
And prove that faith again, which had so oft been  
The peaceful fathers, who in senates meet,  
Approve an enterprise so just, so great;  
While with their prince's arms, their voice thus join  
Gains half the praise of having sav'd mankind.*

*Ev'n in a circle, where, like this, the fair  
Were met, the bright assembly did declare,  
Their house, with one consent, tore for the war;  
Each urg'd her lover to unsheath his sword,  
And never spare a man who broke his word.  
Thus fir'd, the brave on to the danger press;  
Their arms were crown'd abroad with just success,  
And blest at home with beauty and with peace.*

*Dav.* Write what?

*Qu. El.* Write what thou wilt; write any thing;  
A warrant for Queen Mary's execution——  
Queen, did I say?

*Dav.* Oh, good angels bless you!  
May, children, whom you've now redeem'd from  
slaughter,  
May live to the full age of man, and sing  
your praise.

*Qu. El.* Did I say queen?  
Shall the "fierce" hand of curs'd Elizabeth  
Condemn to die her cousin, and a queen?  
Dispatch, and let thy pen fly o'er the paper,  
As swift as the quill upon an eagle's wing;  
For if thou giv'st my thoughts one moment for re-  
pentance,

Hadst thou the tongue, the eloquence of angels, good  
it were in vain to alter my resolve——

Write, write, no matter how; if foul, the better;  
Foul as the fact I am about to do. [*Dav. writes.*]

*Dav.* See, I've already done.

*Qu. El.* Quick, quick, it must. [*Reads.*]  
"To the lieutenant of the Tower, commanding, that  
the next morning, after sight of this, you shall de-  
liver to our sheriffs of London, the body of your  
prisoner, Mary Stewart."

Oh, cruel Davison! when thou cam'st here,  
Tears should have flow'd much faster than thy ink,  
And drown'd her name with rivers from thy eyes.



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Dramatis Personae.

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COVENT-GARDEN.

*Mens.*

TAMERLANE	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Harley.
BAJAZET	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Aickin.
AXALLA	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Macready.
MONESES	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Farren.
STRATOCLES	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Davies.
Prince of TANAI8	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Powel.
OMAR	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Hall.
MIRVAN	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Evatt.
ZAMA	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Cross.
HALY	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Cubit.
Dervise	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. Thompson.

*Women.*

ARPASIA	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
SELIMA	-	-	-	-	-	Miss Chapman.

*Parthian and Tartarian Soldiers. Mutes belonging to Bajazet.*  
*Other Attendants.*

SCENE, Tamerlane's Camp, near Angoria in Galatia.

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*Cec.* Giv't me.

*Dav.* But had you heard what execrations—— 340

*Cec.* Oh, no matter! ours be all the blame;

We'll carry to the joyful council this.

To-morrow she shall die, and the queen rest,

“When this hugg'd cancer's parted from her breast.”

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*Soft music here. A table at the upper end of the stage.*

*Queen MARY discovered kneeling, with a book in her hand; her women kneeling by her.*

*Enter to them DOWGLAS, and men servants.*

*Dow.* Behold her kneeling——Oh, ye immortal Powers!

Ye Powers that help so good and mild as she,  
Send hosts of cherubs down, to waft those sighs!  
Sure all the world's remember'd in those prayers,  
And in those tears thy guilty foes are wash'd.

*Qu. M.* Come all of ye, draw near.

[*Queen comes forward.*]

How goes the day.

*Dow.* The sun's now risen, whose setting you'll  
ne'er see.

*Qu. M.* Suppose I've but an hour of life, that were  
enough;

The distance up to heav'n tho't seems so great,



men that now are children in the womb ;  
 ; Melvil, thou hast been long my faithful servant,"  
 into France and Scotland when I'm dead,  
 : tell the Guises, my dear cousins, and son,  
 saw'st me die in the true faith I liv'd in ;  
 Scotland's crown, nor England's hopes could  
 tempt me,

ghteen years a pris'ner, to apostatize ;  
 nor my life, which now I seal its martyr.

. Oh, saint-like goodness !

M. Ye have been faithful all ;  
 poor estate my cruel wants have left me,  
 is my will) I freely giv't among you ;

[Gives a paper.

l it were more, as much as you deserve :  
 weep not; here are some few trifles,  
 distribute with my own glad hands :  
 s some gold and jewels in this casket,  
 them among ye, and a kiss to each. 399

[To her women.

n bless you all!—Thou, Melvill; take this ring;  
 d not have thee, every time thou look'st on't,  
 metimes, call to mind that it was Mary's—  
 nan ! his griefs have choak'd his speech.

[To Dowglas.

e this bracelet from thy mistress' arm,  
 tie't about thy wrist."—Go to my son,  
 sing sun, from Mary's endless setting,  
 e'll take care of thee, and all of ye.

. Alas, I quickly shall be past all care !

*I ij*

This fatal day hangs heavier on my youth,  
Than threescore years can do on Dowglas' head.

*Qu. M.* I've nothing else to give, but, after me,  
Joys in reversion.

*Dow.* 'Twill not be long ere you will shine a star  
And light us on our way.

*Qu. M.* Give me some wine—Your mistress I  
bequeaths

Her last kind wishes to you in this draught.

I have no friends, no children nigh, but you.

“He whom I bore, rack'd from these tender bow

“Scarce bless'd his joyful mother, for her labour

“With his infant beams; but was by villains,

“Like little Romulus, from this bosom torn,

“And nurst with wolves. Wherefore, my dear  
friends,”

My faithful, suffering, mourning, weeping servant

Your queen, your mistress, drinks to every one;

And all revenge and malice bury'd be

In this kind bowl, as is this wine in me.

[*Drinks, all kneel*

*Dow.* Give me the cup—Here's to our mistress

[*Turns about, puts poison in the cup, and drinks*

And to her health of immortality,

And mine. Behold, they come to fetch you.

*Qu. M.* They are welcome—

*Enter CECIL, MORTON, lieutenant of the Tower,  
guards.*

“My lord, I have expected you with joy:

I find me like a cheerful, longing bride :  
ne, and conduct me to my bridegroom, Death.

ec. Alas, I must !

u. M. Bring you no message from the queen ?  
word of farewell to her dying cousin ?

ec. Something she would have said ; but burst in  
tears ;

file with a groan her tortur'd speech expir'd,  
I only cry'd, Oh, Mary ! and no more. 499

lor. Madam, I kneel, in hopes of your forgiveness.

u. M. Thou'st done no ill to me, but as thy nature.  
wolf can do but as a wolf——thou hast it.

o' heaven thy horrid crimes may ne'er forget ;

let my son revenge his father's murder,  
which thou too surely didst, and laidst the stain on me.

*Enter DAVISON in haste.*

lav. I have strange and sudden news to tell you ;  
now's arrived from Scotland Patrick Grey,  
his letters to the queen, which have disturb'd her ;  
more, my lord, she seem'd incens'd at you.

[To Morton.

sh this execution had been done,  
not to do.

ec. We are gone too far already,  
think of going back.

lav. Room for the queen,  
dam, 'tis fit you would dismiss your servants ;  
the scaffold will be crowded else.

u. M. The queen, my sister, cannot be so cruel.

Glory and Fame stood still for thy arrival ;  
 My soul seem'd wanting in its better half,  
 And languish'd for thy absence ; “ like a prophet,  
 “ That waits the inspiration of his god.”

*Ax.* My emperor ! My ever royal master !  
 To whom my secret soul more lowly bends,  
 Than forms of outward worship can express ;  
 How poorly does your soldier pay this goodness,  
 Who wears his every hour of life out for you !  
 Yet 'tis his all, and what he has, he offers ;  
 Nor now disdain t' accept the gift he brings,

*Enter SELIMA, MONESES, STRATOCLES, Prisoners  
 Guards, Mutes, &c.*

This earnest of your fortune. See, my lord,  
 The noblest prize that ever grac'd my arms !  
 Approach, my fair——

*Tam.* This is indeed to conquer,  
 And well to be rewarded for thy conquest ;  
 The bloom of op'ning flow'rs, unsully'd beauty,  
 Softness, and sweetest innocence she wears,  
 And looks like nature in the world's first spring.  
 But say, Axalla——

*Sel.* Most renown'd in war,            [*Kneeling to Tam*  
 Look with compassion on a captive maid,  
 Tho' born of hostile blood ; nor let my birth,  
 Deriv'd from Bajazet, prevent that mercy,  
 Which every subject of your fortune finds.  
 War is the province of ambitious man,  
 Who tears the miserable world for empire ;

Strip him of all his borrow'd plumes, and leave him  
As naked as he came into the world."

*Dav.* Long may you live, till heav'n at last makes  
known

the good that I've, so ill-rewarded, done. [*Exit.*

*Qu. El.* "Oh, take away those sad remains for ever!"  
thy dust shall have a royal monument;  
though as thy friendship shall the marble rise,  
and, with thy soul, thy tomb shall reach the skies.

[*They take off Dowglas.*

*Cec.* Oh, calm that bosom! let no grief  
disturb your quiet spirit in its god-like mansion.

*Qu. El.* Oh, Cecil, shall I never be at rest?

We are but gaudy executioners at best:

Ex'd to our crowns, we bear the galling weight  
of censuring fools, and flattering knaves of state;  
we forgive, our pity is arraign'd,  
punish, we with crimes are stain'd.

Some wild desert happier 'tis to reign  
over wolves and tygers, than more cruel men.  
Hence with vain glories! I'll no more contend,  
Trust not in greatness, nor on crowns depend,  
Then virtue is alone our surest friend.

[*Exeunt.*

---

THE END.



Is there amongst thy other pris'ners aught [To Ax.  
Worthy our knowledge?

Ax. This brave man, my lord, [Pointing to Mon.  
With long resistance held the combat doubtful.  
His party, prest with numbers, soon grew faint,  
And would have left their charge an easy prey;  
Whilst he alone, undaunted at the odds,  
Tho' hopeless to escape, fought well and firmly;  
Nor yielded, till o'ermatch'd by many hands,  
He seem'd to shame our conquest, whilst he own'd it.

Tam. Thou speak'st him as a soldier should a soldier,  
Just to the worth he finds. I would not war [To Mon.

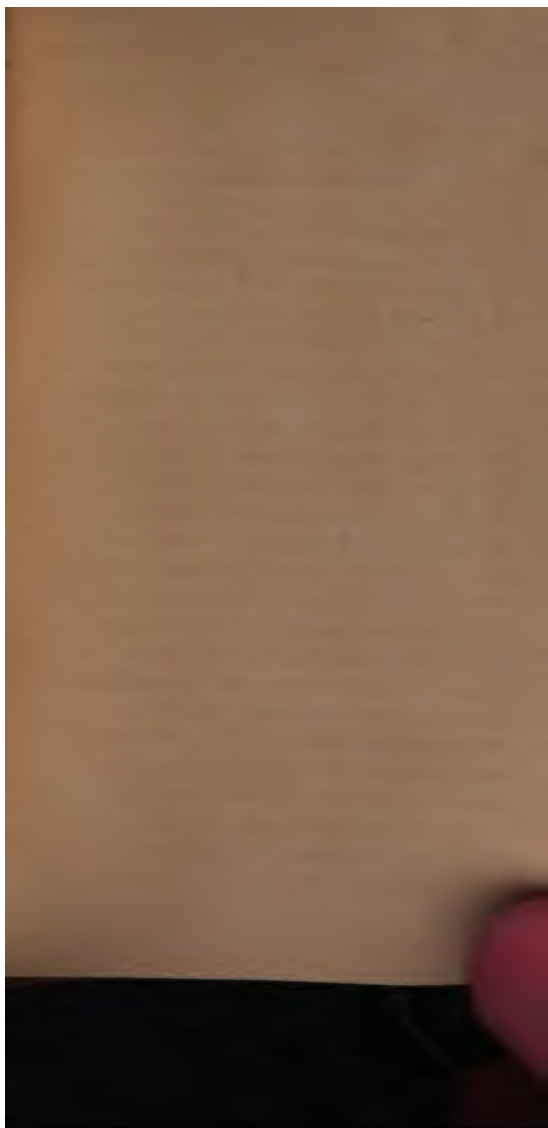
With aught that wears thy virtuous stamp of greatness.

Thy habit speaks thee Christian—Nay, yet more,  
My soul seems pleas'd to take acquaintance  
thee,

As if ally'd to thine: perhaps 'tis sympathy  
Of honest minds; like strings wound up in music  
Where, by one touch, both utter the same harp.  
Why art thou then a friend to Bajazet?  
And why my enemy?

Mon. If human wisdom  
Could point out every action of our lives,  
And say, Let it be thus, in spite of fate  
Or partial fortune, then I had not been  
The wretch I am.

Tam. The brave meet every accident



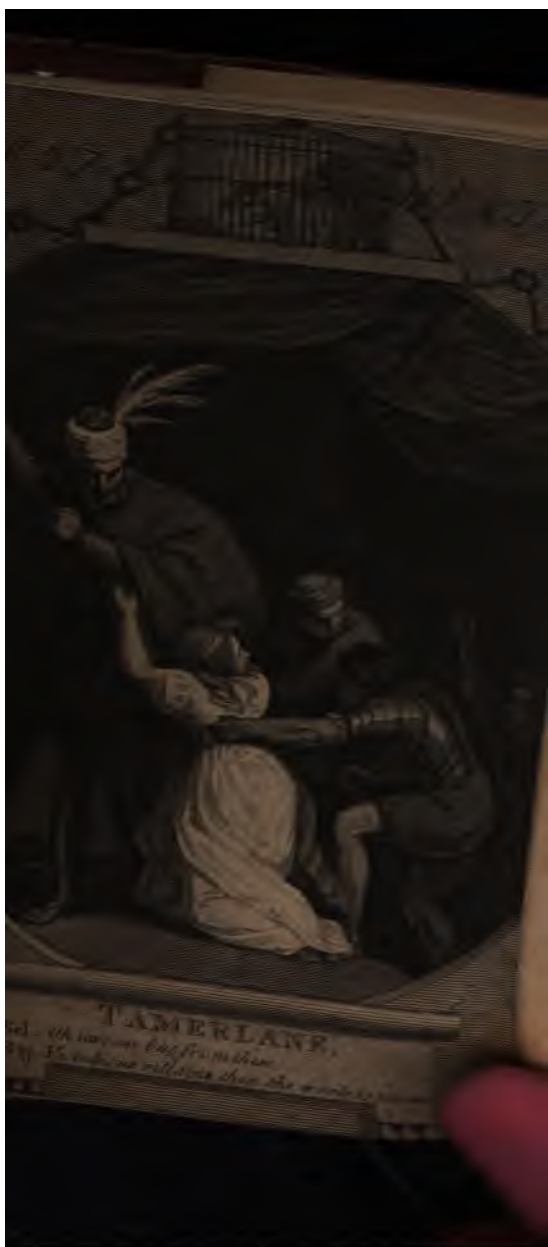
As its cold precepts ; wise beyond her sex  
 And blooming youth ; soft as forgiving mercy,  
 Yet greatly brave, and jealous for her honour :  
 Such as she was, to say I barely lov'd her,  
 Is poor to my soul's meaning. From our infancy  
 There grew a mutual tenderness between us,  
 Till not long since her vows were kindly plighted  
 To a young lord, the equal of her birth.  
 The happy day was fix'd, and now approaching,  
 When faithless Bajazet (upon whose honour,  
 In solemn treaty given, the Greeks depended)  
 With sudden war broke in upon the country,  
 Secure of peace, and for defence unready.

*Tam.* Let majesty no more be held divine,  
 Since kings, who are call'd gods, profane themselves

*Mon.* Among the wretches, whom that day  
 swept

Away to slavery, myself and sister,  
 Then passing near the frontiers to the court,  
 (Which waited for her nuptials) were surpris'd,  
 And made the captives of the tyrant's pow'r.  
 Soon as we reach'd his court, we found our usage  
 Beyond what we expected, fair and noble ;  
 'Twas then the storm of your victorious arms  
 Look'd black, and seem'd to threaten, when he  
 me

(By oft repeating instances) to draw  
 My sword for him : But when he found my soul  
 Disdain'd his purpose, he more fiercely told me,  
*my Arpasia, my lov'd sister's fate*



# TAMERLANE.

Act. 1. Sc. 1. The same place as before.  
T. I. I am the conqueror of the world.

11

11

# TAMERLANE.

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A  
TRAGEDY,

By N. ROWE, Esq.

---

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

---

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

*By Permission of the Managers.*

---

\* The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation;  
And those printed in Italics have been altered from the Original.

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LONDON :

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*Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of*  
JOHN BELL, *Trinity Church, STRAND,*  
*Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*

---

MDCCLXII.

“ Yet I will listen to thy charming accents,  
“ Altho’ they make me curse my fame and fortune,  
“ My laurel wreaths, and all the glorious trophies,  
“ For which the valiant bleed—Oh, thou unjust one!  
“ Dost thou then envy me this small return  
“ My niggard fate has made for all the mournings,  
“ For all the pains, for all the sleepless nights  
“ That cruel absence brings ?

“ *Sel.* Away, deceiver !

“ I will not hear thy soothing. Is it thus  
“ That Christian lovers prove the faith they swear ?  
“ Are war and slavery the soft endearments  
“ With which they court the beauties they admire ?  
“ ’Twas well my heart was cautious of believing  
“ Thy vows, and thy protesting. Know, my conqueror,

“ Thy sword has vanquish’d but the half of Selima ;  
“ Her soul disdains thy victory.

“ *Ax.* Hear, sweet Heav’n !

“ Hear the fair tyrant, how she wrests love’s laws,  
“ As she had vow’d my ruin ! What is conquest ?  
“ What joy have I from that, but to behold thee,  
“ To kneel before thee, and with lifted eyes  
“ To view thee, as devotion does a saint,  
“ With awful, trembling pleasure ; then to swear  
“ Thou art the queen and mistress of my soul ?  
“ Has not ev’n Tamerlane (whose word, next  
“ Heav’n’s,

“ Makes fate at second-hand) bid thee disclaim  
“ Thy fears ? And dost thou call thyself a slave ;

Only to try how far the sad impression  
Can sink into Axalla ?

*Sel.* Oh, Axalla !

Ought I to hear you ?

*Ax.* Come back, ye hours,

And tell my Selima what she has done !

Bring back the time, when to her father's court

I came ambassador of peace from Tamerlane ;

When, hid by conscious darkness and disguise,

I past the dangers of the watchful guards,

Bold as the youth who nightly swam the Helles-  
pont :

Then, then she was not sworn the foe of love ;

When, as my soul confest its flame, and su'd

In moving sounds for pity, she frown'd rarely,

But, blushing, heard me tell the gentle tale ;

Nay, ev'n confest, and told me softly, sighing,

She thought there was no guilt in love like mine."

*Sel.* Young, and unskilful in the world's false arts,  
suffer'd love to steal upon my softness,

and warm me with a lambent guiltless flame :

Yes, I have heard thee swear a thousand times,

and call the conscious pow'rs of Heav'n to witness

'he tend'rest, truest, everlasting passion.

But, oh ! 'tis past ; and I will charge remembrance

'o banish the fond image from my soul.

Since thou art sworn the foe of royal Bajazet,

have resolv'd to have thee.

*Ax.* Is it possible !

late is not in thy nature ; thy whole frame

C ij



Is harmony, without one jarring atom.  
Why dost thou force thy eyes to wear this coldness?  
It damps the springs of life. Oh! bid me die,  
Much rather bid me die, if it be true  
That thou hast sworn to hate me.——

*Sel.* Let life and death  
Wait the decision of the bloody field;  
Nor can thy fate, my conqueror, depend  
Upon a woman's hate. Yet, since you urge  
A power, which once perhaps I had, there is  
But one request that I can make with honour.

*Ax.* Oh, name it! say!——

*Sel.* Forego your right of war,  
And render me this instant to my father.

*Ax.* Impossible!——The tumult of the battle,  
That hastes to join, cuts off all means of commerce  
Betwixt the armies.

*Sel.* Swear then to perform it,  
Which way soe'er the chance of war determines,  
On my first instance.

*Ax.* By the sacred majesty  
Of Heaven, to whom we kneel, I will obey thee;  
Yes, I will give thee this severest proof  
Of my soul's vow'd devotion; I will part with thee,  
(Thou cruel, to command it!) I will part with thee,  
As wretches that are doubtful of hereafter  
Part with their lives, unwilling, loth and fearful,  
And trembling at futurity. But is there nothing,  
No small return that honour can afford  
For all this waste of love?

safety of these kingdoms? 'Tis a common praise, that every one speaks, to say, he has continually risked his life for his people. But there are some more particular in his character, some things found amongst the policies of princes; a zeal for religion, moderated by reason, without the rage of persecution; a charitable compassion for those who cannot be convinced; and an unalterable perseverance in those principles, of whose truth he is persuaded; a desire of war, for the sake of peace, and of peace, for the good and honour of his subjects, as well as with his own; a pious care for composing dissensions, tho' to foment them might make him arbitrary; and a generous ambition, that only aims at glory, to enable him to do good to all the rest of the world. I might add here, that inviolable and religious observance of his royal word, which the best of the powers of Europe have so frequently, and happily for themselves, depended upon in the most emergencies; but as this virtue is generally esteemed as no more than that common honesty, which the meanest man would blush to be without; so it can only claim a place amongst the more particular excellencies of a great prince. It were to be wished, indeed, that the world were honest to such a degree, that there were not that scandalous defect of commorality. Certainly, nothing can be more shocking to humanity, to the peace and order of the world, than to see us approach nearer to that savage state of

“ And all the vital air that life draws in  
 “ Is render’d back in sighs.

“ *Ax.* The murm’ring gale revives the dr  
 flame,

“ That at thy coldness languish’d in my breast  
 “ So breathe the gentle zephyrs on the spring,  
 “ And waken ev’ry plant, and od’rous flow’r,  
 “ Which winter frost had blasted, to new life.

“ *Sel.* To see thee for this moment, and no n  
 “ Oh! help me to resolve against this tenderne  
 “ That charms my fierce resentments, and p  
 thee

“ Not as thou art, mine and my father’s foe,  
 “ But as thou wert, when first thy moving acc  
 “ Won me to hear ; when, as I listen’d to thee  
 “ The happy hours past by us unperceiv’d,  
 “ So was my soul fix’d to the soft enchantment

“ *Ax.* Let me be still the same ; I am, I mu  
 If it were possible my heart could stray,  
 One look from thee would call it back again,  
 And fix the wanderer for ever thine.

*Sel.* Where is my boasted resolution now ?

[*Sinking into hi*

Oh, yes! thou art the same ; my heart join  
 thee,

“ And to betray me will believe thee still :  
 “ It dances to the sounds that mov’d it first,  
 “ And owns at once the weakness of my soul.  
 “ So, when some skilful artist strikes the string  
 he magic numbers rouse our sleeping passio

"ce us to confess our grief and pleasure."  
 "alla, say——dost thou not pity  
 s innocence, and easy fondness?  
 thee from me, or I die with blushing.  
 , let me rather gaze, for ever gaze,  
 the new-born glories that adorn thee;  
 very blush, that kindles in thy cheeks,  
 usand little loves and graces spring  
 d in the roses—'t wo' not be," [Trumpets.  
 ous trumpet calls, and tears me from thee—  
 / fears increase, and doubly press me now:  
 hee, if thy sword comes cross my father,  
 . moment, and remember me.

, doubt not but his life shall be my care;  
 er than my own——  
 ard that for me too.

Selima! thou hast restor'd my quiet.  
 : ardour of the war, with love  
 s, brightly burns within my breast,  
 me be secure of all hereafter.  
 rs some pious saint a dying sinner  
 rembled at the thought of pains to come)  
 eav'n's forgiveness and the hopes of mercy:  
 gth, the tumult of his soul appeas'd,  
 ery doubt and anxious scruple eas'd,  
 he proves the dark, uncertain road,  
 ace, his holy comforter bestow'd,  
 , and protects him like a guardian god."

[Exit.

vain all arts a love-sick virgin tries,

Affects to frown, and seem severely wise,  
In hopes to cheat the wary lover's eyes.  
If the dear youth her pity strives to move,  
And pleads, with tenderness, the cause of love,  
Nature asserts her empire in her heart,  
And kindly takes the faithful lover's part.  
By love herself, and nature, thus betray'd,  
No more she trusts in pride's fantastic aid,  
But bids her eyes confess the yielding maid.

[*Exit Selima, Guards following.*]

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ACT II. SCENE I.

---

TAMERLANE's Camp. *Enter MONESES.*

*Moneses.*

THE dreadful business of the war is over :  
And slaughter, that, from yester morn 'till even,  
With giant steps, past striding o'er the field,  
Besmear'd and horrid with the blood of nations,  
Now weary sits among the mangled heaps,  
And slumbers o'er her prey ; while from this camp  
The cheerful sounds of victory and Tamerlane  
Beat the high arch of Heav'n. " Deciding fate,  
" That crowns him with the spoils of such a day,  
" Has giv'n it as an earnest of the world  
" That shortly shall be his.

*Enter STRATOCLES.*

*My Stratocles!*

our various labours, none  
longer, or have higher flown,  
that tell the fame by ancient heroes won.  
are, Rome, and great Augustus, heard  
and the man' sung by the Mantuan bard.  
if time, the sacred story lives,  
our and his empire still survives.  
in (tho' much unequal to his flame)  
there makes a pious prince his theme:  
with the foremost names, in arms he stood,  
fought, and suffer'd, for his country's good,  
might not fame, but peace, in fields of blood.  
under him his happy people sat,  
griev'd, at distance, for their neighbours' fate;  
at with success a Turkish monarch crown'd,  
spreading flame, deform'd the nations round;  
sword and fire he forc'd his impious way  
unless pow'r, and universal sway.  
object states, for fear, the tyrant join,  
for gold, their liberties resign,  
venal princes sold their right divine:  
Heav'n, the growing evil to redress,  
Tamerlane to give the world a peace.  
hero rous'd, asserts the glorious cause,  
to the field the cheerful soldier draws.

But say, my friend, what hear'st thou of Arpasia ?  
For there my thoughts, my every care is center'd.

*Stra.* Tho' on that purpose still I bent my search,  
Yet nothing certain could I gain, but this ;  
That in the pillage of the Sultan's tent  
Some women were made pris'ners, who this morning  
Were to be offer'd to the emperor's view :  
Their names and qualities, tho' oft enquiring,  
I could not learn.

*Mon.* Then must my soul still labour  
Beneath uncertainty and anxious doubt,  
The mind's worst state. The tyrant's ruin gives me  
But a half ease.

*Stra.* 'Twas said, not far from hence  
The captives were to wait the emperor's passage.

*Mon.* Haste we to find the place. Oh, my Arpasia !  
Shall we not meet ? " Why hangs my heart thus  
heavy,

" Like death within my bosom ? Oh ! 'tis well,  
" The joy of meeting pays the pangs of absence,  
" Else who could bear it ? "

When thy lov'd sight shall bless my eyes again,  
Then I will own I ought not to complain,  
Since that sweet hour is worth whole years of pain.

[*Exeunt Moneses and Stratocles*]





*Ax.* With such unshaken temper of the soul  
To bear the swelling tide of prosp'rous fortune,  
Is to deserve that fortune: in adversity  
The mind grows tough by buffetting the tempest,  
Which, in success dissolving, sinks to ease,  
And loses all her firmness.

*Tam.* Oh, Axalla!  
Could I forget I am a man as thou art;  
Would not the winter's cold, or summer's heat,  
Sickness, or thirst, and hunger, all the train  
Of Nature's clamorous appetites, asserting  
An equal right in kings and common men,  
Reprove me daily?—No—If I boast of aught,  
Be it to have been Heav'n's happy instrument,  
The means of good to all my fellow-creatures:  
This is a king's best praise.

*Enter OMAR.*

*Om.* Honour and fame      [*Bowing to Tamerlan*  
For ever wait the emperor: may our prophet  
Give him ten thousand thousand days of life,  
And every day like this. The captive sultan,  
Fierce in his bonds, and at his fate repining,  
Attends your sacred will.

*Tam.* Let him approach.

*Enter BAJAZET, and other Turkish prisoners in chains  
with a guard of Soldiers.*

*When I survey the ruins of this field,  
The wild destruction, which thy fierce ambition*

Has dealt among mankind, (so many widows  
And helpless orphans has thy battle made,  
That half our eastern world this day are mourners)  
Well may I, in behalf of Heav'n and earth,  
Demand from thee atonement for this wrong.

*Baj.* Make thy demand to those that own thy pow'r,  
Know, I am still beyond it ; and tho' Fortune  
(Curse on that changeling deity of fools !)  
Has stript me of the train and pomp of greatness,  
That out-side of a king, yet still my soul,  
Fixt high, and of itself alone dependent,  
Is ever free and royal, and ev'n now,  
As at the head of battle, does defy thee :  
I know what power the chance of war has giv'n,  
And dare thee to the use on't. This vile speeching,  
This after-game of words, is what most irks me ;  
Spare that, and for the rest 'tis equal all——  
Be it as it may.

*Tam.* Well was it for the world,  
When on their borders neighbouring princes met,  
Frequent in friendly parle, by cool debates  
Preventing wasteful war : such should our meeting  
Have been, hadst thou but held in just regard  
The sanctity of leagues so often sworn to.  
Canst thou believe thy prophet, or, what's more,  
That Pow'r supreme, which made thee and thy pro-  
phet,

Will, with impunity, let pass that breach  
Of sacred faith giv'n to the royal Greek ?

*Baj.* Thou pedant talker ! ha ! art thou a king

Possest of sacred pow'r, Heav'n's darling attribute,  
And dost thou prate of leagues, and oaths, and prophets!

I hate the Greek (perdition on his name!)  
As I do thee, and would have met you both,  
As death does human nature, for destruction.

*Tam.* Causeless to hate, is not of human kind :  
The savage brute, that haunts in woods remote  
And desert wilds, tears not the fearful traveller,  
If hunger, or some injury, provoke not.

*Baj.* Can a king want a cause, when empire bids  
Go on ? What is he born for, but ambition ?  
It is his hunger, 'tis his call of nature,  
The noble appetite which will be satisfy'd,  
And, like the food of gods, makes him immortal.

*Tam.* Henceforth I will not wonder we were foes,  
Since souls that differ so by nature hate,  
And strong antipathy forbids their union.

*Baj.* The noble fire that warms me, does indeed  
Transcend thy coldness. I am pleas'd we differ,  
Nor think alike.

*Tam.* No—for I think like man.  
Thou like a monster, from whose baleful presence  
Nature starts back ; and tho' she fix'd her stamp  
On thy rough mass, and mark'd thee for a man,  
Now, conscious of her error, she disclaims thee  
As form'd for her destruction.—

'Tis true, I am a king, as thou hast been :  
*Honour and glory* too have been my aim ;  
*But, tho' I dare face death, and all the dangers*

Which furious war wears in its bloody front,  
Yet would I choose to fix my name by peace,  
By justice, and by mercy ; and to raise  
My trophies on the blessings of mankind :  
Nor would I buy the empire of the world  
With ruin of the people whom I sway,  
On forfeit of my honour.

*Baj.* Prophet, I thank thee.—  
Damnation !—Couldst thou rob me of my glory,  
To dress up this tame king, this preaching dervise ?  
Unfit for war, thou shouldst have liv'd secure  
In lazy peace, and with debating senates  
Shar'd a precarious sceptre, sat tamely still,  
And let bold factions canton out thy pow'r,  
And wrangle for the spoils they robb'd thee of ;  
Whilst I (curse on the power that stops my ardour !)  
Would, like a tempest, rush amidst the nations,  
Be greatly terrible, and deal, like Alha,  
My angry thunder on the frightened world.

*Tam.* The world !—'twould be too little for thy  
pride :

Thou wouldst scale Heav'n——

*Baj.* I would :—Away ! my soul  
Disdains thy conference.

*Tam.* Thou vain, rash thing,  
That, with gigantic insolence, hast dar'd  
To lift thy wretched self above the stars,  
And mate with pow'r Almighty : Thou art fall'n !

*Baj.* 'Tis false ! I am not fall'n from aught I have  
been ;

*Baj.* Ha ! sayst thou—no—our prophet's vengeance  
blast me,

If thou shalt buy my friendship with thy empire.  
Damnation on thee ! thou smooth fawning talker !  
Give me again my chains, that I may curse thee,  
And gratify my rage : or, if thou wilt  
Be a vain fool, and play with thy perdition,  
Remember I'm thy foe, and hate thee deadly.  
Thy folly on thy head !

*Tam.* Be still my foe.

Great minds, like Heav'n, are pleas'd in doing good,  
Tho' the ungrateful subjects of their favours  
Are barren in return : " thy stubborn pride,  
" That spurns the gentle office of humanity,  
" Shall in my honour own, and thy despite,  
" I have done as I ought." Virtue still does  
With scorn the mercenary world regard,  
Where abject souls do good, and hope reward :  
Above the worthless trophies men can raise,  
She seeks not honours, wealth, nor airy praise,  
But with herself, herself the goddess pays.

[*Exeunt Tamerlane, Axalla, Prince of Tanais,  
Mirvan, Zama, and Attendants.*]

*Baj.* Come, lead me to my dungeon ; plunge me  
down

Deep from the hated sight of man and day,  
Where, under covert of the friendly darkness,  
My soul may brood, at leisure, o'er its anguish.

*Om.* Our royal master would with noble usage,  
like your misfortunes light : he bids you hope—

*Tam.* Why slept the thunder  
That should have arm'd the idol deity,  
And given thee power, ere yester sun was set,  
To shake the soul of Tamerlane. Hadst thou an arm  
To make thee fear'd, thou shouldst have prov'd it  
on me,  
Amidst the sweat and blood of yonder field,  
When, thro' the tumult of the war I sought thee,  
Fenc'd in with nations.

*Baj.* Curse upon the stars  
That fated us to different scenes of slaughter !  
Oh ! could my sword have met thee !——

*Tam.* Thou hadst then,  
As now, been in my pow'r, and held thy life  
Dependent on my gift—Yes, Bajazet,  
I bid thee, live.—“ So much my soul disdains  
“ That thou shouldst think I can fear aught but  
Heav'n :”

Nay more ; couldst thou forget thy brutal fierceness,  
And form thyself to manhood, I would bid thee  
Live, and be still a king, that thou mayst learn  
What man should be to man, in war remembering  
The common tie and brotherhood of kind.  
This royal tent, with such of thy domestics  
As can be found, shall wait upon thy service ;  
Nor will I use my fortune to demand  
Hard terms of peace, but such as thou mayst offer  
With honour, I with honour may receive.

[Tamerlane signs to an officer, who unbinds Bajazet.

What lightning flashes from her angry eyes !  
With a malignant joy she views my ruin :  
Even beauteous in her hatred, still she charms me,  
And awes my fierce tumultuous soul to love.

*Arp.* And dar'st thou hope, thou tyrant ! ravisher !  
That Heav'n has any joy in store for thee ?  
Look back upon the sum of thy past life,  
Where tyranny, oppression, and injustice,  
Perjury, murders, swell the black account ;  
Where lost Arpasia's wrongs stand bleeding fresh,  
Thy last recorded crime. But Heav'n has found  
thee ;

At length the tardy vengeance has o'erta'en thee.  
My weary soul shall bear a little longer  
The pain of life, to call for justice on thee :  
That once complete, sink to the peaceful grave,  
And lose the memory of my wrongs and thee.

*Baj.* Thou rail'st ! I thank thee for it—Be perverse,  
And muster all the woman in thy soul ;  
Goad me with curses, be a very wife,  
That I may fling off this tame love, and hate thee.

*Enter MONSES.* [Bajazet starting.

Ha ! Keep thy temper, heart ; nor take alarm  
At a slave's presence.

*Mon.* It is Arpasia !—Leave me, thou cold fear.  
As the rosy morn she breaks upon me,  
Morrow, like the night's unwholesome shade,  
May before the golden dawn she brings.

*Baj.* [*Advancing towards him.*] Ha, Christian! Is it well that we meet thus?

Is this thy faith?

*Mon.* Why does thy frowning brow  
Put on this form of fury? Is it strange  
We should meet here companions in misfortune,  
The captives in one common chance of war?  
Nor shouldst thou wonder that my sword has fail'd  
Before the fortune of victorious Tamerlane,  
When thou, with nations like the sanded shore,  
With half the warring world upon thy side,  
Couldst not stand up against his dreadful battle,  
That crush'd thee with its shock. Thy men can  
witness,

Those cowards that forsook me in the combat,  
My sword was not unactive.

*Baj.* No—'tis false;  
Where is my daughter, thou vile Greek? Thou hast  
Betray'd her to the Tartar; or even worse,  
Pale with thy fear, didst lose her like a coward;  
And like a coward now, would cast the blame  
On fortune and ill stars.

*Mon.* Ha! saidst thou, like a coward?  
What sanctity, what majesty divine  
Hast thou put on, to guard thee from my rage,  
That thus thou dar'st to wrong me?

*Baj.* Out, thou slave,  
And know me for thy lord——

*Mon.* I tell thee, tyrant,  
When in the pride of power thou sat'st on high,



When like an idol thou wert vainly worshipp'd,  
By prostrate wretches, born with slavish souls ;  
Ev'n when thou wert a king, thou wert no more,  
Nor greater than Moneses; born of a race  
Royal, and great as thine. What art thou now then?  
The fate of war has set thee with the lowest ;  
And captives (like the subjects of the grave)  
Losing distinction, serve one common lord.

*Baj.* Brav'd by this dog! Now give a loose to rage,  
And curse thyself; curse thy false cheating prophet.  
Hail yet there's some revenge. Hear me, thou  
Christian !

Thou left'st that sister with me :—Thou impostor !  
Thou boaster of thy honesty ! Thou liar !  
But take her to thee back.

Now to explore my prison—If it holds  
Another plague like this, the restless damn'd  
(If Mufties lie not) wander thus in hell ;  
From scorching flames to chilling frosts they run,  
Then from their frosts to fires return again,  
And only prove variety of pain.

[*Exeunt Bajazet and Haly.*]

*Arp.* Stay, Bajazet, I charge thee by my wrongs !  
Stay and unfold a tale of so much horror  
As only fits thy telling.—Oh, Moneses !

“ *Mon.* Why dost thou weep? Why this tem-  
pestuous passion,

“ That stops thy falt'ring tongue short on my name

“ *Oh, speak !* unveil this mystery of sorrow,

“ *And draw the dismal scene at once to sight.*

" *Arp.* Thou art undone, lost, ruin'd, and undone !

" *Mon.* I will not think 'tis so, while I have thee ;

" While thus 'tis given to fold thee in my arms ;

" For while I sigh upon thy panting bosom,

" The sad remembrance of past woes is lost.

" *Arp.* Forbear to sooth thy soul with flatt'ring thoughts,

" Of evils overpast, and joys to come :

" Our woes are like the genuine shade beneath,

" Where fate cuts off the very hopes of day,

" And everlasting night and horror reign."

*Mon.* By all the tenderness and chaste endearments  
Of our past love, I charge thee, my Arpasia,  
To ease my soul of doubts! Give me to know,  
At once, the utmost malice of my fate !

*Arp.* Take then thy wretched share in all I suffer,  
Still partner of my heart! Scarce hadst thou left  
The sultan's camp, when the imperious tyrant,  
Soft'ning the pride and fierceness of his temper,  
With gentle speech made offer of his love.

Amaz'd, as at the shock of sudden death,

I started into tears, and often urg'd

(Tho' still in vain) the difference of our faiths.

At last, as flying to the utmost refuge,

With lifted hands and streaming eyes, I own'd

The fraud; which when we first were made his  
pris'ners,

" Conscious of my unhappy form, and fearing

" For thy dear life," I forc'd thee to put on

Thy borrow'd name of brother, mine of sister ;

I tremble that thou hast learnt the  
 solemn vows I have made before the priest,  
 and to grieve at hearing of my story.  
 Alas! no, he cry'd: Think'st thou thy vows,  
 if I have, shall bar me from thy beauties?  
 And he press'd pronounce the marriage rites:  
 I perform'd: whilst, sighing with despair,  
 I call'd on the powers of Heav'n to aid me.  
 O villain! Imperial villain!—Oh, the coward!  
 Thy guilt, tho' back'd by force and power,  
 is not, to my race, my vow his purpose;  
 In my absence, like a lurking thief,  
 He stole my treasure, and at once undid me.  
 Had they not kept me from the means of death,  
 getting all the rules of Christian suffering,  
 I done a desperate murder on my soul,  
 the rude slaves, that waited on his will,  
 had sold me to his——  
 No. Stop thee there, Arpasia,  
 I bar my fancy from the guilty scene!  
 No thought enter, lest the busy mind  
 should muster such a train of monstrous images  
 would distract me. Oh! I cannot bear it.  
 On lovely hoard of sweets, where all my joys  
 are treasur'd up, to have thee rifled thus!  
 Thus torn untasted from my eager wishes!  
 I will have thee from him. Tamerlane  
 (sovereign judge of equity on earth)  
 Do me justice on this mighty robber,  
 And send back thy beauties to Monsees.

*Arp.* And who shall render back my peace, my honour,

The spotless whiteness of my virgin soul ?

Ah ! no, Moneses—Think not I will ever

Bring a polluted love to thy chaste arms :

I am the tyrant's wife. Oh, fatal title !

And, in the sight of all the saints, have sworn,

By honour, womanhood, and blushing shame,

To know no second bride-bed but my grave.

“ *Mon.* I swear it must not be, since still my eye

“ Finds thee as heav'nly white, as angel pure

“ As in the earliest hours of life thou wert :

“ Nor art thou his, but mine ; thy first vow's mine,

“ Thy soul is mine.——

“ *Arp.* O ! think not, that the pow'r

“ Of most persuasive eloquence can make me

“ Forget I've been another's, been his wife.

“ Now, by my blushes, by the strong confusion

“ And anguish of my heart, spare me, Moneses,

“ Nor urge my trembling virtue to the precipice.”

Shortly, oh ! very shortly, if my sorrows

Divine aright, and Heav'n be gracious to me,

Death shall dissolve the fatal obligation,

“ And give me up to peace, to that blest place

“ Where the good rest from care and anxious life.

“ *Mon.* Oh, teach me, thou fair saint, like thee to suffer !

“ Teach me, with hardy piety, to combat

“ The present ills : instruct my eyes to pass

“ The narrow bounds of life, this land of sorrow

“ And, with bold hopes, to view the realms beyond  
“ Those distant beauties of the future state.

“ Tell me, Arpasia—say, what joys are those  
“ That wait to crown the wretch who suffers here ?  
“ Oh ! tell me, and sustain my failing faith.

“ *Arp.* Imagine somewhat exquisitely fine,  
“ Which fancy cannot paint, which the pleas'd mind  
“ Can barely know, unable to describe it ;  
“ Imagine 'tis a tract of endless joys  
“ Without satiety or interruption ;  
“ Imagine 'tis to meet, and part no more.

“ *Mon.* Grant, gentle Heav'n, that such may be our  
lot !

“ Let us be blest together.—Oh, my soul !  
“ Build on that hope, and let it arm thy courage  
“ To struggle with the storm that parts us now.”

*Arp.* Yes, my Moneses ! now the surges rise,  
The swelling sea breaks in between our barks,  
And drives us to our fate on different rocks.  
Farewell !——My soul lives with thee.——

*Mon.* Death is parting,  
'Tis the last sad adieu 'twixt soul and body.  
But this is somewhat worse——My joy, my comfort,  
All that was left in life, fleets after thee ;  
“ My aking sight hangs on thy parting beauties,  
“ Thy lovely eyes, all drown'd in floods of sorrow.  
“ So sinks the setting sun beneath the waves,  
“ And leaves the traveller, in pathless woods,  
“ *Benighted and forlorn*——Thus, with sad eyes,  
“ *Westward he turns, to mark the light's decay,*

“ Till, having lost the last faint glimpse of day,

“ Cheerless, in darkness, he pursues his way.”

[*Exeunt Moneses and Arpasia severally.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

*The inside of the royal tent. Enter AXALLA, SELIMA,  
“ and Women Attendants.*

“ *Axalla.*

“ CAN there be aught in love beyond this proof,

“ This wondrous proof, I give thee of my faith ?

“ To tear thee from my bleeding bosom thus !

“ To rend the strings of life, to set thee free,

“ And yield thee to a cruel father’s power,

“ For to my hopes ! What canst thou pay me back,

“ What but thyself, thou angel ! for this fondness ?

“ *Sel.* Thou dost upbraid me, beggar as I am,

“ And urge me with my poverty of love.

“ Perhaps thou think’st, ’tis nothing for a maid

“ To struggle through the niceness of her sex,

“ The blushes and the fears, and own she loves.

“ Thou think’st ’tis nothing for my artless heart

“ To own my weakness, and confess thy triumph.

“ *Ax.* Oh ! yes I own it ; my charm’d ears ne’er  
knew

“ A sound of so much rapture, so much joy.

“ Not voices, instruments, not warbling birds,

“ Not winds, not murmur’ing waters join’d in concert,

“ Not tuneful nature, not th’ according spheres,  
“ Utter such harmony, as when my Selima,  
“ With down-cast looks and blushes, said—I love.—

“ *Sel.* And yet thou say’st, I am a niggard to thee.  
“ I swear the balance shall be held between us,  
“ And love be judge, if, after all the tenderness,  
“ Tears and confusion of my virgin soul,  
“ Thou shouldst complain of aught, unjust Axalla !”

*Ax.* Why was I ever blest !—Why is remembrance  
Rich with a thousand pleasing images  
Of past enjoyments, since ’tis but plague to me ?  
When thou art mine no more, what will it ease me  
To think of all the golden minutes past,  
To think that thou wert kind, and I was happy ?  
But like an angel fall’n from bliss, to curse  
My present state, and mourn the heav’n I’ve lost.

*Sel.* Hope better for us both ; nor let thy fears,  
Like an unlucky omen, cross my way.

“ My father, rough and stormy in his nature,  
“ To me was always gentle, and, with fondness  
“ Paternal, ever met me with a blessing.  
“ Oft, when offence had stirr’d him to such fury,  
“ That not grave counsellors for wisdom fam’d,  
“ Nor hardy captains that had fought his battles,  
“ Presum’d to speak, but struck with awful dread,  
“ Were hush’d as death ; yet has he smil’d on me,  
“ Kiss’d me, and bade me utter all my purpose,  
“ Till, with my idle prattle, I had sooth’d him,  
“ And won him from his anger.

“ *Ax.* Oh ! I know

"Thou hast a tongue to charm the wildest tempers.  
 "Herds would forget to graze, and savage beasts  
 "Stand still and lose their fierceness, but to hear thee,  
 "As if they had reflection, and by reason  
 "Forsook a less enjoyment for a greater.  
 "But, oh! when I revolve each circumstance,  
 "My Christian faith, my service closely bound  
 "To Tamerlane, my master, and my friend,  
 "Tell me, my charmer, if my fears are vain?  
 "Think what remains for me, if the fierce sultan  
 "Should doom thy beauties to another's bed!"

*Sel.* 'Tis a sad thought: but to appease thy doubts,  
 Here, in the awful sight of Heav'n, I vow  
 No pow'r shall e'er divide me from thy love,  
 Ev'n duty shall not force me to be false.  
 My cruel stars may tear thee from my arms,  
 But never from my heart; "and when the maids  
 "Shall yearly come with garlands of fresh flow'rs,  
 "To mourn with pious office o'er my grave,  
 "They shall sit sadly down, and weeping tell  
 "How well I lov'd, how much I suffer'd for thee:  
 "And while they grieve my fate, shall praise my  
 constancy."

*Ax.* But see, the sultan comes!—"My beating  
 heart  
 "Bounds with exulting motion; hope and fear  
 "Fight with alternate conquest in my breast.  
 "Oh! can I give her from me? Yield her up?  
 "Now mourn, though god of love, since honour triumphs,  
 "And crowns his cruel altars with thy spoils."



*Enter* BAJAZET.

*Baj.* To have a nauseous courtesy forc'd on me,  
Spite of my will, by an insulting foe !  
Ha ! they would break the fierceness of my temper,  
And make me supple for their slavish purpose.  
Curse on their fawning arts ! " From Heav'n itself  
" I would not, on such terms, receive a benefit,  
" But spurn it back upon the giver's hand."

*[Selima comes forward and kneels to Bajazet.]*

*Sel.* My lord ! my royal father !

*Baj.* Ha ! what art thou ?  
What heavenly innocence ! that in a form  
So known, so lov'd, hast left thy paradise,  
For joyless prison, for this place of woe !  
Art thou my Selima ?

*Sel.* Have you forgot me ?  
Alas, my piety is then in vain !  
Your Selima, your daughter whom you lov'd,  
The fondling once of her dear father's arms,  
Is come to claim her share in his misfortunes ;  
" To wait and tend him with obsequious duty ;  
" To sit, and weep for every care he feels ;"  
To help to wear the tedious minutes out,  
To soften bondage, and the loss of empire.

*Baj.* Now, by our prophet, if my wounded mind  
Could know a thought of peace, it would be now :  
Ev'n from thy prating infancy thou wert  
*My joy, my little angel ; smiling comfort*  
*with thee, still to glad me. Now I'm curs'd*

Ev'n in thee too. Reproach and infamy  
Attend the Christian dog t' whom thou wert trusted.  
To see thee here—'twere better see thee dead !

*Ax.* Thus Tamerlane, to royal Bajazet,  
With kingly greeting sends : since with the brave  
(The bloody business of the fight once ended)  
Stern hate and opposition ought to cease ;  
Thy queen already to thy arms restor'd,  
Receive this second gift, thy beauteous daughter ;  
And if there be aught farther in thy wish,  
Demand with honour, and obtain it freely.

*Baj.* Bear back thy fulsome greeting to thy master ;  
Tell him, I'll none on't. Had he been a god,  
All his omnipotence could not restore  
My fame diminish'd, loss of sacred honour,  
The radiancy of majesty eclips'd :  
For aught besides, it is not worth my care ;  
The giver and his gifts are both beneath me.

*Ax.* Enough of war the wounded earth has known ;  
“ Weary at length, and wasted with destruction,  
“ Sadly she rears her ruin'd head, to shew  
“ Her cities humbled, and her countries spoil'd,  
“ And to her mighty masters sues for peace.”  
Oh, sultan ! by the Pow'r divine I swear,  
With joy I would resign the savage trophies  
In blood and battle gain'd, could I atone  
The fatal breach 'twixt thee and Tamerlane ;  
And think a soldier's glory well bestow'd  
To buy mankind a peace.

*Baj.* And what art thou,

That dost presume to mediate 'twixt the rage  
Of angry kings?

*Ax.* A prince, born of the noblest,  
And of a soul that answers to that birth,  
That dares not but do well. Thou dost put on  
A forc'd forgetfulness, thus not to know me,  
A guest so lately to thy court, then meeting  
On gentler terms.——

*Sel.* Could aught efface the merit  
Of brave Axalla's name? yet when your daughter  
Shall tell how well, how nobly she was us'd,  
How light this gallant prince made all her bondage,  
Most sure the royal Bajazet will own  
That honour stands indebted to such goodness,  
Nor can a monarch's friendship more than pay it.

*Baj.* Ha! know'st thou that, fond girl?—Go—'tis  
not well,

And when thou couldst descend to take a benefit  
From a vile Christian, and thy father's foe,  
Thou didst an act dishonest to thy race:  
Henceforth, unless thou mean'st to cancel all  
My share in thee, and write thyself a bastard,  
Die, starve, know any evil, any pain,  
Rather than taste a mercy from these dogs.

*Sel.* Alas! Axalla!

*Ax.* Weep not, lovely maid!

I swear, "one pearly drop from those fair eyes  
"Would over-pay the service of my life!"

*One sigh from thee has made a large amends  
For all thy angry father's frowns and fierceness.*

*Baj.* Oh, my curst fortune !—Am I fall'n thus low !  
 Dishonour'd to my face ! Thou earth-born thing !  
 Thou clod ! how hast thou dar'd to lift thy eyes  
 Up to the sacred race of mighty Ottoman,  
 Whom kings, whom e'en our prophet's holy offspring  
 At distance have beheld ? And what art thou ?  
 What glorious titles blazon out thy birth ?  
 Thou vile obscurity ! ha !—say—thou base one.

*Az.* Thus challeng'd, virtue, modest as she is,  
 Stands up to do herself a common justice :  
 To answer, and assert that inborn merit,  
 That worth, which conscious to herself she feels.  
 Were honour to be scann'd by long descent,  
 From ancestors illustrious, I could vaunt  
 A lineage of the greatest, and recount,  
 Among my fathers, names of ancient story,  
 Heroes and god-like patriots, who subdu'd  
 The world by arms and virtue, and, being Romans,  
 Scorn'd to be kings ; but that be their own praise :  
 Nor will I borrow merit from the dead,  
 Myself an undeserver. I could prove  
 My friendship such, as thou might'st deign t' accept  
 With honour, when it comes with friendly office,  
 To render back thy crown, and former greatness ;  
 “ And yet e'en this, e'en all is poor, when Selima,  
 “ With matchless worth, weighs down the adverse  
 scale.”

*Baj.* To me give back what yesterday took from me,  
 Would be to give like Heav'n, when having finish'd  
 This world (*the goodly work of his creation*)

He bid his favourite man be lord of all.  
But this——

*Ax.* Nor is this gift beyond my pow'r.  
Oft has the mighty master of my arms  
Urg'd me, with large ambition, to demand  
Crowns and dominions from his bounteous pow'r :  
'Tis true, I wav'd the proffer, and have held it  
The worthier choice to wait upon his virtues,  
To be the friend and partner of his wars,  
Than to be Asia's lord. Nor wonder then,  
If, in the confidence of such a friendship,  
I promise boldly for the royal giver,  
Thy crown and empire.

*Baj.* For our daughter thus  
Mean'st thou to barter? Ha! I tell thee, Christian,  
There is but one, one dowry thou canst give,  
And I can ask, worthy my daughter's love.

*Ax.* Oh! name the mighty ransom; task my pow'r;  
Let there be danger, difficulty, death,  
T' enhance the price.

*Baj.* I take thee at thy word.  
Bring me the Tartar's head.

*Ax.* Ha!

*Baj.* Tamerlane's!  
That death, that deadly poison, to my glory.

*Ax.* Prodigious! Horrid!

*Sel.* Lost! for ever lost!

*Baj.* And couldst thou hope to bribe me with aught  
else?

*th a vile peace, patch'd up on slavish terms?*

With tributary kingship?—No!—To merit  
A recompence from me, sate my revenge.  
The Tartar is my bane, I cannot bear him :  
One heav'n and earth can never hold us both ;  
Still shall we hate, and with defiance deadly  
Keep rage alive, till one be lost for ever :  
As if two suns should meet in the meridian,  
And strive in fiery combat for the passage.  
Weep'st thou, fond girl? Now as thy king, and  
father,  
I charge thee, drive this slave from thy remembrance !  
Hate shall be pious in thee. Come and join  
*[Laying hold on her hand.]*

**To curse thy father's foes.**

**"Sel. Undone for ever!**

**"Now, tyrant duty, art thou yet obeyed?"**

**“There is no more to give thee. Oh, Axalla!**

[Bajazet leads out Selima, she looking back on Axalla.

**"Ax. 'Tis what I fear'd; fool that I was t'obey!**

**"The coward love, that could not bear her frown,**

"Has wrought his own undoing. Perhaps e'en now

**“The tyrant’s rage prevails upon her fears :**

“ Fiercely he storms ; she weeps, and sighs, and trembles,

**" But swears at length to think on me no more.**

"He bade me take her. But, oh, gracious honour!

"Upon what terms? My soul yet shudders at it,

" And stands but half recover'd of her fright.

**"The head of Tamerlane! monstrous impiety!"**

“Bleed, bleed to death, my heart, be virtue’s martyr.  
“Oh, emperor! I own I ought to give thee  
“Some nobler mark, than dying, of my faith.  
“Then let the pains I feel my friendship prove,  
“’Tis easier far to die, than cease to love.  
[Exit Axalla.]

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SCENE II.

TAMERLANE’S Camp. “Enter severally MONESES,  
and Prince of TANAIS.

“Mon. If I not press untimely on his leisure,  
“You would much bind a stranger to your service,  
“To give me means of audience from the emperor.  
“Pr. Most willingly; tho’ for the present moment  
“We must intreat your stay; he holds him private.

“Mon. His counsel, I presume?

“Pr. No, the affair  
“Is not of earth, but heav’n—A holy man,  
“ (One whom our prophet’s law calls such) a dervise,  
“Keeps him in conference.

“Mon. Hours of religion,  
“Especially of princes, claims a reverence,  
“Nor will be interrupted.

“Pr. What his business  
“Imports we know not; but with earnest suit,  
“This morn’, he begg’d admittance. Our great  
master

“ (Than whom none bows more lowly to high Heav’n)

“ In reverend regard holds all that bear  
 “ Relation to religion, and, on notice  
 “ Of his request, receiv’d him on the instant.

“ *Mon.* We will attend his pleasure. [Exeunt.]”

*Enter TAMERLANE and a Dervise.*

*Tam.* Thou bring’st me thy credentials from the  
 highest,  
 From Alha, and our prophet. Speak thy message,  
 It must import the best and noblest ends.

*Der.* Thus speaks our holy Mahomet, who has  
 giv’n thee  
 To reign and conquer : ill dost thou repay  
 The bounties of his hand, unmindful of  
 The fountain whence thy streams of greatness flow.  
 Thou hast forgot high Heav’n hast beaten down  
 And trampled on religion’s sanctity.

*Tam.* Now, as I am a soldier and a king,  
 (The greatest names of honour) do but make  
 Thy imputation out, and Tamerlane  
 Shall do thee ample justice on himself.  
 So much the sacred name of Heaven awes me,  
 Could I suspect my soul of harbouring aught  
 To its dishonour, I would search it strictly,  
 And drive th’ offending thought with fury forth.

*Der.* Yes, thou hast hurt our holy prophet’s  
 honour,  
 By fostering the pernicious Christian sect :  
 Those, whom his sword pursu’d, with fell destruction,  
 Thou tak’st into thy bosom, to thy councils ;



They are thy only friends. The true believers  
Mourn to behold thee favour this Axalla.

*Tam.* I fear me, thou out-go'st the prophet's  
And bring'st his venerable name to shelter  
A rudeness ill-becoming thee to use,  
Or me to suffer. When thou nam'st my friend  
Thou nam'st a man beyond a monk's discerning;  
Virtuous and great, a warrior and a prince.

*Der.* He is a Christian; there our law condemn  
him,

Altho' he were ev'n all thou speak'st, and more

*Tam.* 'Tis false; no law divine condemns the  
virtuous,

For differing from the rules your schools devise  
Look round, how Providence bestows alike  
Sunshine and rain, to bless the fruitful year,  
On different nations, all of diff'rent faiths;  
And (tho' by several names and titles worshipp'd)  
Heav'n takes the various tribute of their praise  
Since all agree to own, at least to mean,  
One best, one greatest, only Lord of all.

"Thus, when he view'd the many forms of nature  
He found that all was good, and blest the  
variety."

*Der.* Most impious and profane!—Nay, from  
prince!

Full of the prophet, I despise the danger  
Thy angry power may threaten. I command thee  
To hear, and to obey; since thus says Mahomet  
Why have I made thee dreadful to the nations

Why have I giv'n thee conquest ; but to spread  
 My sacred law ev'n to the utmost earth,  
 And make my holy Mecca the world's worship ?  
 Go on, and wheresoe'er thy arms shall prosper,  
 Plant there the prophet's name ; with sword and fire  
 Drive out all other faiths, and let the world  
 Confess him only.

*Tam.* Had he but commanded  
 My sword to conquer all, to make the world  
 Know but one Lord, the task were not so hard,  
 'Twere but to do what has been done already ;  
 And Philip's son, and Cæsar did as much ;  
 But to subdue th' unconquerable mind,  
 To make one reason have the same effect  
 Upon all apprehensions ; to force this  
 Or this man, just to think as thou and I do ;  
 Impossible ! Unless souls were alike  
 In all, which differ now like human faces.

*Der.* Well might the holy cause be carry'd on,  
 If Mussulmen did not make war on Mussulmen.  
 Why hold'st thou captive a believing monarch ?  
 Now, as thou hop'st to 'scape the prophet's curse,  
 Release the royal Bajazet, and join,  
 With force united, to destroy the Christians.

*Tam.* 'Tis well—I've found the cause that mov'd  
 thy zeal.

What shallow politician set thee on,  
 In hopes to fright me this way to compliance ?

*Der.* Our prophet only——

*Tam.* No—thou dost belie him,

Thou maker of new faiths ! that dar'st to build  
Thy fond inventions on religion's name.  
Religion's lustre is, by native innocence,  
Divinely pure, and simple from all arts ;  
You daub and dress her like a common mistress,  
The harlot of your fancies ; and by adding  
False beauties, which she wants not, make the world  
Suspect her angel's face is foul beneath,  
And wo' not bear all lights. Hence ! I have found  
thee.

*Der.* I have but one resort. Now aid me, prophet.  
[*Aside.*

Yet I have somewhat further to unfold ;  
Our prophet speaks to thee in thunder—thus——  
[*The Dervise draws a conceal'd dagger, and offers  
to stab Tamerlane.*

*Tam.* No, villain, Heav'n is watchful o'er its wor-  
shippers, [Wresting the dagger from him.  
And blasts the murderer's purpose. Think, thou  
wretch !

Think on the pains that wait thy crime, and tremble  
When I shall doom thee——

*Der.* 'Tis but death at last ;  
And I will suffer greatly for the cause  
That urg'd me first to the bold deed.

*Tam.* Oh impious !  
Enthusiasm thus makes villains martyrs.

[*e.*] It shall be so—To die ! 'twere a reward—  
in the difference 'twixt thy faith and mine ;  
Is thee lift thy dagger to my throat ;

Mine can forgive the wrong, and bid thee live.  
 Keep thy own wicked secret, and be safe !  
 If thou repent'st, I have gain'd one to virtue,  
 And am, in that, rewarded for my mercy ;  
 If thou continu'st still to be the same,  
 'Tis punishment enough to be a villain.  
 Hence ! from my sight—It shocks my soul to think  
 That there is such a monster in my kind. [*Ex. Der.*  
 Whither will man's impiety extend ?  
 Oh, gracious Heav'n ! dost thou withhold thy thunder,  
 When bold assassins take thy name upon 'em,  
 And swear they are the champions of thy cause ?

*Enter MONESES.*

*Mon.* Oh, emperor ! before whose awful throne  
 Th' afflicted never kneel in vain for justice,  
[*Kneeling to Tam.*]  
 Undone, and ruin'd, blasted in my hopes,  
 Here let me fall before your sacred feet,  
 And groan out my misfortunes, till your pity,  
 ( The last support and refuge that is left me )  
 Shall raise me from the ground and bid me live.

*Tam.* Rise, prince, nor let me reckon up the worth,  
 And tell how boldly that might bid thee ask,  
 Lest I should make a merit of my justice,  
 The common debt I owe to thee, to all,  
 Ev'n to the meanest of mankind, the charter  
 By which I claim my crown, and Heaven's protection.  
 Speak, then, as to a king, the sacred name  
 Where pow'r is lodg'd, for righteous ends alone

*Mon.* One only joy, one blessing, my fond heart  
Had fix'd its wishes on, and that is lost ;  
That sister, for whose safety my sad soul  
Endur'd a thousand fears——

*Tam.* I well remember,  
When, ere the battle join'd, I saw thee first,  
With grief uncommon to a brother's love,  
Thou told'st a moving tale of her misfortunes,  
Such as bespoke my pity. Is there aught  
Thou canst demand from friendship ? Ask, and  
have it.

*Mon.* First, oh ! let me entreat your royal goodness ;  
Forgive the folly of a lover's caution,  
That forg'd a tale of folly to deceive you.  
Said I, she was my sister ?—Oh ! 'tis false ;  
She holds a dearer interest in my soul,  
“ Such as the closest ties of blood ne'er knew ;  
“ An interest, such as power, wealth and honour  
“ Cann't buy, but love, love only, can bestow ; ”  
She was the mistress of my vows, my bride,  
By contract mine ; and long ere this the priest  
Had ty'd the knot for ever, had not Bajazet——

*Tam.* Ha ! Bajazet !—If yet his pow'r withholds  
The cause of all thy sorrows, all thy fears,  
E'en gratitude for once shall gain upon him,  
Spite of his savage temper, to restore her.  
This morn' a soldier brought a captive beauty,  
Sad, tho' she seem'd, yet of a form more rare,  
By much the noblest spoil of all the field ;  
E'en Scipio, or a victor yet more cold,

Might have forgot his virtue at her sight.  
Struck with a pleasing wonder, I beheld her,  
Till, by a slave that waited near her person,  
I learn'd she was the captive sultan's wife:  
Strait I forbid my eyes the dangerous joy  
Of gazing long, and sent her to her lord.

*Mon.* There was Moneses lost. Too sure my heart  
(From the first mention of her wondrous charms)  
Presag'd it could be only my Arpasia.

*Tam.* Arpasia! didst thou say?

*Mon.* Yes, my Arpasia.

*Tam.* Sure I mistake, or fain I would mistake thee;  
I nam'd the queen of Bajazet, his wife.

*Mon.* His queen! his wife! He brings that holy  
title

To varnish o'er the monstrous wrongs he has done me.

*Tam.* Alas! I fear me, prince, thy griefs are just;  
Thou art, indeed, unhappy——

*Mon.* Can you pity me,  
And not redress? Oh, royal Tamerlane! [*Kneeling.*  
Thou succour of the wretched, reach thy mercy  
To save me from the grave, and from oblivion;  
Be gracious to the hopes that wait my youth.  
“Oh! let not sorrow blast me, lest I wither,  
“And fall in vile dishonour.” Let thy justice  
Restore me my Arpasia; give her back,  
Back to my wishes, to my transports give her,  
To my fond, restless, bleeding, dying bosom.  
Oh! give her to me yet while I have life  
To bless thee for the bounty. Oh, Arpasia!

*Tam.* Unhappy, royal youth, why dost thou ask  
What honour must deny? Ha! is she not  
His wife, whom he has wedded, whom enjoy'd?  
And wouldst thou have my partial friendship break  
That holy knot, which, ty'd once, all mankind  
Agree to hold sacred and undissolveable?  
The brutal violence would stain my justice,  
And brand me with a tyrant's hated name  
To late posterity.

*Mon.* Are then the vows,  
The holy vows we register'd in heav'n,  
But common air?

*Tam.* Could thy fond love forget  
The violation of a first enjoyment? —  
But sorrow has disturb'd and hurt thy mind.

*Mon.* Perhaps it has, and like an idle madman,  
That wanders with a train of hooting boys,  
I do a thousand things to shame my reason.  
Then let me fly, and bear my follies with me,  
Far, far from the world's sight. Honour and fame,  
Arms, and the glorious war shall be forgotten;  
No noble sound of greatness, or ambition,  
Shall wake my drowsy soul from her dead sleep,  
Till the last trump do summon.

*Tam.* Let thy virtue  
Stand up and answer to these warring passions,  
That vex thy manly temper. From the moment  
When first I saw thee, something wondrous noble  
    *thro' thy form, and won my friendship for thee,*  
    *from the tedious form of long acquaintance ;*

Nor will I lose thee poorly for a woman.  
Come, droop no more, thou shalt with me pursue  
True greatness, till we rise to immortality.  
Thou shalt forget these lesser cares, Moneses ;  
Thou shalt, and help me to reform the world.

*Mon.* " So the good genius warns his mortal charge  
" To fly the evil fate that still pursues him,  
" Till it have wrought his ruin." Sacred Tamerlane,  
Thy words are as the breath of angels to me.  
But, oh ! too deep the wounding grief is fixt,  
For any hand to heal.

*Tam.* This dull despair  
Is the soul's laziness. Rouse to the combat,  
And thou art sure to conquer. War shall restore thee ;  
The sound of arms shall wake thy martial ardour,  
And cure this amorous sickness of thy soul,  
" Begun by sloth, and nurs'd by too much ease.  
" The idle god of love supinely dreams,  
" Amidst inglorious shades and purling streams ;  
" In rosy fetters and fantastic chains,  
" He binds deluded maids and simple swains ;  
" With soft enjoyments woos them to forget  
" The hardy toils and labours of the great.  
" But if the warlike trumpet's loud alarms  
" To virtuous acts excite, and manly arms,  
" The coward boy avows his abject fear,  
" On silken wings sublime he cuts the air,  
" Scar'd at the noble noise and thunder of the war."

*The boy, fond Love,*  
*Is nurs'd and bred in sloth, and too much ease ;*



*Near gurgling streams, in gloomy shades, he lies,  
 And loosely there, instructs his notaries,  
 Honour, and active virtue to despise.  
 But if the trumpets echo from afar,  
 On silken wings sublime he cuts the air,  
 Scar'd at the noise and clangor of the war.* [Exeunt.

*ACT IV. SCENE I.*

*BAJAZET's Tent. Enter HALY, and the Dervise.*

*Haly.*

To 'scape with life from an attempt like this,  
 Demands my wonder justly.

*Der.* True, it may;  
 But 'tis a principle of his new faith;  
 'Tis what his Christian favourites have inspir'd,  
 Who fondly make a merit of forgiveness,  
 And give their foes a second opportunity,  
 If the first blow should miss.—Failing to serve  
 The sultan to my wish, and e'en despairing  
 Of further means t' effect his liberty,  
 A lucky accident retri'd my hopes.

*Ha.* The prophet and our master will reward  
 Thy zeal in their behalf; but speak thy purpose.

*Der.* Just ent'ring here I met the Tartar general,  
 Pierce Omar.

*Ha.* He commands, if I mistake not,  
 Is quarter of the army, and our guards.

*Der.* The same. By his stern aspect, and the fires  
That kindled in his eyes, I guess'd the tumult  
Some wrong had rais'd in his tempestuous soul ;  
A friendship of old date had giv'n me privilege  
To ask of his concerns. In short, I learn'd,  
That burning for the sultan's beauteous daughter,  
He had begg'd her, 'as a captive of the war,  
From Tamerlane ; but meeting with denial  
Of what he thought his services might claim,  
Loudly he storms, and curses the Italian,  
As cause of this affront. I join'd his rage,  
And added to his injuries, the wrongs  
Our prophet daily meets with from Axalla.  
But see, he comes. Improve what I shall tell,  
And all we wish is ours.

*[They seem to talk together aside.]*

*Enter OMAR.*

*Om.* No——if I forgive it,  
Dishonour blast my name ! Was it for this  
That I directed his first steps to greatness,  
Taught him to climb, and made him what he is ?  
“ When our great Cam first bent his eyes towards  
him,  
“ (Then petty prince of Parthia) and, by me  
“ Persuaded, rais'd him to his daughter's bed,  
“ Call'd him his son, and successor of the empire ;”  
Was it for this, that like a rock I stood  
And stemm'd a torrent of our Tartar lords,

Who scorn'd his upstart sway ? When Calibes,  
In bold rebellion, drew e'en half the provinces  
To own his cause, I, like his better angel,  
Stood by his shaking throne, and fix'd it fast ;  
And am I now so lost to his remembrance,  
That, when I ask a captive, he shall tell me,  
She is Axalla's right, his Christian minion ?

*Der.* Allow me, valiant Omar, to demand,  
Since injur'd thus, why right you not yourself ?  
The prize you ask is in your power.

*Om.* It is,  
And I will seize it in despite of Tamerlane,  
And that Italian dog.

*Ha.* What need of force,  
When every thing concurs to meet your wishes ?  
Our mighty master would not wish a son  
Nobler than Omar. From a father's hand  
Receive that daughter, which ungrateful Tamerl  
Has to your worth deny'd.

*Om.* Now, by my arms,  
It will be great revenge. What will your sultan  
Give to the man that shall restore his liberty,  
His crown, and give him pow'r to wreak his hatred  
Upon his greatest foe ?

*Ha.* All he can ask,  
And far beyond his wish.— [Trump

*Om.* These trumpets speak  
The emperor's approach ; he comes once more  
terms of peace. Retire within.

will know farther—he grows deadly to me ;  
and curse me, prophet, if I not repay  
his hate with retribution full as mortal. [Exeunt.

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SCENE II.

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*Draws, and discovers ARPASIA lying on a Couch.*

S O N G.

*To thee, O gentle Sleep, alone  
Is owing all our peace,  
By thee our joys are heighten'd shown,  
By thee our sorrows cease.  
The nymph whose hand, by fraud or force,  
Some tyrant has possess'd,  
By thee, obtaining a divorce,  
In her own choice is bless'd.  
Oh, stay ! Arpasia bids thee stay ;  
The sadly weeping fair  
Conjures thee, not to lose in day  
The object of her care.  
To grasp whose pleasing form she sought,  
That motion chas'd her sleep ;  
Thus by ourselves are oft'nest wrought  
The griefs, for which we weep.*

*Arp.* Oh, death ! thou gentle end of human sorrows,  
till must my weary eye-lids vainly wake  
in tedious expectation of thy peace ?  
Why stand thy thousand thousand doors still open

To pass the ~~world~~, if some religion  
 Should every passage, and furnish an entrance :—  
 I have seen some bleed, and Portia swallow fire,  
 Whom urg'd with griefs beyond a mortal suffering;  
 But here it must not be. Think then, Arpasia,  
 Think on the sacred dictates of thy faith,  
 And let that arm thy virtue to perform  
 What Cato's daughter durst not!—Live, Arpasia,  
 And dare to be unhappy.

*Enter TAMERLANE.*

*Tam.* When fortune smiles upon the soldier's arms,  
 And adds e'en beauty to adorn his conquest,  
 Yet she ordains the fair should know no fears,  
 "No sorrows to pollute their lovely eyes,  
 "But should be us'd e'en nobly, as herself,  
 "The queen and goddess of the warrior's vows."—  
 Such welcome as a camp can give, fair sultaness,  
 We hope you have receiv'd; it shall be larger,  
 And better as it may.

*Arp.* Since I have borne  
 That miserable mark of fatal greatness,  
 I have forgot all difference of conditions;  
 Scepters and fetters are grown equal to me,  
 And the best change my fate can bring is death.

*Tam.* "When sorrow dwells in such an angel form,  
 'till may we guess that those above are mourners;  
 true is wrong'd, and bleeding innocence  
 lets some wondrous violation here,  
 and the saints look on." Oh! teach my power

To cure those ills which you unjustly suffer,  
Lest Heav'n should wrest it from my idle hand,  
If I look on, and see you weep in vain.

*Arp.* Not that my soul disdains the generous aid  
Thy royal goodness proffers: but, oh, emperor!  
It is not in my fate to be made happy;  
Nor will I listen to the coz'ner, Hope,  
But stand resolv'd to bear the beating storm  
That roars around me; safe in this alone,  
That I am not immortal.—Tho' 'tis hard,  
'Tis wondrous hard, when I remember thee,  
(Dear native Greece!) and you, ye weeping maids,  
That were companions of my virgin youth!  
My noble parents! Oh, the grief of heart,  
The pangs, that, for unhappy me, bring down  
Their reverend ages to the grave with sorrow.  
And yet there is a woe surpassing all:  
Ye saints and angels, give me of your constancy,  
If you expect I shall endure it long.

*Tam.* Why is my pity all that I can give  
To tears like yours? And yet I fear 'tis all;  
Nor dare I ask, what mighty loss you mourn,  
Lest honour should forbid to give it back.

*Arp.* No, Tamerlane, nor did I mean thou shouldst:  
But know, (tho' to the weakness of my sex  
I yield these tears) my soul is more than man.  
Think, I am born a Greek, nor doubt my virtue;  
"A Greek! from whose fam'd ancestors of old  
"Rome drew the patterns of her boasted heroes."

They must be ready to receive the vengeance  
 Of Heaven's vengeance, and a certain doom.

*Enter BAJAZET.*

*Baj.* To know no thought of rest; to have the mind  
 To minister fresh plagues, as in a circle,  
 Where one dishonour treads upon another;  
 What know the fiends beyond it?—Ha! by hell,

*[Seeing Arp. and Tam.]*

There wanted only this to make me mad.  
 Comes he to triumph here; to rob my love,  
 And violate the last retreat of happiness?

*Tam.* But that I read upon thy frowning brow,  
 That war yet lives, and rages in thy breast;  
 Once more (in pity to the suffering world)  
 I meant to offer peace.—

*Baj.* And mean'st thou too  
 To treat it with our empress; and to barter  
 The spoils which fortune gave thee for her favours?

*Arp.* What would the tyrant?— *[Aside.]*

*Baj.* Seek'st thou thus our friendship?  
 Is this the royal usage thou didst boast?

*Tam.* The boiling passion that disturbs thy soul,  
 Spreads clouds around, and makes thy purpose dark—  
 Unriddle what thy mystic fury aims at.

*Baj.* Is it a riddle? Read it there explain'd;  
 There, in my shame. Now judge me thou, O prophet,  
 And equal Heav'n, if this demand not rage!

'peasant-hind, begot and born to slavery,  
 dares assert a husband's sacred right,

And guards his homely couch from violation :  
And shall a monarch tamely bear the wrong  
Without complaining ?

*Tam.* If I could have wrong'd thee,  
If conscious virtue, and all-judging Heav'n,  
Stood not between to bar ungovern'd appetite,  
What hinder'd, but in spite of thee, my captive,  
I might have us'd a victor's boundless pow'r,  
And sat'd every wish my soul could form ?  
But to secure thy fears, know, Bajazet,  
This is among the things I dare not do.

*Baj.* By hell, 'tis false ! else wherefore art thou  
present ?  
What cam'st thou for, but to undo my honour ?  
I found thee holding amorous parly with her,  
Gazing and glutting on her wanton eyes,  
And bargaining for pleasures yet to come :  
My life, I know, is the devoted price—  
But take it, I am weary of the pain.

*Tam.* Yet ere thou rashly urge my rage too far,  
I warn thee to take heed : I am a man,  
And have the frailties common to man's nature,  
The fiery seeds of wrath are in my temper,  
And may be blown up to so fierce a blaze,  
As wisdom cannot rule. Know, thou hast touch'd me  
Ev'n in the nicest, tend'rest part, my honour ;  
My honour ! which, like pow'r, disdains being ques-  
tion'd ;  
Thy breath has blasted my fair virtue's fame,  
And mark'd me for a villain, and a tyrant.



*Arp.* And stand I here an idle looker-on,  
To see my innocence murder'd and mangled  
By barbarous hands, nor can revenge the wrong?  
Art thou a man, and dar'st thou use me thus? [*To Baj.*  
Hast thou not torn me from my native country,  
From the dear arms of my lamenting friends,  
From my soul's peace, and from my injur'd love?  
Hast thou not ruin'd, blotted me for ever,  
And driv'n me to the brink of black despair?  
And is it in thy malice yet to add  
A wound more deep, to sully my white name,  
My virtue?——

*Baj.* Yes, thou hast thy sex's virtues,  
Their affectation, pride, ill-nature, noise,  
Proneness to change, e'en from the joy that pleas'd  
'em:

So gracious is your idol, dear variety,  
That for another love you would forego  
An angel's form, to mingle with a devil's;  
“Through ev'ry state and rank of men you wander,  
“Till e'en your large experience takes in all  
“The different nations of the peopled earth.”

*Arp.* Why sought'st thou not from thy own impious  
tribe

A wife like one of these? “For such thy race  
“ (If human nature brings forth such) affords.  
“Greece, for chaste virgins fam'd, and pious matrons,  
“Teems not with monsters like your Turkish wives,  
om guardian eunuchs, haggard and deform'd,  
in walls and bars make honest by constraint.”

Know, I detest, like hell, the crime thou mention'st :  
Not that I fear, or reverence thee, thou tyrant ;  
But that my soul, conscious of whence it sprung,  
Sits unpolluted in its sacred temple,  
And scorns to mingle with a thought so mean.

*Tam.* Oh, pity ! that a greatness so divine  
Should meet a fate so wretched, so unequal.—  
Thou, blind and wilful to the good that courts thee,  
[To Bajazet.

With open-handed bounty Heav'n pursues thee,  
And bids thee (undeserving as thou art,  
And monstrous in thy crimes) be happy yet ;  
Whilst thou, in fury, dost avert the blessing,  
And art an evil genius to thyself.

*Baj.* No—Thou ! thou art my greatest curse on  
earth !

Thou, who hast robb'd me of my crown and glory,  
And now pursu'st me to the verge of life,  
To spoil me of my honour. Thou ! thou hypocrite !  
That wear'st a pageant outside shew of virtue,  
To cover the hot thoughts that glow within !  
Thou rank adulterer !

*Tam.* Oh, that thou wert  
The lord of all those thousands, that lie breathless  
On yonder field of blood, that I again  
Might hunt thee, in the face of death and danger,  
Through the tumultuous battle, and there force thee,  
Vanquish'd and sinking underneath my arm,  
To own thou hast traduc'd me like a villain.

*Baj.* Ha ! Does it gall th ee, Tartar ? By revenge,

It joys me much to find thou feel'st my fury.  
 Yes, I will echo to thee, thou adulterer!  
 Thou dost profane the name of king and soldier,  
 And, like a ruffian bravo, cam'st with force  
 To violate the holy marriage-bed.

*Tam.* Wert thou not shelter'd by thy abject sta  
 The captive of my sword, by my just anger,  
 My breath, like thunder, should confound thy pr  
 And doom thee dead, this instant, with a word.

*Baj.* 'Tis false! my fate's above thee, and I  
 dar'st not.

*Tam.* Ha! dare not! Thou hast rais'd my pond'  
 rage,

And now it falls to crush thee at a blow.

A guard there!—Seize and drag him to his fate!

[*Enter a guard, they seize Baj:*

Tyrant, I'll do a double justice on thee;

At once revenge myself, and all mankind.

*Baj.* Well dost thou, ere thy violence and lust  
 Invade my bed, thus to begin with murder:  
 Drown all thy fears in blood, and sin securely.

*Tam.* Away!

*Arp.* [*Kneeling.*] Oh, stay! I charge thee, by  
 nown;

By that bright glory thy great soul pursues,  
 Call back the doom of death!

*Tam.* Fair injur'd excellence,  
 Why dost thou kneel, and waste such pre  
 pray'rs,

Why might e'en bribe the saints to partial justice

For one to goodness lost ; who first undid thee,  
Who still pursues and aggravates the wrong ?

*Baj.* By Alha ! no—I will not wear a life  
Bought with such vile dishonour. Death shall free me  
At once from infamy, and thee, thou traitress !

*Arp.* No matter, tho' the whistling winds grow loud,  
And the rude tempest roars, 'tis idle rage :  
Oh ! mark it not ; but let thy steady virtue  
Be constant to its temper. Save his life,  
And save Arpasia from the sport of talkers.  
Think, how the busy, meddling world will toss  
Thy mighty name about, in scurril mirth ;  
Shall brand thy vengeance, as a foul design,  
And make such monstrous legends of our lives,  
As late posterity shall blush in reading.

*Tam.* Oh, matchless virtue ! Yes, I will obey ;  
Tho' laggard in the race, admiring yet,  
I will pursue the shining path thou tread'st.  
Sultan, be safe ! Reason resumes her empire,

[*The guards release Bajazet.*

And I am cool again.—Here break we off,  
Lest farther speech should minister new rage.  
Wisely from dangerous passions I retreat,  
To keep a conquest which was hard to get :  
And, oh ! 'tis time I should for flight prepare,  
A war more fatal seems to threaten there,  
And all my rebel-blood assists the fair ;  
One moment more, and I too late shall find,  
That love's the strongest pow'r that lords it o'er the  
mind. [*Exit Tam. followed by the guards.*



useful voice comes like a hollow sound  
ance, to my ears: My eyes grow heavy,  
I the glorious lights of Heav'n look dim;  
the last office they shall ever do me,  
now thee once, and then to close and die.

Alas! how happy have we been, Monestes-  
table days, that once were ours, what joys  
every cheerful morning bring along!  
No jealousies, no angry parents,  
No unequal births, or fortunes frown'd;  
We, that kindly join'd our hearts, to bless us,  
Gave us a blessing too to all besides.

Oh, cast not thy remembrance back, Arpasia!  
Grief unutterable, 'tis distraction!

Let this last of hours be peaceful sorrow!

Let me kneel, and pay my latest vows.

Witness, all ye saints, thou Heav'n and Nature,

Witness of my truth, for you have known it!

Witness, that I never knew a pleasure,

That the world could offer, like Arpasia!

Witness, that I liv'd but in Arpasia!

Oh, be witness, that her loss has kill'd me!

While thou art speaking, life begins to fail,

Every tender accent chills like death.

Let me haste then, yet, ere day declines

Let the long night prevail, once more to tell thee

How dear, and how dear, Moneses has been to me.

Has he not been?—All the names of love,

Brothers, or fathers, husbands, all are poor:

Moneses is myself; in my fond heart,

E'en in my vital blood, he lives and reigns:  
The last dear object of my parting soul  
Will be Moneses; the last breath that lingers  
Within my panting breast, shall sigh Moneses.

*Mon.* It is enough! Now to thy rest, my soul,  
The world and thou have made an end at once.

*Arp.* Fain would I still detain thee, hold thee still:  
Nor honour can forbid, that we together  
Should share the poor few minutes that remain.  
I swear, methinks this sad society  
Has somewhat pleasing in it.—Death's dark shades  
Seem, as we journey on, to lose their horror;  
At near approach the monsters, form'd by fear,  
Are vanish'd all, and leave the prospect clear;  
Amidst the gloomy vale, a pleasing scene,  
With flow'rs adorn'd, and never-fading green,  
Inviting stands, to take the wretched in:  
No wars, no wrongs, no tyrants, no despair,  
Disturb the quiet of a place so fair,  
But injur'd lovers find Elysium there. [Exeunt.

*Enter BAJAZET, OMAR, HALY, and the Dervise.*

*Baj.* Now, by the glorious tomb that shrines our  
prophet,  
By Mecca's sacred temple, here I swear,  
Our daughter is thy bride! and to that gift  
Such wealth, such pow'r, such honours will I add,  
That monarchs shall with envy view thy state,  
And own thou art a demy-god to them.

Thou hast giv'n me what I wish'd, power of revenge,  
And when a king rewards, 'tis ample retribution.

*Om.* Twelve Tartar lords, each potent in his tribe,  
Have sworn to own my cause, and draw their thou-  
sands,

To-morrow, from the ungrateful Parthian's side :  
The day declining, seems to yield to night,  
Ere little more than half her course be ended.  
In an auspicious hour prepare for flight ;  
The leaders of the troops thro' which we pass,  
Rais'd by my pow'r, devoted to my service,  
Shall make our passage secret and secure.

*Der.* Already, mighty sultan, art thou safe,  
Since, by yon passing torches' light, I guess,  
To his pavilion Tamerlane retires,  
Attended by a train of waiting courtiers.  
All who remain within these tents are thine,  
And hail thee as their lord.——

Ha ! the Italian prince,  
With sad Moneses, are not yet gone forth.

*Baj.* Ha ! with our queen and daughter !

*Om.* They are ours :

I mark'd the slaves, who waited on Axalla ;  
They, when the emperor past out, prest on,  
And mingled with the crowd, nor miss'd their lord :  
He is your pris'ner, sir : I go this moment,  
To seize, and bring him to receive his doom.

[*Exit Omar.*

*Baj.* Haste, Haly, follow, and secure the Greek :  
Him too I wish to keep within my power. [*Exit Haly.*



*Sel.* What, not for life! Should I not plead for life?  
“When nature teaches even the brute creation,  
“To hold fast that, her best, her noblest gift.”  
Look on my eyes, which you so oft have kiss’d,  
And swore they were your best-lov’d queen’s, my  
mother’s;

Behold ’em now streaming for mercy, mercy!

Look on me, and deny me, if you can!

“’Tis but for life I beg. Is that a boon

“So hard for me t’ obtain, or you to grant?”

Oh, spare me! Spare your Selima, father!

*Baj.* A lazy sloth hangs on my resolution:

It is my Selima!—Ha! What, my child!

And can I murder her?—Dreadful imagination!

Again they come! I leave her to my foes! [*Shouts.*

And shall they triumph o’er the race of Bajazet!

Die, Selima! Is that a father’s voice?

Rouse, rouse, my fury! Yes, she dies the victim

To my lost hopes. Out, out, thou foolish nature!

Seize her, ye slaves! and strangle her this moment!

[*To the Mutes.*

*Sel.* Oh, let me die by you! Behold my breast!

I wo’not shrink! Oh, save me but from these!

*Baj.* Dispatch! [*The Mutes seize her.*

*Sel.* But for a moment, while I pray

That Heav’n may guard my royal father.

*Baj.* Dogs!

Let you may only bless me, ere I die. [*Shouts.*

Medious villains, then the work is mine.

One only way remains to mercy open ;  
Be partner of my flight and my revenge,  
And thou art safe. Thy other choice is death.

*Om.* What means the sultan ?

*Der.* I conjure you, hold——

Your rival is devoted to destruction ; [*Aside to Omar.*  
Nor would the sultan now defer his fate,  
But for our common safety. —Listen further.

[*Whispers.*

*Ax.* Then briefly thus. Death is the choice I make ;  
Since, next to Heav'n, my master and my friend  
Has interest in my life, and still shall claim it.

*Baj.* Then take thy wish—Call in our mutes !

*Sel.* My father,

If yet you have not sworn to cast me off,  
And turn me out to wander in misfortune ;  
If yet my voice be gracious in your ears ;  
If yet my duty 'and my love offend not,  
Oh, call your sentence back, and save Axalla !

*Baj.* Rise, Selima ! The slave deserves to die,  
Who durst, with sullen pride, refuse my mercy :  
Yet, for thy sake, once more I offer life.

*Sel.* Some angel whisper to my anxious soul,  
What I shall do to save him.—“ Oh, Axalla !

“ Is it so easy to thee to forsake me ?

“ Canst thou resolve, with all this cold indifference,

“ Never to see me more ? To leave me here

“ The miserable mourner of thy fate,

“ Condemn'd to waste my widow'd virgin youth,

H ij

" My tedious days and nights, in lonely weep

" And never know the voice of comfort mor

" *Ax.* Search not too deep the sorrows of my

" Thou say'st I am indifferent and cold.

" Oh! is it possible my eyes should tell

" So little of the fighting storm within?

" Oh! turn thee from me, save me from thy b

" Falschood and ruin all look lovely there.

" Oh! let my lab'ring soul yet struggle thro'

" I will—I would resolve to die, and leave th

" *Baj.* Then let him die!—He trifles with  
your.

" I have too long attended his resolves.

" *Sel.* Oh! stay a minute, yet a minute lon  
[To

" A minute is a little space in life.

" There is a kind consenting in hi eyes,

" And I shall win him to your royal will."

Oh, my Axalla! seem but to consent.—[To A

Unkind and cruel, will you then do nothing?

I find I am not worth thy least of cares.

*Ax.* Oh! labour not to hang dishonour on

I could bear sickness, pain and poverty,

Those mortal evils worse than death, for thee

But this—It has the force of fate against us,

And cannot be.

*Sel.* See, see, sir, he relents, [To

Already he inclines to own your cause.

A little longer, and he is all yours.

*Baj.* Then mark how far a father's fondness

'Till midnight I defer the death he merits,  
And give him up 'till then to thy persuasion.  
If by that time he meets my will, he lives;  
If not, thyself shalt own he dies with justice.

*Ax.* 'Tis but to lengthen life upon the rack.  
I am resolv'd already.

*Sel.* Oh! be still,  
Nor rashly urge a ruin on us both;  
'Tis but a moment more I have to save thee.  
Be kind, auspicious Alha, to my pray'r;  
More for my love, than for myself, I fear;  
Neglect mankind awhile, and make him all thy care!  
[*Exeunt Axalla and Selima.*]

*Baj.* Moneses,—is that dog secur'd?

*Om.* He is.

*Baj.* 'Tis well—My soul perceives returning greatness,

As nature feels the spring. Lightly she bounds,  
And shakes dishonour, like a burden, from her;  
Once more imperial, awful, and herself.  
So, when of old, Jove from the Titans fled,  
Ammon's rude front his radiant face bely'd,  
And all the majesty of Heav'n lay hid.  
At length, by fate, to pow'r divinè restor'd,  
His thunder taught the world to know its Lord,  
The God grew terrible again, and was again ador'd.  
[*Exeunt.*]

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ACT V. SCENE I.*BAJAZET's Tent.**Arpasia.*

SURE 'tis a horror, more than darkness brings,  
That sits upon the night! Fate is abroad;  
Some ruling fiend hangs in the dusky air,  
And scatters ruin, death, and wild distraction,  
O'er all the wretched race of man below.  
Not long ago, a troop of ghastly slaves  
Rush'd in, and forc'd Moneses from my sight;  
Death hung so heavy on his drooping spirits,  
That scarcely could he say—Farewell—for ever!  
And yet, methinks, some gentle spirit whispers,  
Thy peace draws near, Arpasia, sigh no more!  
And see, the king of terrors is at hand;  
His minister appears.

*Enter BAJAZET and HALY.*

*Baj.* [*Aside to Haly.*] The rest I leave  
To thy dispatch. For, oh! my faithful Haly,  
Another care has taken up thy master.  
Spite of the high-wrought tempest in my soul,  
Spite of the pangs which jealousy has cost me,  
This haughty woman reigns within my breast;  
“In vain I strive to put her from my thoughts,  
“To drive her out with empire, and revenge.  
“Still she comes back, like a retiring tide,

" That ebbs a while, but strait returns again,  
" And swells above the beach."

*Ha.* Why wears my lord  
An anxious thought for what his pow'r commands?  
When, in an happy hour, you shall, ere long,  
Have borne the empress from amidst your foes,  
She must be yours, be only and all yours.

*Baj.* On that depends my fear. Yes, I must have  
her;  
I own, I will not, cannot, go without her.  
" But such is the condition of our flight,  
" That should she not consent, 'twould hazard all  
" To bear her hence by force. Thus I resolve then,  
" By threats and pray'rs, by every way, to move her;  
" If all prevail not, force is left at last;  
" And I will set life, empire, on the venture,  
" To keep her mine"—Be near to wait my will.

[*Exit Haly.*]

When last we parted, 'twas on angry terms;  
Let the remembrance die, or kindly think  
That jealous rage is but a hasty flame,  
That blazes out, when love too fiercely burns.

*Arp.* For thee to wrong me, and for me to suffer,  
Is the hard lesson that my soul has learnt,  
And now I stand prepar'd for all to come:  
Nor is it worth my leisure to distinguish  
If love or jealousy commit the violence;  
Each have alike been fatal to my peace,  
Confirming me a wretch, and thee a tyrant.

*Baj.* Still to deform thy gentle brow with frowns,

And still to be perverse, it is a manner  
Abhorrent from the softness of thy sex :  
Women, like summer storms, a while are cloudy,  
Burst out in thunder, and impetuous show'rs;  
But strait, the sun of beauty dawns abroad,  
And all the fair horizon is serene.

*Arp.* Then, to retrieve the honour of my sex,  
Here I disclaim that changing and inconstancy :  
To thee I will be ever as I am.

*Baj.* Thou say'st I am a tyrant ; think so still,  
And let it warn thy prudence to lay hold  
On the good hour of peace, that courts thee now.  
Souls, form'd like mine, brook being scorn'd but ill.  
Be well advis'd, and profit by my patience ;  
It is a short-liv'd virtue.

*Arp.* Turn thy eyes  
Back on the story of my woes, barbarian !  
Thou that hast violated all respects  
Due to my sex, and honour of my birth.  
Thou brutal ravisher ! “ that hast undone me,  
“ Ruin'd my love ! ” Can I have peace with thee ?  
Impossible ! First Heav'n and hell shall join,  
They only differ more.

*Baj.* I see, 'tis vain  
To court thy stubborn temper with endearments.  
Resolve, this moment, to return my love,  
And be the willing partner of my flight,  
Or, by the prophet's holy law, thou dy'st.

*Arp.* And dost thou hope to fright me with the  
phantom,

Death? 'Tis the greatest mercy thou canst give;  
So frequent are the murders of thy reign,  
One day scarce passing by unmark'd with blood,  
That children, by long use, have learnt to scorn it.  
Know, I disdain to aid thy treach'rous purpose,  
And shouldst thou dare to force me, with my cries  
I will call Heav'n and earth to my assistance.

*Baj.* Confusion! dost thou brave me? But my  
wrath

Shall find a passage to thy swelling heart,  
And rack thee worse than all the pains of death.  
That Grecian dog, the minion of thy wishes,  
Shall be dragg'd forth, and butcher'd in thy sight;  
Thou shalt behold him when his pangs are terrible;  
Then, when he stares, and gasps, and struggles  
strongly,

"Ev'n in the bitterest agony of dying;"  
'Till thou shalt rend thy hair, tear out thy eyes,  
And curse thy pride; while I applaud my vengeance.

*Arp.* Oh, fatal image! All my pow'rs give way,  
And resolution sickens at the thought;

"A flood of passion rises in my breast,  
"And labours fiercely upward to my eyes."

Come, all ye great examples of my sex,  
Chaste virgins, tender wives, and pious matrons;

"Ye holy martyrs, who, with wondrous faith

"And constancy unshaken, have sustain'd

"The rage of cruel men, and fiery persecution,"

Come to my aid, and teach me to defy

The malice of this fiend! I feel, I feel



Your sacred spirit arm me to resistance.  
Yes, tyrant, I will stand this shock of fate;  
Will live to triumph o'er thee, for a moment,  
Then die well pleas'd, and follow my Moneses.

*Baj.* Thou talk'st it well. But talking is thy privilege ;

'Tis all the boasted courage of thy sex ;  
Tho', for thy soul, thou dar'st not meet the danger.

*Arp.* By all my hopes of happiness, I dare !——

" My soul is come within her ken of heav'n ;  
" Charm'd with the joys and beauties of that place,  
" Her thoughts and all her cares she fixes there,  
" And 'tis in vain for thee to rage below :  
" Thus stars shine bright, and keep their place above,  
" Tho' ruffling winds deform this lower world."

*Baj.* This moment is the trial.

*Arp.* Let it come !

This moment then shall shew I am a Greek,  
And speak my country's courage in my suff'ring.

*Baj.* Here, mercy, I disclaim thee ! Mark me,  
                    traitress !

My love prepares a victim to thy pride,  
And when it greets thee next, 'twill be in blood.

[*Exit Bajazet.*]

*Arp.* My heart beats higher, and my nimble spirits  
Ride swiftly thro' their purple channels round.

" 'Tis the last blaze of life. Nature revives,  
" Like a dim winking lamp, that flashes brightly  
" With parting light, and straight is dark for ever."  
*And see, my last of sorrows is at hand ;*

Death and Moneses come together to me ;  
As if my stars, that had so long been cruel,  
Grew kind at last, and gave me all I wish.

*Enter MONESSES, guarded by some mutes; others attending with a cup of poison, and a bow-string.*

*Mon.* I charge ye, O ye ministers of fate !  
Be swift to execute your master's will ;  
Bear me to my Arpasia ; let me tell her,  
The tyrant is grown kind. He bids me go,  
And die beneath her feet. " A joy shoots thro'  
" My drooping breast ; as often when the trumpet  
" Has call'd my youthful ardour forth to battle,  
" High in my hopes, and ravish'd with the sound,  
" I have rush'd eager on amidst the foremost,  
" To purchase victory, or glorious death."

*Arp.* If it be happiness, alas ! to die,  
To lie forgotten in the silent grave,  
To love and glory lost, and from among  
The great Creator's works expung'd and blotted,  
Then, very shortly, shall we both be happy.

*Mon.* There is no room for doubt ; 'tis certain bliss.  
The tyrant's cruel violence, thy loss,  
Already seem more light ; nor has my soul  
One unrepented guilt upon remembrance,  
To make me dread the justice of hereafter ;  
But standing now on the last verge of life,  
Boldly I view the vast abyss, eternity,  
Eager to plunge, and leave my woes behind me.

*Arp.* By all the truth of our past loves, I vow,  
To die appears a very nothing to me.

"But, oh, Moneses! should I not allow  
 "Somewhat to love, and to my sex's tenderness?"  
 This very now I could put off my being  
 Without a groan; but to behold thee die!—  
 Nature shrinks in me at the dreadful thought,  
 Nor can my constancy sustain this blow.

*Mon.* Since thou art arm'd for all things after death,  
 Why should the pomp and preparation of it  
 Be frightful to thy eyes? There's not a pain,  
 Which age or sickness brings, the least disorder  
 That vexes any part of this fine frame,  
 But's full as grievous. All that the mind feels  
 Is much, much more.—And see, I go to prove it.

*Enter a Mute; he signs to the rest, who proffer a bow-  
 string to MONESES.*

*Arp.* Think, ere we part!

*Mon.* Of what?

*Arp.* Of something soft,  
 Tender and kind, of something wondrous sad.  
 Oh, my full soul!

*Mon.* My tongue is at a loss;  
 Thoughts crowd so fast, thy name is all I've left,  
 My kindest, truest, dearest, best Arpasia!

*[The Mutes struggle with him.]*

*Arp.* I have a thousand, thousand things to utter,  
 A thousand more to hear yet. Barbarous villains!  
 Give me a minute. Speak to me, Moneses!

*Mon.* Speak to thee? 'Tis the business of my life,  
 All the use I have for vital air.

Stand off, ye slaves! To tell thee that my heart  
Is full of thee; that, even at this dread moment,  
My fond eyes gaze with joy and rapture on thee;  
Angels, and light itself, are not so fair.

*Enter BAJAZET, HALY, and Attendants.*

*Baj.* Ha! wherefore lives this dog? Be quick, ye  
slaves!

And rid me of my pain.

*Mon.* For only death,  
And the last night, can shut out my Arpasia.

*[The Mutes strangle Moneses.]*

*Arp.* Oh, dismal! 'tis not to be borne! Ye moralists!

Ye talkers! what are all your precepts now?  
Patience! Distraction! Blast the tyrant, blast him,  
Avenging lightnings! Snatch him hence, ye fiends!  
Love! Death! Moneses! "Nature can no more;  
"Ruin is on her, and she sinks at once.

*[She sinks down.]*

"*Baj.* Help, Haly! raise her up, and bear her out.

"*Ha.* Alas! she faints.

"*Arp.* No, tyrant, 'tis in vain.

"Oh! I am now beyond thy cruel pow'r;

"The peaceful slumber of the grave is on me;

"Ev'n all the tedious day of life I've wander'd,

"Bewilder'd with misfortunes:

"At length 'tis night, and I have reach'd my home.

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## PROLOGUE.

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SPOKEN BY A SHABBY POET.

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*YE gods! what crime had my poor father done,  
That you should make a poet of his son?  
Or is't for some great services of his,  
Y<sup>e</sup> are pleas'd to compliment his boy—with this?*

[Shewing his crown of laurel.

*The honour, I must needs confess, is great,  
If, with his crown, you'd tell him where to eat.  
'Tis well——But I have more complaints——look here!*

[Shewing his ragged coat.

*Hark ye: D'ye think this suit good winter wear?  
In a cold morning; whu!——at a lord's gate,  
How you have let the porter let me wait!  
You'll say, perhaps, you knew I'd get no harm,  
You'd given me fire enough to keep me warm.  
Ah——*

*A world of blessings to that fire we owe;  
Without it, I'd ne'er make this princely show.  
I have a brother too, now in my sight,*

[Looking behind the scenes.

*'usy man amongst us here to-night:  
' fire has made him play a thousand pranks,  
which, no doubt, you've had his daily thanks;*

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*He 'as thank'd you, first, for all his decent plays,  
Where he so nick'd it, when he writ for praise.  
Next for his meddling with some folks in black,  
And bringing——souse——a priest upon his back;  
For building houses here t'oblige the peers,  
And fetching all their house about his ears;  
For a new play, he 'as now thought fit to write,  
To sooth the town——which they——will damn to-night.  
These benefits are such, no man can doubt  
But he'll go on, and see your fancy-out,  
Till for reward of all his noble deeds;  
At last like other sprightly folk's he speeds:  
Has this great recompense fix'd on his brow  
At fam'd Parnassus; has your leave to bow  
And walk about the streets—equipp'd—as I am now.*

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Can face their force : if they refuse us peace,  
Revenge shall sweeten ruin, " and 'twill joy me,  
" To drag my foe down with me, in my fall."

[*Exit Omar.*]

*Enter HALY, with SELIMA weeping.*

*Baj.* See where she comes, with well dissembled  
innocence ;

With truth and faith so lovely in her face,  
As if she durst e'en disavow the falsehood.——  
Hop'st thou to make amends with trifling tears,  
For my lost crown, and disappointed vengeance ?  
Ungrateful Selima ! thy father's curse !  
Bring forth the minion of her foolish heart !  
He dies this moment.——

*Ha.* Would I could not speak  
The crime of fatal love ! The slave who fled,  
By whom we are undone, was that Axalla.

*Baj.* Ha ! say'st thou ?

*Ha.* Hid beneath that vile appearance,  
The princess found a means for his escape.

*Sel.* I am undone ! ev'n nature has disclaim'd me !  
My father ! have I lost you all ? My father !

*Baj.* Talk'st thou of nature, who hast broke her  
bands !

Thou art my bane, thou witch ! thou infant parricide !  
But I will study to be strangely cruel ;  
I will forget the folly of my fondness ;  
*Drive* all the father from my breast ; now snatch thee,  
*Tear thee to pieces, drink thy treacherous blood,*

And make thee answer all my great revenge!

Now, now, thou trait'ress! [*Offers to kill her.*]

*Sel.* Plunge the poignard deep! [*She embraces him.*]

The life my father gave shall hear his summons,

And issue at the wound—"Start not to feel

"My heart's warm blood gush out upon your hands;"

Since from your spring I drew the purple stream,

And I must pay it back, if you demand it.

*Baj.* Hence, from my thoughts, thou soft relenting  
weakness.

Hast thou not given me up a prey? betray'd me!

*Sel.* Oh, not for worlds! not ev'n for all the joys,

Love, or the prophet's paradise can give!

"Amidst the fears and sorrows of my soul,"

Amidst the thousand pains of anxious tenderness,

I made the gentle, kind Axalla swear,

Your life, your crown, and honour should be safe.

*Baj.* Away! my soul disdains the vile dependence!

No, let me rather die, die like a king!

Shall I fall down at the proud Tartar's foot,

And say, Have mercy on me? Hark! they come!

[*Shout.*]

Disgrace will overtake my ling'ring hand;

Die then! Thy father's shame, and thine, die with

thee.

[*Offers to kill her.*]

*Sel.* For Heav'n, for pity's sake!

*Baj.* No more, thou trifler!

[*She catches hold of his arm.*]

Ha! dar'st thou bar my will? Tear off her hold!



no more respect, Heaven bless us! than if it had been an orange. Sirrah, says I, where have you got that? He answers me never a word, but sets his arms a-kimbo, cocks his saucy hat in my face, turns about upon his ungracious heel, as much as to say, kiss— and I've never set eye on him since.

*Clog.* Look you there now! To see what the youth of this age are come to!

*Am.* See what they will come to, neighbour. Heaven shield, I say; but Dick's upon the gallop. Well, I must bid you good morrow; I'm going where I doubt I shall meet but a sorry welcome.

*Clog.* To get in some old debt, I'll warrant you?

*Am.* Neither better nor worse.

*Clog.* From a lady of quality?

*Am.* No, she's but a scrivener's wife; but she lives as well, and pays as ill, as the stateliest countess of them all.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

*Enter BRASS.*

*Brass.* Well, surely, through the world's wide extent, there never appeared so impudent a fellow as my schoolfellow, Dick. To pass himself upon the town for a gentleman, drop into all the best company with an easy air, as if his natural element were in the sphere of quality; when the rogue had a kettle-drum to his father, who was hanged for robbing a church; and has a pedlar to his mother, who carries her shop under her arm. But here he comes.

*Enter DICK.*

*Dick.* Well, Brass, what news? Hast thou given my letter to Flippanta?

*Brass.* I'm but just come; I ha'n't knocked at the door yet. But I've a damn'd piece of news for you.

*Dick.* As how?

*Brass.* We must quit this country.

*Dick.* We'll be hang'd first.

*Brass.* So you will, if you stay.

*Dick.* Why, what's the matter?

*Brass.* There's a storm a-coming.

*Dick.* From whence?

*Brass.* From the worst point in the compass, the law.

*Dick.* The law! Why, what have I to do with the law?

*Brass.* Nothing; and therefore it has something to do with you.

*Dick.* Explain.

*Brass.* You know you cheated a young fellow at piquet t'other day of the money he had to raise his company.

*Dick.* Well, what then?

*Brass.* Why, he's sorry he lost it.

*Dick.* Who doubts that?

*Brass.* Ay, but that's not all; he's such a fool to think of complaining on't.

*Dick.* Then I must be so wise to stop his mouth.

*Brass.* How?

~~Shirley Johnson~~  
~~Shirley Johnson~~

after her. How like a dog will you look, with a pair of plod shoes, your hair cropped up to your ears, and a band-box under your arm !

*Dick.* Why, faith, Brass, I think thou art in the right on't ; I must fix my affairs quickly, or Madam Fortune will be playing some of her bitch-tricks with me : therefore I'll tell thee what we'll do : we'll pursue this old rogue's daughter heartily ; we'll cheat his family to purpose, and they shall atone for the rest of mankind.

*Brass.* Have at her then. I'll about your business presently.

*Dick.* " One kiss—and " success attend thee.

[*Exit Dick.*]

*Brass.* A great rogue——Well, I say nothing. But when I have got the thing into a good posture, he shall sign and seal, or I'll have him tumbled out of the house like a cheese. Now for Flippanta.

[*He knocks.*]

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

*Flip.* Who's that ? Brass !

*Brass.* Flippanta !

*Flip.* What want you, rogue's face ?

*Brass.* Is your mistress dress'd ?

*Flip.* What, already ! Is the fellow drunk ?

*Brass.* Why, with respect to her looking-glass, it's almost two.

*Flip.* What then, fool ?

B

*Brass.* Why, then it's time for the mistress of the house to come down and look after her family.

*Flip.* Pr'ythee, don't be an owl. Those that go to bed at night may rise in the morning; we that go to bed in the morning rise in the afternoon.

*Brass.* When does she make her visits then?

*Flip.* By candle-light: it helps off a muddy complexion; we women hate inquisitive sunshine. But do you know that my lady is going to turn good housewife?

*Brass.* What, is she going to die?

*Flip.* Die!

*Brass.* Why, that's the only way to save money for her family.

*Flip.* No; but she has thought of a project to save chair-hire.

*Brass.* As how?

*Flip.* Why, all the company she used to keep abroad, she now intends shall meet her at her own house. Your master has advised her to set up a basset-table.

*Brass.* Nay, if he advised her to it, it's right. But has she acquainted her husband with it yet?

*Flip.* What to do? When the company meet, he'll see them.

*Brass.* Nay, that's true, as you say, he'll know it soon enough.

*Flip.* Well, I must begone; have you any business with my lady?

*Brass.* Yes, as ambassador from Araminta, I have a letter for her.

*Flip.* Give it me.

*Brass.* Hold—and, as first minister of state to the colonel, I have an affair to communicate to thee.

*Flip.* What is it? *Quick.*

*Brass.* Why—he's in love.

*Flip.* With what?

*Brass.* A woman—and her money together.

*Flip.* Who is she?

*Brass.* Corinna.

*Flip.* What would he be at?

*Brass.* At her—if she's at leisure.

*Flip.* Which way?

*Brass.* Honourably—He has ordered me to demand her of thee in marriage.

*Flip.* Of me!

*Brass.* Why, when a man of quality has a mind to a city-fortune, wouldst have him apply to her father and mother?

*Flip.* No.

*Brass.* No, so I think: men of our end of the town are better bred than to use ceremony. With a long periwig we strike the lady, with a you-know-what we soften the maid; and when the parson has done his job, we open the affair to the family. Will you slip this letter into her prayer-book, my little queen? It's a very passionate one; it's sealed with a heart and dagger; you may see by that what he intends to do with himself.

*Flip.* Are there any verses in it? If not, I won't touch it.

*Brass.* Not one word in prose; it's dated in rhyme.

[*She takes it.*]

*Flip.* Well, but—have you brought nothing else?

*Brass.* Gad forgive me! I'm the forgetfullest dog—I have a letter for you too—here—'tis in a purse—but it's in prose; you won't touch it.

*Flip.* Yes, hang it, it is not good to be too dainty.

*Brass.* How useful a virtue is humility! Well, child, we shall have an answer to-morrow, sha'n't we?

*Flip.* I can't promise you that; for our young gentlewoman is not so often in my way as she would be. Her father (who is a citizen from the foot to the forehead of him) lets her seldom converse with her mother-in-law and me, for fear she should learn the airs of a woman of quality. But I'll take the first occasion—See, there's my lady; go in, and deliver your letter to her.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.

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*A Parlour.* Enter CLARISSA, followed by FLIPPANTA and BRASS.

*Clar.* No messages this morning from any body, Flippanta? Lard, how dull that is! Oh, there's Brass! I did not see thee, Brass. What news dost thou  
ng?

*Brass.* Only a letter from Araminta, madam.

*Clar.* Give it me—Open it for me, Flippanta ; I am so lazy to-day. [*Sits down.*]

*Brass.* [*To Flip.*] Be sure now you deliver my master's as carefully as I do this:

*Flip.* Don't trouble thyself ; I'm no novice.

*Clar.* [*To Brass.*] 'Tis well ; there needs no answer, since she'll be here so soon.

*Brass.* Your ladyship has no farther commands then ?

*Clar.* Not at this time, honest Brass——Flippanta !  
[*Exit Brass.*]

*Flip.* Madam.

*Clar.* My husband's in love.

*Flip.* In love !

*Clar.* With Araminta.

*Flip.* Impossible !

*Clar.* This letter from her is to give me an account of it.

*Flip.* Methinks you are not very much alarmed.

*Clar.* No ; thou know'st I'm not much tortured with jealousy.

*Flip.* Nay, you are much in the right on't, madam ; for jealousy's a city passion ; 'tis a thing unknown amongst people of quality.

*Clar.* Fie ! A woman must indeed be of a mechanic mould, who is either troubled or pleased with any thing her husband can do to her. Pr'ythee, mention him no more ; 'tis the dullest theme !

*Flip.* 'Tis splenetic indeed. But when once you



open your basset-table, I hope that will put him out of your head.

*Clar.* Alas, Flippanta, I begin to grow weary even of the thoughts of that too!

*Flip.* How so?

*Clar.* Why, I have thought on't a day and a night already, and four-and-twenty hours, thou know'st, is enough to make one weary of any thing.

*Flip.* Now, by my conscience, you have more woman in you than all your sex together—You never know what you would have.

*Clar.* Thou mistak'st the thing quite. I always know what I lack, but I am never pleas'd with what I have. The want of a thing is perplexing enough, but the possession of it is intolerable.

*Flip.* Well, I don't know what you are made of, but other women would think themselves bless'd in your case: handsome, witty, loved by every body, and of so happy a composure, to care a fig for nobody. You have no one passion but that of your pleasures, and you have in me a servant devoted to all your desires, let them be as extravagant as they will. Yet all this is nothing; you can still be out of humour.

*Clar.* Alas, I have too much cause!

*Flip.* Why, what have you to complain of?

*Clar.* Alas, I have more subjects for spleen than one! Is it not a most horrible thing that I should be but a scrivener's wife?—Come, don't flatter me—

don't you think nature designed me for something *plus élevée*?

*Flip.* Nay, that's certain; but, on t'other side, me-thinks, you ought to be in some measure content, since you live like a woman of quality, tho' you are none.

*Clar.* Oh, fie! the very quintessence of it is wanting.

*Flip.* What's that?

*Clar.* Why, I dare abuse nobody: I'm afraid to affront people, tho' I don't like their faces; or to ruin their reputations, tho' they pique me to it, by taking ever so much pains to preserve them: I dare not raise a lie of a man, tho' he neglects to make love to me; nor report a woman to be a fool, tho' she's handsomer than I am. In short, I dare not so much as bid my footman kick the people out of doors, tho' they come to ask me for what I owe them.

*Flip.* All this is very hard indeed.

*Clar.* Ah, Flippanta, the perquisites of quality are of an unspeakable value!

*Flip.* They are of some use, I must confess; but we must not expect to have every thing. You have wit and beauty, and a fool to your husband.—Come, come, madam, that's a good portion for one.

*Clar.* Alas! what signifies beauty and wit, when one dares neither jilt the men, nor abuse the women? 'Tis a sad thing, Flippanta, when wit's confin'd, "'tis worse than the rising of the lights;" I have been sometimes almost chok'd with scandal, and durst not cough it up, for want of being a countess.

*Flip.* Poor lady!

*Clar.* Oh, liberty is a fine thing, Flippanta! it's a great help in conversation to have leave to say what one will. I have seen a woman of quality, who has not had one grain of wit, entertain a whole company the most agreeably in the world, only with her malice. But 'tis in vain to repine; I can't mend my condition till my husband dies; so I'll say no more on't, but think of making the most of the state I am in.

*Flip.* That's your best way, madam; and in order to it, pray consider how you'll get some ready money to set your basset-table a going; for that's necessary.

*Clar.* Thou say'st true: but what trick I shall play my husband to get some, I don't know; for my pretence of losing my diamond necklace has put the man into such a passion, I'm afraid he won't hear reason.

*Flip.* No matter; he begins to think 'tis lost in earnest: so I fancy you may venture to sell it, and raise money that way.

*Clar.* That can't be; for he has left odious notes with all the goldsmiths in town.

*Flip.* Well, we must pawn it then.

*Clar.* I'm quite tired with dealing with those pawn-brokers.

*Flip.* I'm afraid you'll continue the trade a great while, for all that.

[*Aside.*]

*Enter JESSAMIN.*

Madam, there's the woman below that sells

paint and patches, iron bodice, false teeth, and all sorts of things to the ladies; I can't think of her name.

*Flip.* 'Tis Mrs. Amlet; she wants money.

*Clar.* Well, I ha'n't enough for myself; it's an unreasonable thing she should think I have any for her.

*Flip.* She's a troublesome jade.

*Clar.* So are all people that come a dunning.

*Flip.* What will you do with her?

*Clar.* I have just now thought on't. She's very rich; that woman is, Flippanta; I'll borrow some money of her.

*Flip.* Borrow! Sure you jest, madam.

*Clar.* No, I'm in earnest; I give thee commission to do it for me.

*Flip.* Me!

*Clar.* Why dost thou stare, and look so ungainly? Don't I speak to be understood?

*Flip.* Yes, I understand you well enough; but Mrs. Amlet——

*Clar.* But Mrs. Amlet must lend me some money; where shall I have any to pay her else?

*Flip.* That's true; I never thought of that, truly. But here she is.

*Enter Mrs. AMLET.*

*Clar.* How do you do? How do you do, Mrs. Amlet? I ha'n't seen you these thousand years; and yet I believe I'm down in your books.

*Am.* Oh, madam, I don't come for that, alack!

*Flip.* Good morrow, Mrs. Amlet.

*Am.* Good morrow, Mrs. Flippanta.

*Clar.* How much am I indebted to you, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* Nay, if your ladyship desires to see your bill, I believe I may have it about me—There, madam, if it ben't too much fatigue to you to look it over.

*Clar.* Let me see it; for I hate to be in debt—where I am obliged to pay. [*Aside.*]—[*Reads.*] 'Imprimis, for bolstering out the Countess of Crump's left hip.'—Oh, fie! this does not belong to me.

*Am.* I beg your ladyship's pardon: I mistook indeed; 'tis a countess's bill I have writ out to little purpose. I furnished her two years ago with three pair of hips, and am not paid for them yet. But some are better customers than some. There's your ladyship's bill, madam.

*Clar.* [*Reads.*] 'For the idea of a new-invented commode.'—Ay, this may be mine; but 'tis of a preposterous length. Do you think I can waste time to read every article, Mrs. Amlet? I'd as lief read a sermon.

*Am.* Alack-a-day, there's no need of fatiguing yourself at that rate: cast an eye only, if your honour pleases, upon the sum total.

*Clar.* Total, fifty-six pounds—and odd things.

*Flip.* But six-and-fifty pounds!

*Am.* Nay, another body would have made it twice

as much; but there's a blessing goes along with a moderate profit.

*Clar.* Flippanta, go to my cashier, let him give you six-and-fifty pounds. Make haste. Don't you hear me? Six-and-fifty pounds. Is it so difficult to be comprehended?

*Flip.* No, madam—I—I comprehend six-and-fifty pounds, but—

*Clar.* But go and fetch it, then.

*Flip.* What she means, I don't know—but I shall, I suppose, before I bring her the money.—[*Aside.*]

[*Exit.*]

*Clar.* [*Setting her hair in a pocket-glass.*] The trade you follow gives you a great deal of trouble, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* Alack-a-day! a world of pain, madam—and yet there's small profit, as your honour sees by your bill.

*Clar.* Poor woman!—Sometimes you have great losses, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* I have two thousand pounds owing me, of which I shall never get ten shillings.

*Clar.* Poor woman!—You have a great charge of children, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* Only one wicked rogue, madam, who I think will break my heart.

*Clar.* Poor woman!

*Am.* He'll be hanged, madam: that will be the end of him. Where he gets it, Heaven knows; but he's always shaking his heels with the ladies, and his el-

bows with the lords. He's as fine as a prince, and as  
gim as the best of them. But the ungracious rogue  
tells all he comes near that his mother is dead, and I  
am but his nurse.

*Clar.* Poor woman !

*Am.* Alas, madam, he's like the rest of the world—  
Every body's for appearing to be more than they are,  
and that ruins all.

*Clar.* Well, Mrs. Amlet, you'll excuse me ; I have  
a little business. Flippanta will bring you your money  
presently. Adieu, Mrs. Amlet. [Exit.

*Am.* I return your honour many thanks——Ah,  
there's a good lady ! not so much as read her bill——  
If the rest were like her, I should soon have money  
enough to go as fine as Dick himself.

*Enter Dick.*

*Dick.* Sure Flippanta must have given my letter by  
this time. I long to know how it has been received.

[*Aside,*

*Am.* Misericorde ! what do I see ?

*Dick.* Fiends and hags—the witch, my mother !

*Am.* Nay, 'tis he——Ah, my poor Dick, what art  
thou doing here ?

*Dick.* What a misfortune !

[*Aside,*

*Am.* Good lard, how thou art bravely deck'd !——  
But its all one ; I'm thy mother still ; and though  
thou art a wicked child, nature will speak ; I love  
thee still——Ah, Dick ! my poor Dick !

[*Embracing him.*



Dick. Blood and thunder!—will you ruin me?

[*Breaking from her.*]

Am. Ah, the blasphemous rogue, how he swears!

Dick. You destroy all my hopes.

Am. Will your mother's kiss destroy you, varlet? Thou art an ungracious bird. Kneel down, and ask my blessing, sirrah.

Dick. Death and furies!

Am. Ah, he's a proper young man!—See what a shape he has——Ah, poor child!

[*Running to embrace him, he still avoiding her.*]

Dick. 'Oons, keep off! the woman's mad. If any body comes, my fortune's lost.

Am. What fortune, ha? Speak, Graceless——Ah, Dick, thoult be hanged, Dick.

Dick. Good dear mother, don't call me Dick here.

Am. Not call thee Dick?—Is it not thy name?—What shall I call thee?—Mr. Amlet?—Ha!—Art not thou a presumptuous rascal?—Hark you, sirrah; I hear of your tricks; you disown me for your mother, and say I am but your nurse.—Is not this true?

Dick. No: I love you, I respect you, [*Taking her hand.*] I am all duty. But if you discover me here, you ruin the fairest prospect that man ever had.

Am. What prospect?—Ha!—Come, this is a lie, now.

Dick. No, my honoured parent, what I say is true; I'm about a great fortune. I'll bring you home a



daughter-in-law in a coach and six horses, if you'll but be quiet. I can't tell you more now.

*Am.* Is it possible?

*Dick.* 'Tis true, by Jupiter.

*Am.* My dear lad——

*Dick.* For Heaven's sake——

*Am.* But tell me, Dick——

*Dick.* I'll follow you home in a moment, and tell you all.

*Am.* What a shape is there!

*Dick.* Pray, mother, go.

*Am.* I must receive some money here first, which shall go for thy wedding-dinner.

*Dick.* Here's somebody coming——'Sdeath, she'll betray me!

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

[*He makes signs to his mother.*  
*Good morrow, dear Flippanta, how do all the ladies within?*

*Flip.* At your service, colonel; as far, at least, as my interest goes.

*Am.* Colonel!——Look you, now, how Dick's respected. [Aside.

*Dick.* Waiting for thee, Flippanta, I was making acquaintance with this old gentlewoman here.

*Am.* The pretty lad! He's as impudent as a page. [Aside.

*Dick.* Who is this good woman, Flippanta?

*Flip.* A gin of all trades ; an old daggling cheat, that hobbles about from house to house, to bubble the ladies of their money. I have a small business of yours in my pocket, colonel.

*Dick.* An answer to my letter ?

*Flip.* So quick indeed ? No, its your letter itself.

*Dick.* Hast thou not given it then yet ?

*Flip.* I ha'n't had an opportunity ; but 'twon't be long first. Won't you go in and see my lady ?

*Dick.* Yes, I'll go make her a short visit. But, dear Flippanta, don't forget ; my life and fortune are in your hands.

*Flip.* Never fear ; I'll take care of them.

*Am.* How he traps them ! Let Dick alone. [*Aside.*

*Dick.* [*To his mother.*] Your servant, good madam. [*Exit.*

*Am.* Your honour's most devoted.——A pretty, civil, well-bred gentleman this, Mrs. Flippanta.——Pray whom may he be ?

*Flip.* A man of great note——Colonel Shapely.

*Am.* Is it possible ?——I have heard much of him, indeed, but never saw him before. One may see quality in every limb of him——He's a fine man, truly.

*Flip.* I think you are in love with him, Mrs. Amlet.

*Am.* Alas, those days are done with me ! but if I were as fair as I was once, and had as much money as some folks, Colonel Shapely should not catch cold for want of a bed-fellow. I love your men of rank ; they

would spare him these little sort of troubles, by keeping them from his knowledge.

*Flip.* See the tenderness she has for him, and yet he's always a complaining of you.

*Clar.* 'Tis the nature of them, Flippanta; a husband is a growling animal.

*Flip.* How exactly you define them!

*Clar.* Oh, I know them, Flippanta: though I confess my poor wretch diverts me sometimes with his ill humours. I wish he would quarrel with me to-day a little, to pass away the time, for I find myself in a violent spleen.

"*Flip.* Why, if you please to drop yourself in his way, six to four but he scolds one rubbers with you."

"*Clar.* Ay, but thou knowest he's as uncertain as the wind; and if, instead of quarrelling with me, he should grow fond, he'd make me as sick as a dog."

"*Flip.* If he's kind, you must provoke him: if he kisses you, spit in his face."

"*Clar.* Alas! when men are in the kissing fit (like lapdogs) they take that for a favour."

"*Flip.* Nay, then I don't know what you'll do with him."

"*Clar.* I'll e'en do nothing at all with him.——"  
"Flippanta."

*Flip.* Madam.

*Clar.* My cardinal and gloves, and a coach to the door.

*Flip.* Why, whither are you going ?

*Clar.* I can't tell yet ; but I would go spend some money, since I have it.

*Flip.* Why, you want nothing that I know of.

*Clar.* How awkward an objection now is that—— as if a woman of education bought things because she wanted them ! “ *Quality always distinguishes itself ;* “ and therefore, as the mechanic people buy things, “ because they have occasion for them, you see wo- “ men of rank always buy things, because they have “ not occasion for them. Now there, Flippanta, you “ see the difference between a woman that has breed- “ ing, and one that has none. Oh, ho, here's Ara- “ minta come at last.”

*Enter ARAMINTA.*

*Lard*, what a tedious while you have let me expect you ! I was afraid you were not well : how do you do to-day ?

*Ara.* As well as a woman can do, that has not slept all night.

*Flip.* Methinks, madam, you are pretty well awake, however.

*Ara.* Oh, 'tis not a little thing will make a woman of my spirits look drowsy.

*Clar.* But pr'ythee, what was't disturbed you ?

*Ara.* Not your husband, don't trouble yourself ; at least I am not in love with him yet.

*Clar.* Well remembered——I had quite forgot that

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Mr. GRIPE's House. Enter CLARISSA and DICK.*

*Clarissa.*

WHAT in the name of dulness is the matter with you, colonel? You are as studious as a cracked chymist.

*Dick.* My head, madam, is full of your husband.

*Clar.* The worst furniture for a head in the universe.

*Dick.* I am thinking of his passion for your friend Araminta.

*Clar.* Passion!—Dear colonel, give it a less violent name.

*Enter BRASS.*

*Dick.* Well, sir, what want you?

*Brass.* The affair I told you of goes ill. [*To Dick aside.*] There's an action out.

*Dick.* The devil there is!

*Clar.* What news brings Brass?

*Dick.* Before Gad I can't tell, madam; the dog will never speak out. My Lord What-d'ye-call-him waits for me at my lodging: is not that it?

*Brass.* Yes, sir.

*Dick.* Madam, I ask your pardon.

*Clar.* Your servant, sir. [*Exeunt Dick and Brass.*]  
samin!

[*She sits down.*]

*Enter JESSAMIN.*

*Jes.* Madam.

*Clar.* Where's Corinna? Call her to me, if her father ha'n't locked her up: I want her company.

*Jes.* Madam, her guitar-master is with her.

*Clar.* Pshaw! she's always taken up with her impertinent guitar-man. Flippanta stays an age with that old fool, Mrs. Amlet: and Araminta, before she can come abroad, is so long a placing her coquette-patch, that I must be a year without company. How insupportable is a moment's uneasiness to a woman of spirit and pleasure!

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

Oh, art thou come at last? Pr'ythee, Flippanta, learn to move a little quicker; thou knowest how impatient I am.

*Flip.* Yes, when you expect money: if you had sent me to buy a prayer-book, you'd have thought I had flown.

*Clar.* Well, hast thou brought me any, after all?

*Flip.* Yes, I have brought some. There: [*Giving her a purse.*] the old hag has struck off her bill, the rest is in that purse.

*Clar.* 'Tis well: but take care, Flippanta, my husband don't suspect any thing of this; 'twould vex him, and I don't love to make him uneasy: so



*Flip.* She's just gone out; so I suppose 'twas no great business.

*Cor.* Then I'll go into my chamber again.

*Flip.* Nay, hold a little, if you please, I have some business with you myself, of more concern than what she had to say to you.

*Cor.* Make haste then, for you know my father won't let me keep you company: he says, you'll spoil me.

*Flip.* I spoil you! He's an unworthy man to give you such ill impressions of a woman of my honour.

*Cor.* Nay, never take it to heart, Flippanta; for I don't believe a word he says. But he does so plague me with his continual scolding, I'm almost weary of my life.

*Flip.* Why, what is't he finds fault with?

*Cor.* Nay, I don't know, for I never mind him: when he has babbled for two hours together, methinks I have heard a mill going, that's all. It does not at all change my opinion, Flippanta—it only makes my head ache.

*Flip.* Nay, if you can bear it so, you are not to be pitied so much as I thought.

*Cor.* Not pitied! Why, is it not a miserable thing, such a young creature as I am should be kept in perpetual solitude, with no other company but a parcel of old fumbling masters, to teach me geography, arithmetic, philosophy, and a thousand useless things? Entertainment, indeed, for a young maid at six.

teen ! Methinks one's time might be better employed.

*Flip.* Those things will improve your wit.

*Cor.* Fiddle faddle : ha'n't I wit enough already ? My mother-in-law has learned none of this trumpery, and is not she as happy as the day is long ?

*Flip.* Then you envy her, I find.

*Cor.* And well I may. Does she not do what she has a mind to, in spite of her husband's teeth ?

*Flip.* Look you there now : [*Aside.*] if she has not already conceived that, as the supreme blessing of life !

*Cor.* I'll tell you what, Flippanta : if my mother-in-law would but stand by me a little, and encourage me, and let me keep her company, I'd rebel against my father to-morrow, and throw all my books in the fire. Why he cann't touch a groat of my portion, do you know that, Flippanta ?

*Flip.* So—I shall spoil her.—[*Aside.*—Pray Heaven the girl don't debauch me.

*Cor.* Look you : in short, he may think what he pleases, he may think himself wise ; but thoughts are free, and I may think in my turn. I'm but a girl, 'tis true, and a fool too, if you believe him ; but let him know, a foolish girl may make a wise man's heart ache ; so he had as good be quiet—Now its out.

*Flip.* Very well, I love to see a young woman have spirit ; it's a sign she'll come to something.

*Cor.* Ah, Flippanta, if you would but encourage me, you'd find me quite another thing. I'm a devil-



ish girl in the bottom ; I wish you'd but let me make one amongst you.

*Flip.* That never can be, till you are married.—Come, examine your strength a little. Do you think you durst venture upon a husband ?

*Cor.* A husband ! Why a——if you would but encourage me——Come, Flippanta, be a true friend now. I'll give you advice, when I have got a little more experience. Do you, in your very conscience and soul, think I am old enough to be married ?

*Flip.* Old enough ! Why you are sixteen, are you not ?

*Cor.* Sixteen ! I am sixteen, two months, and odd days, woman. I keep an exact account.

*Flip.* The deuce you are !

*Cor.* Why do you then truly and sincerely think I am old enough ?

*Flip.* I do, upon my faith, child.

*Cor.* Why then, to deal as fairly with you, Flippanta, as you do with me, I have thought so any time these three years.

*Flip.* Now I find you have more wit than ever I thought you had ; and to shew you what an opinion I have of your discretion, I'll shew you a thing I thought to have thrown into the fire.

*Cor.* What is it, for Jupiter's sake ?

*Flip.* Something will make your heart chuck within you.

*Cor.* My dear Flippanta !

*Flip.* What do you think it is ?

*Cor.* I don't know, nor I don't care—but I'm mad have it.

*Flip.* It's a four-cornered thing.—*There*—

“*Cor.* What, like a cardinal's cap ?

“*Flip.* No, 'tis worth a whole conclave of them. How do you like it ?” [*Shewing the letter,*

*Cor.* Oh, lard, a letter !—Is there ever a token in ?

*Flip.* Yes, and a precious one too. There's a handsome young gentleman's heart.

*Cor.* A handsome young gentleman's heart ? Nay, 'tis time to look grave. [*Aside.*

*Flip.* There.

*Cor.* I sha'n't touch it.

*Flip.* What's the matter now ?

*Cor.* I shan't receive it.

*Flip.* Sure you jest.

*Cor.* You'll find I don't. I understand myself better than to take letters, when I don't know who they come from.

*Flip.* I'm afraid I commended your wit too soon.

*Cor.* 'Tis all one—I sha'n't touch it, unless I know how it comes from.

*Flip.* Hey-day ! open it and you'll see.

*Cor.* Indeed I shall not.

*Flip.* Well——then I must return it where I had

*Cor.* That won't serve your turn, madam ; my father must have an account of this.

*Flip.* Sure you are not in earnest ?

Cor. You'll find I am.

Flip. So, here's fine work!—This 'tis to deal with girls before they come to know the distinction of sexes.

Cor. Confess who you had it from, and perhaps, for this once, I mayn't tell my father.

Flip. Why then, since it must out, 'twas the colonel: but why are you so scrupulous, madam?

Cor. Because, if it had come from any body else—I would not have given a farthing for it.

[*Twitching it eagerly out of her hand.*]

Flip. Ah, my dear little rogue, [*Kissing her.*] you frightened me out of my wits.

Cor. Let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, let me read it, I say. Um, um, um—Cupid's—um, um, um,—Darts,—um, um, um,—Beauty,—um,—Charms,—um, um, um,—Angel,—um,—Goddess,—um,—[*Kissing the letter.*] um, um, um,—truest Lover,—um, um,—eternal Constancy,—um, um, um,—Cruel,—um, um, um,—Racks,—um, um, um,—Tortures,—um, um,—fifty Daggers,—um, um,—bleeding Heart,—um, um,—dead Man.—Very well, a mighty civil letter, I promise you: not one smutty word in it: I'll go lock it up in my comb-box.

Flip. Well—but what does he say to you?

Cor. Not a word of news, Flippanta; 'tis all about business.

Flip. Does he not tell you he's in love with you?

Cor. Ay, but he told me that before.

Flip. How so? He never spoke to you?

*Cor.* He sent me word by his eyes.

*Flip.* Did he so? Mighty well. I thought you had been to learn that language.

*Cor.* Oh, but you thought wrong, Flippanta.—What, because I don't go a-visiting, and see the world, you think I know nothing. But you should consider, Flippanta, that the more one's alone, the more one thinks; and 'tis thinking that improves a girl. I'll have you to know, when I was younger than I am now, by more than I'll boast of, I thought of things would have made you stare again.

*Flip.* Well, since you are so well versed in your business, I suppose I need not inform you, that if you don't write your gallant an answer—he'll die.

*Cor.* Nay, now, Flippanta, I confess you tell me something I did not know before. Do you speak in serious sadness? Are men given to die, if their mistresses are sour to them?

*Flip.* Um——I can't say they all die——No, I can't say they do; but truly, I believe it would go very hard with the colonel.

*Cor.* Lard, I would not have my hands in blood for thousands; and therefore, Flippanta—if you'll encourage me——

*Flip.* Oh, by all means an answer.

*Cor.* Well, since you say it then, I'll e'en in and do it, though I protest to you, (lest you should think me too forward now) he's the only man that wears a

beard I'd ink my fingers for. May be, if I marry him, in a year or two's time I mayn't be so nice. [*Aside*

[*Exit Corinna.*

*Flip.* [*Sola.*] Now Heaven give him joy; he's like to have a rare wife o' thee. But where there's money, a man has a plaister to his sore. They have a blessed time on't, who marry for love. See!—here comes an example—Araminta's dread lord.

*Enter MONEYTRAP.*

*Mon.* Ah, Flippanta! How do you do, good Flippanta? How do you do?

*Flip.* Thank you, sir, well, at your service.

*Mon.* And how does the good family, your master, and your fair mistress? Are they at home?

*Flip.* Neither of them; my master has been gone out these two hours, and my lady is just gone with your wife.

*Mon.* Well, I won't say I have lost my labour, however, as long as I have met with you, Flippanta; for I have wished a great while for an opportunity to talk with you a little. You won't take it amiss, if I should ask you a few questions?

*Flip.* Provided you leave me to my liberty in my answers. What's this Cot-quean going to pry into now!

[*Aside.*

*Mon.* Pr'ythee, good Flippanta, how do your master and mistress live together?

*Flip.* Live! Why—like man and wife, generally



out of humour, "quarrel often, seldom agree," complain of one another; and perhaps, have both reason. In short, 'tis much as 'tis at your house.

*Mon.* Good lack! But whose side are you generally of?

*Flip.* O' the right side always, my lady's. And if you'll have me give you my opinion of these matters, sir, I do not think a husband can ever be in the right.

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* Little, peeking, creeping, sneaking, stingy, covetous, cowardly, dirty, cuckoldly things.

*Mon.* Ha!

"*Flip.* Fit for nothing but taylors and dry nurses.

"*Mon.* Ha!

"*Flip.* A dog in a manger, snarling and biting, to starve gentlemen with good stomachs.

"*Mon.* Ha!

"*Flip.* A sentry upon pleasure, sent to be a plague on lovers, and damn poor women before their time.

"*Mon.* A husband is indeed——

"*Flip.* Sir, I say he is nothing—a beetle without wings, a windmill without sails, a ship in a calm.

"*Mon.* Ha!

"*Flip.* A quack without drugs.

"*Mon.* Ha!

"*Flip.* A lawyer without knavery.

"*Mon.* Ha!

"*Flip.* A courtier without flattery.

"*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* A king without an army; or, a people  
“with one—Have I drawn him, sir?

*Mon.* Why, truly, Flippanta, I can’t deny but  
“there are some general lines of resemblance. But,  
“you know, there may be exceptions.”

*Flip.* Hark you, sir, shall I deal plainly with you?  
Had I got a husband, I would put him in mind, that  
he was married as well as I. [Sings.

*For were I the thing call’d a wife,  
And my fool grew too fond of his power,  
He should look like an ass all his life,  
For a prank that I’d play him in an hour.*

Tol lol la ra tal tol, &c.—Do you observe that, sir?

*Mon.* I do; and think you would be in the right  
on’t. But, pr’ythee, why dost not give this advice  
to thy mistress?

*Flip.* For fear it should go round to your wife, sir,  
for you know they are play-fellows.

*Mon.* Oh, there’s no danger of my wife; she knows  
I’m none of those husbands.

*Flip.* Are you sure she knows that, sir?

*Mon.* I’m sure she ought to know it, Flippanta, for  
really I have but four faults in the world.

*Flip.* And pray what may they be?

*Mon.* Why, I’m a little slovenly, I shift but once  
a week.

*Flip.* Fough!

*Mon.* I am sometimes out of humour.

*Flip.* Provoking!

*Mon.* I don't give her so much money as she'd have.

*Flip.* Insolent !

*Mon.* And a——perhaps, I mayn't be quite so young as I was.

*Flip.* The devil !

*Mon.* Oh, but then consider how 'tis on her side, Flippanta. She ruins me with washing, is always out of humour, ever wanting money, and will never be older.

*Flip.* That last article, I must confess, is a little hard upon you.

*Mon.* Ah, Flippanta ! didst thou but know the daily provocations I have, thou'dst be the first to excuse my faults. But now I think on't—Thou art none of my friend, thou dost not love me at all ; no, not at all.

*Flip.* And whither is this little reproach going to lead us now ?

*Mon.* You have power over your fair mistress, Flippanta.

*Flip.* Sir !

*Mon.* But what then ? you hate me.

*Flip.* I understand you not.

*Mon.* There's not a moment's trouble her naughty husband gives her, but I feel it too.

*Flip.* I don't know what you mean.

*Mon.* If she did but know what part I take in her sufferings——

*Flip.* Mighty obscure.



*Mon.* Well, I'll say no more ; but—

*Flip.* All Hebrew.

*Mon.* If thou wouldst but tell her on't.

*Flip.* Still darker and darker.

*Mon.* I should not be ungrateful.

*Flip.* Ah, now I begin to understand !

*Mon.* Flippanta—there's my purse.

*Flip.* Say no more ; now you explain, if you are in love ?

*Mon.* Bitterly—and I do swear by all !

*Flip.* Hold—Spare them for another time, in no need of them now. An usurer that has lost his purse, gives sufficient proof of his sin.

*Mon.* I hate my wife, Flippanta.

*Flip.* That we'll take upon your bare word.

*Mon.* She's the devil, Flippanta.

*Flip.* You like your neighbour's better.

*Mon.* Oh, an angel !

*Flip.* What pity it is the law don't allow !

*Mon.* If it did, Flippanta !

*Flip.* But since it don't, sir—keep tight your passion : don't let your flame rage to the detriment of my lady should be cruel, and it should do no more than a mummy.

*Mon.* 'Tis impossible she can be so bad—let me die. Alas, Flippanta ! a very slight touch would save my life.

*Flip.* Then y<sup>e</sup> are dead—for we will not grant any thing to a man who will be satisfied with nothing.

*Mon.* Dear Flippanta, that was only my modesty ; but since you'll have it out—I am a very dragon ; and so your lady will find—if ever she think fit to be —— Now, I hope you'll stand my friend.

*Flip.* Well, sir, as far as my credit goes, it shall be employed in your service.

*Mon.* My best Flippanta—tell her—I'm all hers —tell her—my body's hers—tell her—my soul's hers—and tell her—my estate's hers. Lard have mercy upon me, how I'm in love !

*Flip.* Poor man ! what a sweat he's in ! But hark—I hear my master ; for Heaven's sake compose yourself a little, you are in such a fit, o' my conscience he'll smell you out.

*Mon.* Ah, dear, I'm in such an emotion, I dare not be seen ; put me in this closet for a moment.

*Flip.* Closet, man ! it's too little, your love would stifle you. Go air yourself in the garden a little, you have need on't, i'faith. [*She puts him out.*] A rare adventure, by my troth. This will be curious news to the wives. Fortune has now put their husbands into their hands, and I think they are too sharp to neglect its favours.

*Enter GRIPE.*

*Gripe.* Oh, here's the right hand ; the rest of the body can't be far off. Where's my wife, housewife ?

*Flip.* An admirable question !——Why, she's gone abroad, sir.

*Gripe.* Abroad, abroad, abroad already !——Why

she uses to be stewing in her bed three hours after this time, as late as 'tis. What makes her gadding so soon?

*Flip.* Business, I suppose.

*Gripe.* Business! she has a pretty head for business truly: Oh, ho, let her change her way of living, or I'll make her change a light heart for a heavy one.

*Flip.* And why would you have her change her way of living, sir? You see it agrees with her. She never looked better in her life.

*Gripe.* Don't tell me of her looks, I have done with her looks long since. But I'll make her change her life, or——

*Flip.* Indeed, Sir, you won't.

*Gripe.* Why, what shall hinder me, insolence?

*Flip.* That which hinders most husbands; contradiction.

*Gripe.* Suppose I resolve I won't be contradicted?

*Flip.* Suppose she resolves you shall?

*Gripe.* A wife's resolution is not good by law.

*Flip.* Nor a husband's by custom.

*Gripe.* I tell thee I will not bear it.

*Flip.* I tell you, sir, you will bear it.

*Gripe.* 'Oons, I have borne it three years already.

*Flip.* By that you see it is but giving your mind to it.

*Gripe.* My mind to it! Death and the devil! My mind to it!

*Flip.* Look ye, sir, you may swear and damn, and call the furies to assist you; but till you apply the remedy to the right place, you'll never cure the

disease. You fancy you have got an extravagant wife, is't not so ?

*Gripe.* Pr'ythee, change me that word fancy, and it is so.

*Flip.* Why there's it. Men are strangely troubled with the vapours of late. You'll wonder now, if I tell you, you have the most reasonable wife in town : and that all the disorders you think you see in her are only here, here, here in your own head.

[*Thumping his forehead.*]

*Gripe.* She is then, in thy opinion, a reasonable woman ?

*Flip.* By my faith I think so.

*Gripe.* I shall run mad——Name me an extravagance in the world she is not guilty of.

*Flip.* Name me an extravagance in the world she is guilty of.

*Gripe.* Come then : does not she put the whole house in disorder ?

*Flip.* Not that I know of, for she never comes into it but to sleep.

*Gripe.* 'Tis very well. Does she employ any one moment of her life in the government of her family ?

*Flip.* She is so submissive a wife, she leaves it entirely to you.

*Gripe.* Admirable ! Does not she spend more money in coach-hire and chair-hire, than would maintain six children ?

*Flip.* She's too nice of your credit to be seen daggling in the streets.

*Gripe.* Good! Do I set eye on her sometimes in a week together?

*Flip.* That, sir, is because you are never stirring at the same time; you keep odd hours; you are always going to bed when she's rising, and rising just when she's coming to bed.

*Gripe.* Yes, truly, night into day, and day into night, bawdy-house play, that's her trade; but these are trifles. Has she not lost her diamond necklace? Answer me to that, trapes.

*Flip.* Yes; and has sent as many tears after it, as if it had been her husband.

*Gripe.* Ah!—the devil take her; but enough. 'Tis resolved, and I will put a stop to the course of her life, and so she shall know the first time I meet with her; [*Aside.*] which though we are man and wife, and lie under one roof, 'tis very possible may not be this fortnight. [*Exit Gripe.*]

*Flip.* [*Sola.*] Nay, thou hast a blessed time on't; that must be confessed. What a miserable devil is a husband! Insupportable to himself, and a plague to every thing about him. "Their wives do by them  
"as children do by dogs, tease and provoke them  
"till they make them so peevish, they snarl and bite  
"at every thing that comes in their reach. This  
"wretch here is grown perverse to that degree, he's  
"for his wife's keeping at home, and making hell  
"of his house, so he may be the devil in it, to torment her. How niggardly soever he is of all things  
e possesses, he is willing to purchase her misery

"at the expence of his own peace." But he'd as good be still, for he'll miss of his aim. If I know her (which I think I do), she'll set his blood in such a ferment, it shall bubble out at every pore of him; whilst hers is so quiet in her veins, her pulse shall go like a pendulum. *[Exit.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

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*Mrs. AMLET's House. Enter DICK.*

*Dick.*

WHERE's this old woman?—A-hey. What the devil, nobody at home! Ha! her strong box!—And the key in't! 'tis so. Now fortune be my friend. What the deuce—Not a penny of money in cash!—Nor a checker note!—Nor a bank-bill—*[Searches the strong box.]*—Nor a crooked stick! Nor a—Mum—here's something—A diamond necklace, by all the gods! 'Oons, the old woman—Zest.

*[Claps the necklace in his pocket, then runs and asks her blessing.]*

*Enter Mrs. AMLET.*

—Pray mother, pray to, &c.

*Am.* Is it possible! Dick upon his humble knee! Ah, my dear child!—May Heaven be good unto thee.

respect and duty to parents.

*Am.* What a nose he has!

*Dick.* And therefore it is  
child not to dispose of  
the——

*Am.* Now the Lord love  
thou art a goodly young  
how goes it with the lady  
charms? Does she see  
she sensible of the blessing  
her? Ha! is all sure  
money with her? Speak  
and hide thy love from  
diligent parent.

*Dick.* Nothing under  
known but its being di-

*Am.* Thou art  
without conscience!

*Dick.* I know you are  
all——

*Am.* Now my reputation



*Am.* I think, as the world goes, they may be proud of marrying their daughter into a virtuous family.

*Dick.* 'Oons, virtue is not the case——

*Am.* Where she may have a good example before her eyes.

*Dick.* Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!

*Am.* I'm a woman that don't so much as encourage an incontinent look towards me.

*Dick.* I tell you, s'death, I tell you——

*Am.* If a man should make an uncivil motion to me, I'd spit in his lascivious face; and all this you may tell them, sirrah.

*Dick.* Death and furies! the woman's out of her——

*Am.* Don't you swear, you rascal you, don't you swear; we shall have thee damned at last, and then I shall be disgraced.

*Dick.* Why then, in cold blood hear me speak to you: I tell you it's a city-fortune I'm about, she cares not a fig for your virtue, she'll hear of nothing but quality; she has quarrelled with one of her friends for having a better complexion, and is resolved she'll marry, to take place of her.

*Am.* What a cherry lip is there!

*Dick.* Therefore, good, dear mother, now have a care and don't discover me; for if you do, all's lost.

*Am.* Dear, dear, how thy fair bride will be delighted; go, get thee gone, go: go fetch her home, go fetch her home; I'll give her a sack posset, and a pillow of down she shall lay her head upon. Go, fetch her home, I say.



*Dick.* Take care then of the main chance, my dear mother; remember, if you discover me——

*Am.* Go, fetch her home, I say.

*Dick.* You promise me then——

*Am.* March.

*Dick.* But swear to me——

*Am.* Be gone, sirrah.

*Dick.* Well, I'll rely upon you—But one kiss before I go. [Kisses her heartily, and runs off.]

*Am.* Now the Lord love thee; for thou art a comfortable young man. [Exit Mrs. Amlet.]

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SCENE II.

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GRIFE's House. Enter CORINNA and FLIPPANTA.

*Cor.* But hark you, Flippanta, if you don't think he loves me dearly, don't give him my letter, after all.

*Flip.* Let me alone.

*Cor.* When he has read it, let him give it you again.

*Flip.* Don't trouble yourself.

*Cor.* And not a word of the pudding to my mother-in-law.

*Flip.* Enough.

*Cor.* When we come to love one another to the purpose she shall know all.

*Flip.* Ay, then 'twill be time enough.

*Cor.* But remember 'tis you make me do all this now, so if any mischief comes on't, 'tis you must answer for't,

*Flip.* I'll be your security.

*Cor.* I'm young, and know nothing of the matter; but you have experience, so it's your business to conduct me safe.

*Flip.* Poor innocence!

*Cor.* But tell me in serious sadness, Flippanta, does he love me with the very soul of him?

*Flip.* I have told you so an hundred times, and yet you are not satisfied.

*Cor.* But, methinks, I'd fain have him tell me so himself.

*Flip.* Have patience, and it shall be done.

*Cor.* Why, patience is a virtue; that we must all confess—But, I fancy, the sooner it's done the better, Flippanta.

*Enter JESSAMIN.*

*Jes.* Madam, yonder's your geography-master waiting for you.

*Cor.* Ah, how I am tired with these old fumbling fellows, Flippanta.

*Flip.* Well, don't let them break your heart, you shall be rid of them all ere long.

*Cor.* Nay, 'tis not the study I'm so weary of, Flippanta, 'tis the odious thing that teaches me. Were the colonel my master, I fancy I could take pleasure in learning every thing he could shew me.

*Flip.* And he can shew you a great deal, I can tell you that. But get you gone in, here's somebody coming, we must not be seen together.

*Cor.* I will, I will, I will——Oh, the dear colonel!

[*Running off.*]

*Enter Mrs. AMLET.*

*Flip.* O ho, its Mrs. Amlet——What brings you so soon to us again, Mrs. Amlet?

*Am.* Ah, my dear Mrs. Flippanta, I'm in a furious fright.

*Flip.* Why, what's come to you?

*Am.* Ah! mercy on us all——Madam's diamond necklace——

*Flip.* What of that?

*Am.* Are you sure you left it in my house?

*Flip.* Sure I left it! a very pretty question, truly.

*Am.* Nay, don't be angry; say nothing to madam of it, I beseech you: it will be found again, if it be Heaven's good will. At least, 'tis I must bear the loss on't. 'Tis my rogue of a son has laid his bird-lime fingers on't.

*Flip.* Your son, Mrs. Amlet!—Do you breed your children up to such tricks as these, then?

*Am.* What shall I say to you, Mrs. Flippanta?—Can I help it? He has been a rogue from his cradle, Dick has. But he has his deserts too. And now it comes in my head, mayhap, he may have no ill design in this, neither.

*Flip.* No ill design, woman! He's a pretty fellow, if he can steal a diamond necklace with a good one.

*Am.* You don't know him, Mrs. Flippanta, so well

s I that bore him. Dick's a rogue, 'tis true ; but—  
um—

*Flip.* What does the woman mean ?

*Am.* Hark you, Mrs. Flippanta, is not here a young gentlewoman in your house that wants a husband ?

*Flip.* Why do you ask ?

*Am.* By way of conversation only, it does not concern me ; but when she marries, I may chance to dance at the wedding. Remember, I tell you so ; I, who am but Mrs. Amlet.

*Flip.* You dance at her wedding !—You !

*Am.* Yes, I, I ; but don't trouble madam about her necklace ; perhaps it mayn't go out of the family.—  
Adieu, Mrs. Flippanta. [Exit.

*Flip.* What—what—what does the woman mean ?  
‘ Mad ! what a hodge-podge of a story's here !’—  
The necklace lost—and her son Dick—and a fortune to marry—and she shall dance at the wedding—and—  
—She does not intend, I hope, to propose a match between her son Dick and Corinna ? By my conscience I believe she does. An old beldam !

*Enter BRASS.*

*Brass.* Well, hussy, how stand our affairs ? Has miss writ us an answer yet ? My master's very impatient yonder.

*Flip.* And why the deuce does not he come himself ? Why does he send such idle fellows as thee of his errands ? Here I had her alone just now : he

won't have such an opportunity again this month, I can tell him that.

*Brass.* So much the worse for him; 'tis his business.—But now, my dear, let thee and I talk a little of our own: I grow most damnably in love with thee; dost hear that?

*Flip.* Phu! thou art always timing things wrong; my head is full, at present, of more important things than love.

*Brass.* Then it's full of important things indeed: dost want a privy-counsellor?

*Flip.* I want an assistant.

*Brass.* To do what?

*Flip.* Mischief.

*Brass.* I'm thy man—touch.

*Flip.* But before I venture to let thee into my project, pr'ythee tell me whether thou findest a natural disposition to ruin a husband to oblige his wife?

*Brass.* Is she handsome?

*Flip.* Yes.

*Brass.* Why then my disposition's at her service.

*Flip.* She's beholden to thee.

*Brass.* Not she alone, neither—therefore don't let her grow vain upon't; for I have three or four affairs of that kind going at this time.

*Flip.* Well, go carry this epistle from miss to thy master; and when thou comest back, I'll tell thee thy business.

*Brass.* I'll know it before I go, if you please.

*Flip.* Thy master waits for an answer.

*Mon.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Flip.* Ah——Well, I'll say nothing ; but if she had none of these things to fret her——

*Mon.* Why, really, Flippanta——

*Flip.* I know what you are going to say now ; you are going to offer your service, but 'twon't do ; you have a mind to play the gallant now, but it must not be ; you want to be shewing your liberality, but 'twon't be allowed ; you'll be pressing me to offer it, and she'll be in a rage. We shall have the devil to do.

*Mon.* You mistake me, Flippanta ; I was only going to say——

*Flip.* Ay, I know what you were going to say well enough ; but I tell you it will never do so. If one could find out some way now——ay——let me see——

*Mon.* Indeed I hope——

*Flip.* Pray, be quiet——No—but I'm thinking——hum—she'll smoke that, though——Let us consider——If one could find out a way to——'Tis the nicest point in the world to bring about : she'll never touch it, if she knows from whence it comes.

*Mon.* Shall I try if I can reason her husband out of twenty pounds, to make her easy the rest of her life ?

*Flip.* Twenty pounds, man ! Why, you shall see her set that upon a card. Oh, she has a great soul ! Besides, if her husband should oblige her, it might, in time, take off her aversion to him, and, by conse-



*Brass.* She'll acquaint you, madam.

*Ara.* Is there any thing new, Flippanta?

*Flip.* Yes, and pretty too.

*Clar.* That follows of course—but let's have it quick.

*Flip.* Why, madam, you have made a conquest.

*Clar.* Hussy—But of whom? Quick.

*Flip.* Of Mr. Moneytrap, that's all.

*Ara.* My husband?

*Flip.* Yes, your husband, madam: you thought fit to corrupt ours, so now we are even with you.

*Ara.* Sure thou art in jest, Flippanta.

*Flip.* Serious as my devotions.

*Brass.* And the cross intrigue, ladies, is what our brains have been at work about.

*Ara.* My dear! [To Clarissa.

*Clar.* My life!

*Ara.* My angel!

*Clar.* My soul! [Hugging one another.

*Ara.* The stars have done this.

*Clar.* The pretty little twinklers.

*Flip.* And what will you do for them now?

*Clar.* What grateful creatures ought; shew them we don't despise their favours.

*Ara.* But is not this a wager between these two blockheads?

*Clar.* I would not give a shilling to go the winner's halves.

*Ara.* Then 'tis the most fortunate thing that ever could have happened.

*Clar.* All your last night's ideas, Araminta, were trifles to it.

*Ara.* Brass, my dear, will be useful to us.

*Brass.* At your service, madam.

*Clar.* Flippanta will be necessary, my life.

*Flip.* She waits your commands, madam.

*Ara.* For my part, then, I recommend my husband to thee, Flippanta, and make it my earnest request thou won't leave him one half-crown.

*Flip.* I'll do all I can to obey you, madam.

*Brass.* [*To Clar.*] If your ladyship would give me the same kind orders for yours——

*Clar.* Oh, if thou spar'st him, Brass, I'm thy enemy till I die.

*Brass.* 'Tis enough, madam; I'll be sure to give you a reasonable account of him. But how do you intend we shall proceed, ladies? Must we storm the purse at once, or break ground in form, and carry it by little and little?

*Clar.* Storm, dear Brass, storm; ever whilst you live, storm.

*Ara.* Oh, by all means.——Must it not be so, Flippanta?

*Flip.* In four-and-twenty hours, two hundred pounds a-piece, that's my sentence.

*Brass.* Very well. But, ladies, you'll give me leave to put you in mind of some little expence in favours, 'twill be necessary you are at, to these honest gentlemen.



*Ara.* Favours, Brass !

*Brass.* Um——a——some small ma  
I doubt, must be.

*Clar.* Now that's a vile article, Aran  
thing, your husband, is so like mine—

*Flip.* Phu ! there's a scruple indee  
dam, don't be so squeamish ; though  
little flat, we'll find you savoury sauce

*Clar.* This wench is so mad——

*Flip.* Why, what, in the name of Lu  
have to do that's so terrible ?

*Brass.* A civil look only.

*Ara.* There's no great harm in that.

*Flip.* An obliging word.

*Clar.* That one may afford them.

*Brass.* A little smile, à propos.

*Ara.* That's but giving one's self an

*Flip.* Receive a little letter, perhaps.

*Clar.* Women of quality do that fro  
fellows.

*Brass.* Suffer (may be) a squeeze by

*Ara.* One's so used to that, one does

*Flip.* Or if a kiss would do't——

*Clar.* I'd die first.

*Brass.* Indeed, ladies, I doubt 'twill  
to——

*Clar.* Get their wretched money, w  
so dear for it.

*Flip.* Well, just as you please for tha

But I suppose you'll play upon the square with your favour, and not pique yourselves upon being one more grateful than another.

*Brass.* And state a fair account of receipts and disbursements.

*Ara.* That, I think, should be indeed.

*Clar.* With all my heart, and Brass shall be our book-keeper. So, get thee to work, man, as fast as thou canst ; but not a word of all this to thy master.

*Brass.* I'll observe my order, madam. [*Exit.*

*Clar.* I'll have the pleasure of telling him myself ; he'll be violently delighted with it. 'Tis the best man in the world, Araminta : he'll bring us rare company to-morrow ; all sorts of gamesters ; and thou shalt see, my husband will be such a beast to be out of humour at it.

*Ara.* The monster ! But, hush ! here's my dear approaching : pr'ythee, let's leave him to Flippanta.

*Flip.* Ay, pray do ; I'll bring you a good account of him, I'll warrant you.

*Clar.* Dispatch, then ; for the basset-table's in haste. [*Exeunt Clarissa and Araminta.*

*Flip.* So, now have at him. Here he comes——  
We'll try if we can pillage the usurer, as he does other folks.

*Enter* MONEYTRAP.

*Mon.* Well, my pretty Flippanta, is thy mistress come home ?

*Flip.* Yes, sir.

*his hat.*.]—You and I must have a little talk, Mr. Amlet?

*Dick.* Ah, Brass, what art thou going to do? wou't ruin me?

*Brass.* Look you, Dick, few words. You are in a smooth way of making your fortune; I hope all will roll on. But how do you intend matters shall pass 'twixt you and me in this business?

*Dick.* Death and furies! What a time dost thou take to talk on't?

*Brass.* Good words, or I betray you. They have already heard of one Mr. Amlet in the house.

*Dick.* Here's a son of a whore! [*Aside.*]

*Brass.* In short, look smooth, and be a good prince. I am your valet, 'tis true; your footman sometimes, which I'm enraged at: but you have always had the ascendant, I confess. When we were school-fellows, you made me carry your books, make your exercise, own your rogueries, and sometimes take a whipping for you. When we were fellow-'prentices, though I was your senior, you made me open the shop, clean my master's shoes, cut last at dinner, and eat all the crust. In our sins too, you still kept me under; you soared up to adultery with our mistress, while I was at humble fornication with the maid. Nay, in our punishments you still made good your post; for when once upon a time I was sentenced to be but whipped, I cannot deny but you were condemned to be hanged. So that in all times, I must confess, your inclinations have been greater and nobler than mine.

*Flip.* But I can tell you one thing—she has an inclination to you.

*Mon.* Is it possible?

*Flip.* Yes; and I told her so, at last.

*Mon.* Well, and what did she answer thee?

*Flip.* Slap—and bid me bring it to you for a token.

[*Giving him a slap on the face.*]

*Mon.* And you have lost none on't by the way, with a pox t'ye.

[*Aside.*]

*Flip.* Now this, I think, looks the best in the world.

*Mon.* Yea; but it really feels a little oddly.

*Flip.* Why, you must know, ladies have different ways of expressing their kindness, according to the humour they are in. If she had been in a good one, it had been a kiss. But as long as she sent you something, your affairs go well.

*Mon.* Why, truly, I am a little ignorant in the mysterious paths of love; so I must be guided by thee. But, pr'ythee, take her in a good humour, next token she sends me.

*Flip.* Ah——good humour!

*Mon.* What's the matter?

*Flip.* Poor lady!

*Mon.* Ha!

*Flip.* If I durst tell you all——

*Mon.* What then?

*Flip.* You would not expect to see her in one a good while.

*Mon.* Why, I pray?

*Brass.* No words.

*Dick.* My dear Brass!

*Brass.* I insist.

*Dick.* My old friend,

*Brass.* Dick Amlet, [*Raising his voice.*] I insist.

*Dick.* Ah, the cormorant!—Well, 'tis thine: but thou'lt never thrive with it.

*Brass.* When I find it begins to do me mischief, I'll give it you again. But I must have a wedding-suit.

*Dick.* Well.

*Brass.* Some good lace.

*Dick.* Thou sha't.

*Brass.* A stock of linen,

*Dick.* Enough.

*Brass.* Not yet—a silver sword.

*Dick.* Well, thou sha't have that too. Now thou hast every thing.

*Brass.* God forgive me, I forgot a ring of remembrance; I would not forget all these favours for the world. A sparkling diamond will be always playing in my eye, and put me in mind of them.

*Dick.* This unconscionable rogue! [*Aside.*] Well, I'll bespeak one for thee.

*Brass.* Brilliant.

*Dick.* It shall. But if the thing don't succeed after all!—

*Brass.* I'm a man of honour, and restore. And so, the treaty being finished, I strike my flag of defiance, and fall into my respects again. [*Taking off his hat.*

Enter FLIPPANTA.

*Flip.* I have made you wait a little—but I could not help it.—Her geography-master is but just gone; he has been shewing her Prince Eugene's march into Italy.

*Dick.* Pr'ythee, let me come to her; I'd shew her a part of the world he has never shewn her yet.

*Flip.* So I told her, you must know; and she said she could like to travel in good company. So, if you'll slip up those back stairs, you shall try if you can agree upon the journey.

*Dick.* My dear Flippanta!

*Flip.* None of your dear acknowledgments, I beseech you; but up stairs as hard as you can drive.

*Dick.* I'm gone. [Exit.

*Flip.* And do you follow him, Jack-a-dandy, and see he is not surprised.

*Brass.* I thought that was your post, Mrs. Useful—But if you'll come and keep me in humour, I don't care if I share the duty with you.

*Flip.* No words, sirrah, but follow him; I have somewhat else to do.

*Brass.* The jade's so absolute, there's no contesting with her. One kiss, though, to keep the sentinel warm. [Gives her a long kiss.] So—— [Exit Brass.

*Flip.* A nasty rogue! [Wiping her mouth.] But, let me see; what have I to do now? This restitution will be here quickly, I suppose: in the mean time, I'll go know if my lady is ready for the quarrel yet.

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Look. Why do you think  
Mr. Perdue I hear my  
uncle and aunt, and Araminta  
twenty other men

husband and a good wife ; and so we shall love for ever.

*Cor.* Why, there may be something in that, truly ; and I'm always willing to hear reason, as a reasonable young woman ought to do. But are you sure, sir, tho' we are very good now, we shall be so when we come to be better acquainted.

*Dick.* I can answer for myself, at least.

*Cor.* I wish you could answer for me too. You see I am a plain-dealer, sir ; I hope you don't like me the worse for it.

*Dick.* Oh, by no means—'tis a sign of admirable morals ; and I hope, since you practise it yourself, you'll approve of it in your lover. In one word, therefore, for 'tis in vain to mince the matter, my resolution's fixed, and the world can't stagger me : I marry—or I die.

*Cor.* Indeed, sir, I have much ado to believe you : the disease of love is seldom so violent.

*Dick.* Madam, I have two diseases to end my miseries ; if the first don't do it, the latter shall——  
[Drawing his sword.]——one's in my heart, t'other's in my scabbard.

*Cor.* Not for a diadem.—[Catching hold of him.]—Ah, put it up, put it up.

*Dick.* How absolute is your command !—[Dropping his sword.]—A word, you see, disarms me.

*Cor.* What a power I have over him ! [Aside.]——The wondrous deeds of love !——Pray, sir, let me have no more of these rash doings, though——



perhaps I mayn't be always in the saving humour——I'm sure if I had let him stick himself, I should have been envied by all the great ladies in the town. *[Aside.]*

*Dick.* Well, madam, have I then your promise?—You'll make me the happiest of mankind.

*Cor.* I don't know what to say to you: but I believe I had as good promise; for I find I shall certainly do it.

*Dick.* Then let us seal the contract, thus——

*[Kisses her.]*

*Cor.* Um—He has almost taken away my breath—He kisses purely. *[Aside.]*

*Dick.* Hark——somebody comes.

*Brass.* *[Peeping in.]* Gar there—the enemy—No, hold, y'are safe; 'tis Flippanta.

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

*Flip.* Come, have you agreed the matter? If not, you must end it another time; for your father's in motion: so pray kiss and part.

*Cor.* That's sweet and sour. *[They kiss.]* Adieu t'ye, sir. *[Exeunt Dick and Corinna.]*

*Enter CLARISSA.*

*Clar.* Have you told him I'm at home, Flippanta?

*Flip.* Yes, madam.

*Clar.* And that I'll see him?

*Flip.* Yes, that too. But here's news for you; I have just now received the restitution.

*Clar.* That's killing pleasure. And how much has he restored me?

*Flip.* Two hundred and thirty.

*Clar.* Wretched rogue! But retreat; your master's coming to quarrel.

*Flip.* I'll be within call, if matters run high. [*Exit.*

*Enter GRIPE.*

*Gripe.* O ho!—are you there, i'faith? Madam, your humble servant; I'm very glad to see you at home; I thought I should never have had that honour again.

*Clar.* Good morrow, my dear: how d'ye do? Flippanta says you are out of humour, and that you have a mind to quarrel with me. Is it true, ha?—I have a terrible pain in my head; I give you notice on't beforehand.

*Gripe.* And how the pox should it be otherwise? It is a wonder you are not dead—as a' would you were! [*Aside.*] with the life you lead. Are you not ashamed? And do you not blush to——

*Clar.* My dear child, you crack my brain. Soften the harshness of your voice: say what thou wou't, but let it be in an agreeable tone.

*Gripe.* Tone, madam! don't tell me of a tone——

*Clar.* Oh, if you will quarrel, do it with temperance; let it be all in cool blood, even and smooth, as if you were not moved with what you said; and then I'll hear you, as if I were not moved with it neither.

*Gripe.* Had ever man such need of patience! Madam, madam, I must tell you, madam——

*Clar.* Another key, or I'll walk off.

*Gripe.* Don't provoke me.

*Clar.* Shall you be long, my dear, in your remonstrances?

*Gripe.* Yes, madam, and very long.

*Clar.* If you would quarrel *in abregée*, I should have a world of obligation to you.

*Gripe.* What I have to say, forsooth, is not to be expressed *in abregée*; my complaints are too numerous.

*Clar.* Complaints! of what, my dear? Have I ever given you subject of complaint, my life?

*Gripe.* Oh, pox! my dear, and my life! I desire none of your *tendres*.

*Clar.* How! find fault with my kindness, and my expressions of affection and respect! The world will guess by this, what the rest of your complaints may be. I must tell you, I'm scandalized at your procedure.

*Gripe.* I must tell you, I am running mad with yours.

*Clar.* Ah, how insupportable are the humours of some husbands! so full of fancies, and so ungovernable! What have you in the world to disturb you?

*Gripe.* What have I to disturb me? I have you, death and the devil!

*Clar.* Ah, merciful Heaven, how he swears!—— You should never accustom yourself to such words

as these ; indeed, my dear, you should not ; your mouth's always full of them.

*Gripe.* Blood and thunder, madam——

*Clar.* Ah, he'll fetch the house down ! Do you know you make me tremble for you ? Flippanta ! Who's there ? Flippanta !

*Gripe.* Here's a provoking devil for you !

*Enter FLIPPANTA.*

*Flip.* What, in the name of Jove, is the matter ? You raise the neighbourhood.

*Clar.* Why, here's your master in a most violent fuss, and no mortal soul can tell for what.

*Gripe.* Not tell for what !

*Clar.* No, my life. I have begged him to tell me his griefs, Flippanta ; and then he swears ; good lord, how he does swear !

*Gripe.* Ah, you wicked jade ! Ah, you wicked jade !

*Clar.* Do you hear him, Flippanta ? Do you hear him ?

*Flip.* Pray, sir, let us know a little, what puts you in all this fury ?

*Clar.* Pr'ythee, stand near me, Flippanta ; there's an odd froth about his mouth, looks as if his poor head were doing wrong ; I'm afraid he'll bite.

*Gripe.* The wicked woman, Flippanta ! the wicked woman !

*Clar.* Can any body wonder I shun my own house, when he treats me at this rate in it ?

shall content myself with, will be chiefly play and company.

*Gripe.* Oh, I'll find you employment, your time sha'n't lie upon your hands, though, if you have a mind now for such a companion as a——let me see—Araminta, for example; why, I sha'n't be against her being with you from morning till night.

*Clar.* You can't oblige me more, 'tis the best woman in the world.

*Gripe.* Is not she?

*Clar.* Then, my dear, to make our home pleasant, we'll have concerts of music sometimes.

*Gripe.* Music, in my house!

*Clar.* Yes, my child, we must have music, or the house will be so dull, I shall get the spleen, and be going abroad again.

*Flip.* Nay, she has so much complaisance for you, sir, you can't dispute such things with her.

*Gripe.* Ay, but if I have music——

*Clar.* Ay, but, sir, I must have music——

*Flip.* Not every day, madam don't mean.

*Clar.* No, bless me, no; but three concerts a week: three days more we'll play after dinner at ombre, piquet, basset, and so forth, and close the evening with a handsome supper and a ball.

*Gripe.* A ball!

*Clar.* Then, my love, you know there is but one day more upon our hands, and that shall be the day of conversation; we'll read verses, talk of books, in-  
t modes, tell lies, scandalize our friends, be pert

upon religion ; and, in short, employ every moment of it, in some pretty witty exercise or other.

*Flip.* What order you see 'tis she purposes to live in ! A most wonderful regularity !

*Gripe.* Regularity with a pox—— [ *Aside.*

*Clar.* And as this kind of life, so soft, so smooth, so agreeable, must needs invite a vast deal of company to partake of it, 'twill be necessary to have the decency of a porter at our door, you know.

*Gripe.* A porter—a scrivener have a porter, madam !

*Clar.* Positively, a porter.

*Gripe.* Why, no scrivener since Adam ever had a porter, woman !

*Clar.* You will therefore be renowned in story for having the first, my life.

*Gripe.* Flippanta !

*Flip.* Hang it, sir, never dispute a trifle ; if you vex her, perhaps she'll insist upon a Swiss. [ *Aside to Gripe.*

*Gripe.* But, madam——

*Clar.* But, sir, a porter, positively, a porter ; without that the treaty's null, and I go abroad this moment.

*Flip.* Come, sir, never lose so advantageous a peace for a pitiful porter.

*Gripe.* Why, I shall be hooted at, the boys will throw stones at my porter. Besides, where shall I have money for all this expence ?

*Clar.* My dear, who asks you for any ? Don't be in a fright, chicken.



*Gripe.* Don't be in a fright, madam ! But where, I say——

*Flip.* Madam plays, sir, think on that ; women that play have inexhaustible mines, and wives who receive least money from their husbands, are many times those who spend the most.

*Clar.* So, my dear, let what Flippanta says content you. Go, my life, trouble yourself with nothing, but let me do just as I please, and all will be well. I'm going into my closet, to consider of some more things to enable me to give you the pleasure of my company at home, without making it too great a misery to a yielding wife. [Exit Clarissa.

*Flip.* Mirror of goodness ! Pattern to all wives. Well, sure, sir, you are the happiest of all husbands.

*Gripe.* Yes—and a miserable dog for all that too, perhaps.

*Flip.* Why, what can you ask more than this matchless compliance ?

*Gripe.* I don't know what I can ask, and yet I'm not satisfied with what I have neither ; the devil mixes in it all, I think ; complaisant or perverse, it feels just as it did.

*Flip.* Why, then your uneasiness is only a disease, sir ; perhaps, a little bleeding and purging would relieve you.

*Clar.* [Within.] Flippanta !

*Flip.* Madam calls. I come, madam. Come, be merry, be merry, sir, you have cause, take my word for't.—Poor devil. [Aside.] [Exit Flip.

*Gripe.* I don't know that, I don't know that: but this I do know, that an honest man, who has married a jade, whether she's pleased to spend her time at home or abroad, had better have lived a bachelor.

*Enter BRASS.*

*Brass.* Oh, sir, I am mighty glad I have found you.

*Gripe.* Why, what's the matter, pr'ythee?

*Brass.* Can nobody hear us?

*Gripe.* No, no, speak quickly.

*Brass.* You ha'n't seen Araminta, since the last letter I carried her from you?

*Gripe.* Not I; I go prudently; I don't press things like your young firebrand lovers.

*Brass.* But seriously, sir, are you very much in love with her?

*Gripe.* As mortal man has been.

*Brass.* I'm sorry for't.

*Gripe.* Why so, dear Brass?

*Brass.* If you were never to see her more now? Suppose such a thing, d'you think 'twould break your heart?

*Gripe.* Oh!

*Brass.* Nay, now I see you love her; would you did not.

*Gripe.* My dear friend.

*Brass.* I'm in your interest deep; you see it.

*Gripe.* I do; but speak, what miserable story hast thou for me.

*Brass.* I had rather the devil had, phu———down



away with you quick, than to see you so much in low as I perceive you are, since——

*Gripe.* Since what?——ho.

*Brass.* Araminta, sir——

*Gripe.* Dead?

*Brass.* No.

*Gripe.* How then?

*Brass.* Worse.

*Gripe.* Out with't.

*Brass.* Broke.

*Gripe.* Broke!

*Brass.* She is, poor lady, in the most unfortunate situation of affairs. But I have said too much.

*Gripe.* No, no, 'tis very sad, but let's hear it.

*Brass.* Sir, she charged me, on my life, never to mention it to you, of all men living.

*Gripe.* Why, who shouldst thou tell it to, but to the best of her friends?

*Brass.* Ay, why, there's it now, it's going just as I fancied. Now will I be hanged if you are not enough in love to be engaging in this matter. But I must tell you, sir, that as much concern as I have for that most excellent, beautiful, agreeable, distressed, unfortunate lady, I'm too much your friend and servant, ever to let it be said, 'twas the means of your being ruined for a woman——by letting you know, she esteemed you more than any other man upon earth.

*Gripe.* Ruined! what dost thou mean?

*Brass.* Mean! Why, I mean that women always those that love them, that's the rule.

*Gripe.* The rule !

*Brass.* Yes, the rule ; why, would you have them ruin those that don't ? How shall they bring that about ?

*Gripe.* But is there a necessity then they should ruin somebody ?

*Brass.* Yes, marry is there ; how would you have them support their expence else ? Why, sir, you can't conceive now—you can't conceive what Araminta's privy-purse requires. Only her privy-purse, sir ! Why, what do you imagine now she gave me for the last letter I carried her from you ? 'Tis true, 'twas from a man she liked, else, perhaps, I had had my bones broke. But what do you think she gave me ?

*Gripe.* Why, mayhap—a shilling.

*Brass.* A guinea, sir, a guinea. You see by that how fond she was on't, by the by. But then, sir, her coach-hire, her chair-hire, her pin-money, her play-money, her china, and her charity—would consume peers : a great soul, a very great soul ! but what's the end of all this ?

*Gripe.* Ha !

*Brass.* Why, I'll tell you what the end is—a nunnery.

*Gripe.* A nunnery !

*Brass.* A nunnery—In short, she is at last reduced to that extremity, and attacked with such a battalion of duns, that rather than tell her husband (who, you know, is such a dog, he'd let her go if she did),

she has e'en determined to turn Papist, and bid the world adieu for life.

*Gripe.* Oh, terrible! a Papist!

*Brass.* Yes, when a handsome woman has brought herself into difficulties, the devil can't help her out of——To a nunnery, that's another rule, sir.

*Gripe.* But, but, but, pr'ythee, Brass, but——

*Brass.* But all the buts in the world, sir, won't stop her; she's a woman of a noble resolution. So, sir, your humble servant; I pity her, I pity you. Turtle and mate; but the fates will have it so, all's packed up, and I am now going to call her a coach, for she resolves to slip off without saying a word: and the next visit she receives from her friends will be through a melancholy grate, with a veil instead of a top-knot.

[*Going.*]

*Gripe.* It must not be, by the Powers, it must not; she was made for the world, and the world was made for her.

*Brass.* And yet you see, sir, how small a share she has on't.

*Gripe.* Poor woman! Is there no way to save her?

*Brass.* Save her! No: how can she be saved? Why, she owes above five hundred pounds.

*Gripe.* Oh!

*Brass.* Five hundred pounds, sir; she is like to be saved indeed!——Not but that I know them in this town would give me one of the five, if I would persuade her to accept of the other four: but she had forbid me mentioning it to any soul living; and I

have disobeyed her only to you ; and so—I'll go and call a coach.

*Gripe.* Hold—dost think, my poor Brass, one might not order it so, as to compound those debts for —for—twelve-pence in the pound ?

*Brass.* Sir, d'ye hear ? I have already tried them with ten shillings, and not a rogue will prick up his ear at it. Though, after all, for three hundred pounds, all in glittering gold, I could set their chops a watering. But where's that to be had with honour ? There's the thing, sir—I'll go and call a coach.

*Gripe.* Hold, once more : I have a note in my closet of two hundred, ay—and fifty, I'll go and give it her myself.

*Brass.* You will ; very genteel truly. Go, slap dash, and offer a woman of her scruples money ! bolt in her face ; why, you might as well offer her a scorpion, and she would as soon touch it.

*Gripe.* Shall I carry it to her creditors then, and treat with them ?

*Brass.* Ay, that's a rare thought.

*Gripe.* Is not it, Brass ?

*Brass.* Only one little inconvenience by the way.

*Gripe.* As how ?

*Brass.* That they are your wife's creditors as well as hers ; and, perhaps, it might not be altogether so well to see you clearing the debts of your neighbour's wife, and leaving those of your own unpaid.

*Gripe.* Why, that's true now.

*Brass.* I am wise you see, sir.

*Gripe.* Thou art ; and I am but a young lover : but what shall we do then ?

*Brass.* Why, I am thinking, that if you give me the note, do you see ; and that I promise to give you an account of it——

*Gripe.* Ay, but look you, Brass——

*Brass.* But look you !——Why what, d'ye think I am a pick-pocket ? D'ye think I intend to run away with your note ? your paltry note.

*Gripe.* I don't say so——I say only, that in case——

*Brass.* Case, sir ! there's no case but the case I have put you ; and since you heap cases upon cases, where there is but three hundred rascally pounds in the case——I'll go and call a coach.

*Gripe.* Pr'ythee, don't be so testy. Come, no more words, follow me to my closet, and I'll give thee the money.

*Brass.* A terrible effort you make indeed ; you are so much in love, your wits are all upon the wing, just a going ; and for three hundred pounds you put a stop to their flight. Sir, your wits are worth that, or your wits are worth nothing. Come away.

*Gripe.* Well, say no more, thou shalt be satisfied.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter DICK.*

*Dick.* S't——Brass !——S't——

*Re-enter BRASS.*

*Brass.* Well, sir !

*Dick.* 'Tis not well, sir, 'tis very ill, sir; we shall be all blown up.

*Brass.* What, with pride and plenty?

*Dick.* No, sir, with an officious slut that will spoil all. In short, Flippanta has been telling her mistress and Araminta of my passion for the young gentlewoman; and truly to oblige me (supposed no ill match by the by), they are resolved to propose it immediately to her father.

*Brass.* That's the devil! we shall come to papers and parchments, jointures and settlements, relations meet on both sides; that's the devil.

*Dick.* I intended this very day to propose to Flippanta the carrying her off; and I am sure the young housewife would have tucked up her coats, and have marched.

*Brass.* Ay, with the body and the soul of her.

*Dick.* Why then, what damned luck is this?

*Brass.* 'Tis your damned luck, not mine: I have always seen it in your ugly phiz, in spite of your powdered periwig—Pox take ye—he'll be hanged at last. Why don't you try to get her off yet?

*Dick.* I have no money, you dog; you know you have stripped me of every penny.

*Brass.* Come, damn it, I'll venture one cargo more upon your rotten bottom; but if ever I see one glance of your hempen fortune again, I'm off of your partnership for ever.—I shall never thrive with him.

*Dick.* An impudent rogue! but he's in possession of my estate, so I must bear with him. [Aside.]

*Brass.* Well, come, I'll raise a hundred pounds for your use, upon my wife's jewels here; [*Pulling out the necklace.*] her necklace shall pawn for't.

*Dick.* Remember, though, that if things fail, I am to have the necklace again; you know you agreed to that.

*Brass.* Yes; and if I make it good you'll be the better for't; if not, I shall: so you see where the cause will pinch.

*Dick.* Why, you barbarous dog, you won't offer to——

*Brass.* No words now; about your business, march. Go stay for me at the next tavern; I'll go to Flippanta, and try what I can do for you.

*Dick.* Well, I'll go, but don't think to——Oh, pox, sir——

[*Exit.*]

*Brass.* [*Solus.*] Will you begone?—A pretty title you'd have to sue me upon truly, if I should have a mind to stand upon the defensive, as perhaps I may. I have done the rascal service enough to lull my conscience upon't, I am sure: but 'tis time enough for that. Let me see——First I'll go to Flippanta, and put a stop to this family way of match-making—then sell our necklace for what ready money 'twill produce; and by this time to-morrow, I hope, we shall be in possession of—t'other jewel, here; a precious jewel, as she's set in gold:——I believe for the stone itself, we may part with it again to a friend——  
*Enter a tester.*

[*Exit.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

GRIPE's House. Enter BRASS and FLIPPANTA.

*Brass.*

WELL, you agree I'm in the right, don't you?

*Flip.* I don't know: if your master has the estate he talks of, why not do it all above-board? Well, though I am not much of his mind, I'm much in his interest, and will therefore endeavour to serve him in his own way.

*Brass.* That's kindly said, my child, and I believe I shall reward thee, one of these days, with as pretty a fellow to thy husband for't, as——

*Flip.* Hold your prating, Jack-a-dandy, and leave me to my business.

*Brass.* I obey—adieu—[*Kisses her.*] [Exit.

*Flip.* Rascal!

Enter CORINNA.

*Cor.* Ah, Flippanta! I'm ready to sink down; my legs tremble under me, my dear Flippy.

*Flip.* And what's the affair?

*Cor.* My father's there within, with my mother and Araminta; I never saw him in so good a humour in my life.

*Flip.* And is that it that frightens you so?

*Cor.* Ah, Flippanta! they are just going to speak to him about my marrying the colonel.



*Flip.* Are they so? So much the worse: they're too hasty.

*Cor.* Oh, no, not a bit; I slipped out on purpose, you must know, to give them an opportunity; would 'twere done already!

*Flip.* I tell you, no: get you in again immediately, and prevent it.

*Cor.* My dear, dear, I am not able; I never was in such a way before.

*Flip.* Never in a way to be married before, ha? Is not that it?

*Cor.* Ah, lord! if I am thus before I come to't, Flippanta, what shall I be upon the very spot? Do but feel with what a thumpaty thump it goes.

[*Putting her hand to her heart.*]

*Flip.* Nay, it does make a filthy bustle, that's the truth on't, child. But I believe I shall make it leap another way, when I tell you, I'm cruelly afraid your father won't consent, after all.

*Cor.* Why, he won't be the death of me, will he?

*Flip.* I don't know; old folks are cruel; but we'll have a trick for him. Brass and I have been consulting upon the matter, and agreed upon a sure way of doing it, in spite of his teeth.

*Cor.* Ay, marry, sir, that were something.

*Flip.* But then he must not know a word of any thing towards it.

*Cor.* No, no.

*Flip.* So, get you in immediately——

*Cor.* One, two, three, and away. [*Running off.*]

*Flip.* And prevent your mother's speaking on't.

*Cor.* But is t'other way sure, Flippanta?

*Flip.* Fear nothing, 'twill only depend upon you.

*Cor.* Nay then—Oh, ho, ho, ho, how pure that is!

[*Exit Corinna.*]

*Flip.* [*Sola.*] Poor child! we may do what we will with her, as far as marrying her goes: when that's over, 'tis possible she may not prove altogether so tractable. But who's here? My sharper, I think. Yes.

*Enter MONEYTRAP.*

*Mon.* Well, my best friend, how go matters? Has the restitution been received, ha? Was she pleased with it?

*Flip.* Yes, truly; that is, she was pleased to see there was so honest a man in this immoral age.

*Mon.* Well, but a—does she know that 'twas I that—

*Flip.* Why, you must know I begun to give her a little sort of a hint, and—and so—why, and so she begun to put on a sort of a severe, haughty, reserved, angry, forgiving air. But, soft; here she comes: you'll see how you stand with her presently: but don't be afraid. Courage.

*Mon.* He, hem.

*Enter CLARISSA.*

'Tis no small piece of good fortune, madam, to find you at home: I have often endeavoured it in vain.

*Clar.* 'Twas then unknown to me; for, if I could

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good deal of heat while I but think  
 I'll walk in, I will follow you presently.  
 Your goodness, madam, is——"  
 "Your speeches, you'll spoil all.  
 "You're a most incomparable person.  
 "It goes rarely; but get you in, and I'll  
 do something to my lady for you, while she's

"No, s't, Flippanta, how long dost think she  
 will?  
 "No, not a twelvemonth.  
 "No.

away, I say.

[Pushing him out.

He gone? What a wretch it is! He never  
 such a beast before.

Poor mortal! his money's finely laid out,

I suppose there may have been much such  
 scene within, between Araminta and my  
 but I left him so insupportably brisk, 'tis im-  
 possible he can have parted with any money: I'm  
 Brass has not succeeded as thou hast done,  
 Flippanta.

By my faith but he has, and better too; he  
 pays his humble duty to Araminta, and has sent  
 —this.

[Shewing the note.

See. A bill from my love for two hundred and  
 pounds. The monster! he would not part with  
 to save his lawful wife from everlasting torment.

*Flip.* Never complain of his avarice, madam, as long as you have his money.

*Clar.* But is he not a beast, Flippanta? "He thinks the restitution looked better by half."

*Flip.* Madam, the man's beast enough, that's certain; but which way will you go to receive his beastly money, for I must not appear with his note?

*Clar.* That's true: why, send for Mrs. Amlet; that's a mighty useful woman, that Mrs. Amlet.

*Flip.* Marry, is she: we should have been basely puzzled how to dispose of the necklace without her, 'twould have been dangerous offering it to sale.

*Clar.* It would so; for I know your master has been laying out for't amongst the goldsmiths. But I stay here too long: I must in and coquette it a little more to my lover—Araminta will get ground on me else.

[*Exit Clarissa.*]

*Flip.* And I'll go send for Mrs. Amlet. [*Exit Flip.*]

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SCENE II.

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*Opens, and discovers ARAMINTA, CORINNA, GRIP, and MONEYTRAP, at a Tea-table, very gay and laughing. CLARISSA comes in to them.*

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, ha!

*Mon.* Mighty well! Oh, mighty well, indeed!

*Clar.* Save you, save you, good folks; you are all in rare humour, methinks.

*Gripe.* Why, what should we be otherwise for, ma-

?

*Clar.* Nay, I don't know, not I, my dear; but I han't had the happiness of seeing you so since our honey-moon was over, I think.

*Gripe.* Why, to tell you the truth, my dear, 'tis the joy of seeing you at home.—[*Kisses her.*]—You see what charms you have, when you are pleased to make use of them.

*Ara.* Very gallant, truly.

*Clar.* Nay, and what's more, you must know, he's never to be otherwise henceforwards; we have come to an agreement about it.

*Mon.* Why, here's my love and I have been upon just such another treaty, too.

*Ara.* Well, sure there's some very peaceful star rules at present. Pray Heaven continue its reign.

*Mon.* Pray do you continue its reign, you ladies, for 'tis all in your power. [*Leering at Clarissa.*]

*Gripe.* My neighbour Moneytrap says true: at least I'll confess frankly,—[*Ogling Araminta.*]—'tis in one lady's power to make me the best humoured man on earth.

*Mon.* And I'll answer for another, that has the same over me. [*Ogling Clarissa.*]

*Clar.* 'Tis mighty fine, gentlemen, mighty civil husbands, indeed.

*Gripe.* Nay, what I say's true, and so true, that all quarrels being now at an end, I am willing, if you please, to dispense with all that fine company we talked of to-day, be content with the friendly con-

versation of our two good neighbours here, and all my toying hours alone with my sweet wife.

*Mon.* Why, truly, I think now, if these good men pleased, we might make up the prettiest neighbourly company, between our two families set a defiance to all the impertinent people world.

*Clar.* The rascals!

*Ara.* Indeed I doubt you'd soon grow weary we grew fond.

*Gripe.* Never, never: for our wives have no neighbour, and that never palls.

*Clar.* And our husbands have generosity, mints, and that seldom palls.

*Gripe.* So, that's a wiper for me, now—because I did not give her a new year's gift, last time; but I'll think of some tea-cups for you next year.

*Mon.* And perhaps I may not forget a fan good a thing—hum, hussy.

*Clar.* Well, upon these encouragements, Ara we'll try how good we can be.

*Gripe.* Well, this goes most rarely. Poor M. trap! he little thinks what makes his wife so content in his company. [

*Mon.* I can but pity poor neighbour Gripe. I'm afraid, what a fool does his wife and I make of him! [

*Clar.* Are not those two wretched rogues, mints? [ *Aside to Ara*

*Ara.* They are, indeed. [*Aside to Clarissa.*

*Enter JESSAMIN.*

*Jes.* Sir, here's Mr. Clip, the goldsmith, desires to speak with you.

*Gripe.* Cods so, perhaps some news of your necklace, my dear.

*Clar.* That would be news indeed.

*Gripe.* Let him come in. [*Exit Jessamin.*

*Enter Mr. CLIP.*

Mr. Clip, your servant, I'm glad to see you: how do you do?

*Clip.* At your service, sir, very well. Your servant, Madam Gripe.

*Clar.* Horrid fellow! [*Aside.*

*Gripe.* Well, Mr. Clip, no news yet of my wife's necklace?

*Clip.* If you please to let me speak with you in the next room, I have something to say to you.

*Gripe.* Ay, with all my heart. Shut the door after us.—[*They come forward, and the scene shuts behind them.*—Well, any news?

*Clip.* Look you, sir, here's a necklace brought me to sell, at least very like that you described to me.

*Gripe.* Let's see't—Victorial the very same. Ah, my dear Mr. Clip—[*Kisses him.*—But who brought it you?—You should have seized him.

*Clip.* 'Twas a young fellow that I know: I can't tell whether he may be guilty, tho' it is like enough.



But he has only left it me now, and our trade, and will call upon me.

*Gripe.* Wheedle him hither, de my neighbour Moneytrap in the tice, and will commit him present.

*Clip.* 'Tis enough.

*Enter BRASS.*

*Gripe.* Oh, my friend Brass!

*Brass.* Hold, sir—I think I am looking for. Mr. Clip—Oh! What, are you acquainted here?—your shop.

*Clip.* I only stept here to see the necklace you left.

*Brass.* Why, sir, do you understand *Gripe.*]—I thought you only d smoke the matter—hark you—and you are going to play the gallant purchase on't for Araminta—ha,

*Gripe.* Where had you the necklace?

*Brass.* Look you, don't trouble it's in commission with me, and pennyworth on't.

*Gripe.* A pennyworth on't, villain!

*Brass.* Villain! a hey, a hey! Clip, he's pleased to compliment

*Clip.* What do you think of it?

Think of it!—now the hat to think of it?

*Gripe.* You'll sell a pennyworth, rogue, of a thing you have stolen from me.

*Brass.* Stolen! pray, sir, what wine have you drank to-day? It has a very merry effect upon you.

*Gripe.* You villain, either give me an account how you stole it, or——

*Brass.* O ho, sir, if you please, don't carry your jest too far, I don't understand hard words—I give you warning of it: if you ha'n't a mind to buy the necklace, you may let it alone—I know how to dispose of it. What a pox——

*Gripe.* Oh, you sha'n't have that trouble, sir.—  
Dear Mr. Clip, you may leave the necklace here.—  
I'll call at your shop, and thank you for your care.

*Clip.* Sir, your humble servant. [*Going.*]

*Brass.* O ho, Mr. Clip, if you please, sir, this won't do—[*Stopping him.*—] I don't understand raillery in such matters.

*Clip.* I leave it with Mr. Gripe—do you and he dispute it. [*Exit Clip.*]

*Brass.* Ay, but 'tis from you, by your leave, sir, that I expect it. [*Going after him.*]

*Gripe.* You expect, you rogue, to make your escape, do you? But I have other accounts besides this to make up with you. To be sure, the dog has cheated me of two hundred and fifty pounds.—  
Come, villain, give me an account of——

*Brass.* Account of!——Sir, give me an account of my necklace, or I'll make such a noise in your house, I'll raise the devil in't.

*Gripe.* Well said, courage.

*Brass.* Blood and thunder, give it me, or——

*Gripe.* Come, hush, be wise, and I'll make no noise of this affair.

*Brass.* You'll make no noise; but I'll make a noise, and a damned noise too. Oh, don't think to——

*Gripe.* I tell thee, I will not hang thee.

*Brass.* But I tell you, I will hang you, if you don't give me my necklace. I will, rot me.

*Gripe.* Speak softly, be wise; how came it thine? Who gave it thee?

*Brass.* A gentleman, a friend of mine.

*Gripe.* What's his name?

*Brass.* His name!——I'm in such a passion I have forgot it.

*Gripe.* Ah, brazen rogue!——thou hast stole it from my wife: 'tis the same she lost six weeks ago.

*Brass.* This has not been in England a month.

*Gripe.* You are a son of a whore.

*Brass.* Give me my necklace.

*Gripe.* Give me my two hundred and fifty pound note.

*Brass.* Yet I offer peace: one word without passion. The case stands thus: either I'm out of my wits, or you are out of yours: now 'tis plain I am not out of my wits, *ergo*——

*Gripe.* My bill, hang-dog, or I'll strangle thee.

[*They struggle*]

*Brass.* Murder, murder!

*Enter CLARISSA, ARAMINTA, CORINNA, FLIPPANTA, and MONEYTRAP.*

*Flip.* What's the matter? what's the matter here?

*Gripe.* I'll matter him.

*Clar.* What makes thee cry out thus, poor Brass?

*Brass.* Why, your husband, madam—he's in his altitudes here.

*Gripe.* Robber!

*Brass.* Here, he has cheated me of a diamond necklace.

*Cor.* Who, papa? Ah, dear me!

*Clar.* Pr'ythee, what's the meaning of this great emotion, my dear?

*Gripe.* The meaning is, that—I'm quite out of breath—this son of a whore has got your necklace, that's all.

*Clar.* My necklace!

*Gripe.* That birdlime there—stole it.

*Clar.* Impossible.

*Brass.* Madam, you see master's a little—touched, that's all. Twenty ounces of blood let loose, would set all right again.

*Gripe.* Here, call a constable presently. Neighbour Moneytrap, you will commit him.

*Brass.* D'ye hear? d'ye hear? See how wild he looks: how his eyes roll in his head: tie him down, he'll do some mischief or other.

*Gripe.* Let me come at him.

*Clar.* Hold—Pr'ythee, my dear, reduce things to a little temperance, and let us coolly into the secret of this disagreeable rupture.

*Gripe.* Well, then, without passion : why, you must know—(but I'll have him hanged)—you must know that he came to Mr. Clip, to Mr. Clip the dog did—with a necklace to sell : so Mr. Clip having notice before that—(can you deny it, you dog ?)—that you had lost yours, brings it to me. Look at it here ; do you know it again ? Ay, you traitor ! [To Brass.

*Brass.* He makes me mad. Here's an appearance of something new to the company, and yet nothing in it in the bottom.

*Clar.* [Aside to Flippanta, shewing the necklace.

*Flip.* 'Tis it, faith ; here's some mystery in this—we must look about us.

*Clar.* The safest way is, point blank to disown the necklace.

*Flip.* Right : stick to that.

*Gripe.* Well, madam, do you know your old acquaintance—ha ?

*Clar.* Why, truly, my dear, though (as you may all imagine) I should be very glad to recover so valuable a thing as my necklace, yet I must be just to all the world—this necklace is not mine.

*Brass.* Huzza—"Here, constable, do your duty."—Mr. Justice, I demand my necklace, and satisfaction of him.

*Gripe.* I'll die before I part with it—I'll keep it, I have him hanged.

*Clar.* But be a little calm, my dear—do, my bird—and then thou'lt be able to judge rightly of things.

*Gripe.* Oh, good lack! Oh, good lack!

*Clar.* No, but don't give way to fury and interest both; either of them are passions strong enough to lead a wise man out of the way. The necklace not being really mine, give it the man again, and come drink a dish of tea.

*Brass.* Ay, madam says right.

*Gripe.* Oons, if you with your addle head don't know your own jewels, I with my solid one do: and if I part with it, may famine be my portion.

*Clar.* But don't swear and curse thyself at this fearful rate; don't, my dove: be temperate in your words, and just in all your actions, 'twill bring a blessing upon you and your family.

*Gripe.* Bring thunder and lightning upon me and my family, if I part with my necklace.

*Clar.* Why, you'll have the lightning burn your house about your ears, my dear, if you go on in these practices.

*Mon.* A most excellent woman this!

[*Aside.*]

*Enter Mrs. AMLET.*

*Gripe.* I'll keep my necklace.

*Brass.* Will you so? Then here comes one has a title to it, if I ha'n't; let Dick bring himself off with her as he can. Mrs. Amlet, you are come in a very good time; you lost a necklace t'other day, and who do you think has got it?

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*Am.* Marry, that I know not; I wish I did.

*Brass.* Why then here's Mr. Gripe has it, and swears 'tis his wife's.

*Gripe.* And so I do, sirrah—Look here, mistress, do you pretend this is yours?

*Am.* Not for the round world I would not say it. I only kept it to do madam a small courtesy, that's all.

*Clar.* Ah, Flippanta, all will out now.

[*Aside to Flippanta*

*Gripe.* Courtesy! what courtesy?

*Am.* A little money only, that madam had present need of: please to pay me that, and I demand no more.

*Brass.* So, here's fresh game: I have started a new hare, I find.

[*Aside*

*Gripe.* How, forsooth! is this true? [To *Clarissa*

*Clar.* You are in a humour at present, love, believe any thing; so I won't take the pains to contradict it.

*Brass.* This damned necklace will spoil all our affairs: this is Dick's luck again.

[*Aside*

*Gripe.* Are you not ashamed of these ways? I see how you are exposed before your best friend here? Don't you blush at it?

*Clar.* I do blush, my dear—but 'tis for you—thence here it should appear to the world, you keep me bare of money, I'm forced to pawn my jewels.

*Br.* Impudent housewife!

[Raising his hand to strike her]

*Clar.* Softly, chicken; you might have prevented all this, by giving me the two hundred and fifty pounds you sent to Araminta e'en now.

*Brass.* You see, sir, I delivered your note: how I have been abused to-day!

*Gripe.* I am betrayed——Jades on both sides, I see that. [*Aside.*

*Mon.* But, madam, madam, is this true that I hear? Have you taken a present of two hundred and fifty pounds? Pray what were you to return for these pounds, madam, ha?

*Ara.* Nothing, my dear: I only took them to reimburse you of about the same sum you sent to Clarissa.

*Mon.* Hum, hum, hum.

*Gripe.* How, gentlewoman, did you receive money from him?

*Clar.* Oh, my dear, it was only in jest; I knew you'd give it again to his wife.

*Am.* But amongst all this bustle, I don't hear a word of my hundred pounds. Is it madam will pay me, or master?

*Gripe.* I pay? The devil shall pay.

*Clar.* Look you, my dear: malice apart, pay Mrs. Amlet her money, and I'll forgive you the wrong you intended my bed with Araminta. Am not I a good wife, now?

*Gripe.* I burst with rage, and will get rid of this noose, though I tuck myself up in another.



*Men.* Nay, pray, e'en tuck me up with you.

[*Exeunt Moneytrap and Gripe.*]

*Clar. and Ara.* B'ye, dearies.

*Enter DICK.*

*Cor.* Look, look, Flippanta, here's the colonel come at last.

*Dick.* Ladies, I ask your pardon, I have stayed so long, but——

*Am.* Ah, rogue's face, have I got thee ! old Good-for-nought ? Sirrah, sirrah, do you think to amuse me with your marriages, and your great fortunes ? Thou hast played me a rare prank, o' my conscience. Why, you ungracious rascal, what do you think will be the end of all this ? Now Heaven forgive me, but I have a great mind to hang thee for't.

*Cor.* She talks to him very familiarly, Flippanta.

*Flip.* So methinks, by my faith.

*Brass.* Now the rogue's star is making an end of him. [Aside.

*Dick.* What shall I do with her ?

*Am.* Do but look at him, my dames ; he has the countenance of a cherubim, but he's a rogue in his heart.

*Clar.* What is the meaning of all this, Mrs. Amlet ?

*Am.* The meaning, good lack !—Why, this all-to-be-powdered rascal here is my son, an't please you, 's ?—Now I'll make you own your mother,

*Gard.* I warrant you, if the ghost appears, he'll whisk ye that wand before his eyes, and strike you the drum-stick out of his hand.

*But.* No, the wand, look ye, is to make a circle, and if he once gets the ghost in a circle, then he has him; let him get out again, if he can. A circle, you must know, is a conjurer's trap.

*Coach.* But what will he do with him, when he has him there?

*But.* Why, then he'll overpower him with his learning.

*Gard.* If he can once compass him, and get him in lob's-pound, he'll make nothing of him, but speak a few hard words to him, and perhaps bind him over to his good behaviour for a thousand years.

*Coach.* Ay, ay, he'll send him packing to his grave again, with a flea in his ear, I warrant him.

*But.* No, no, I would advise madam to spare no cost. If the conjurer be but well paid, he'll take pains upon the ghost, and lay him, look ye, in the Red Sea—and then he's laid for ever.

*Coach.* Ay, marry, that would spoil his drum for him.

*Gard.* Why, John, there must be a power of spirits in that same Red Sea—I warrant ye, they are as plenty as fish.

*Coach.* Well, I wish, after all, that he may not be too hard for the conjurer. I'm afraid he'll find a tough bit of work on't.

*Gard.* I wish the spirit may not carry a corner of the house off with him.

*But.* As for that, Peter, you may be sure that the steward has made his bargain with the cunning-man beforehand, that he shall stand to all costs and damages.—But, hark! yonder's Mrs. Abigail; we shall have her with us immediately, if we do not get off.

*Gard.* Ay, lads, if we could get Mrs. Abigail well laid too, we should lead merry lives.

*For, to a man, like me, that's stout and bold,  
A ghost is not so dreadful as a scold.* [Exeunt.

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ACT III. SCENE I.

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[*Opens,* and discovers Sir GEORGE in VELLUM's Office.

*Sir George.*

I WONDER I don't hear of Vellum yet. But I know his wisdom will do nothing rashly. This fellow has been so used to form in business, that it has infected his whole conversation. But I must not find fault with that punctual and exact behaviour which has been of so much use to me; my estate is the better for it.

*Enter VELLUM.*

*Well,* Vellum, I'm impatient to hear your success.

—First, let me lock the door.

*Clar.* Just in the same track, for this late treaty of agreement with them was so unnatural, you see it could not hold. But 'tis just as well with us, as if it had. Well, 'tis a strange fate, good folks. But while you live, every thing gets well out of a broil, but a husband.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

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## EPILOGUE.

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*I'VE heard wise men in politics lay down  
What feats by little England might be done,  
Were all agreed, and all would act as one.  
Ye wives, a useful hint from this might take,  
The heavy, old, despotic kingdom shake,  
And make your matrimonial monsieurs quake.  
Our heads are feeble, and we're cramp'd by laws;  
Our hands are weak, and not too strong our cause:  
Yet would these heads and hands, such as they are,  
In firm confed'racy resolve on war,  
You'd find your tyrants——what I've found my dear.  
What only two united can produce,  
You've seen to-night, a sample for your use.  
Single, we found we nothing could obtain;  
We join our force—and we subdu'd our men.  
Believe me, my dear sex, they are not brave;  
Try each your man, you'll quickly find your slave.  
I know they'll make campaigns, risk blood and life;  
But this is a more terrifying strife;  
They'll stand a shot, who'll tremble at a wife.  
Beat then your drums, and your shrill trumpets sound,  
Let all your visits of your feats resound,  
' deeds of war in cups of tea go round.*

---

*ars are with you—fate is in your hand,  
lve months' time you've vanquish'd half the land ;  
se, and keep them under good command.  
ear will to your glory long be known,  
eathless ballads hand your triumphs down ;  
late achievements ever will remain,  
ough you cannot boast of many slain,  
bris'ners shew, you've made a brave campaign.*

---

THE END.

die, make a pass, and swear with such a grace, as would make thy heart leap to hear him.

*Ab.* Half these accomplishments will do, provided he has an estate.—Pray, what has he?

*Tin.* Not a farthing.

*Ab.* Pox on him! what do I give him the hearing for? *[Aside.]*

*Tin.* But as for that, I would make it up to him.

*Ab.* How?

*Tin.* Why, look ye, child, as soon as I have married thy lady, I design to discard this old prig of a steward, and to put this honest gentleman I am speaking of into his place.

*Ab.* *[Aside.]* This fellow's a fool—I'll have no more to say to him.—Hark! my lady's a coming.

*Tin.* Depend upon it, Nab, I'll remember my promise.

*Ab.* Ay, and so will I too, to your cost. *[Aside.]*  
*[Exit Ab.]*

*Tin.* My dear is purely fitted up with a maid—But I shall rid the house of her.

*Enter Lady TRUMAN.*

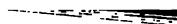
*L. Tru.* Oh, Mr. Tinsel, I am glad to meet you here. I am going to give you an entertainment that won't be disagreeable to a man of wit and pleasure of the town.—I here may be something diverting in a conversation between a conjurer, and this conceited ass.

*Tin.* She loves me to distraction, I see that. *[Aside.]*  
'ythee, widow, explain thyself.











*L. Tru.* Oh, fie ; Mr. Tinsel, I did not think you could have been so passionate, I hate a passionate man. Put up your sword, or I must never see you again.

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha ! I was but in jest, my dear. I had a mind to have made an experiment upon the doctor's body. I would but have drilled a little eye-let hole in it, and have seen whether he had art enough to close it up again.

*Sir Geo.* Courage is but ill shown before a lady. But know, if ever I meet thee again, thou shalt find this arm can wield other weapons besides this wand.

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha !

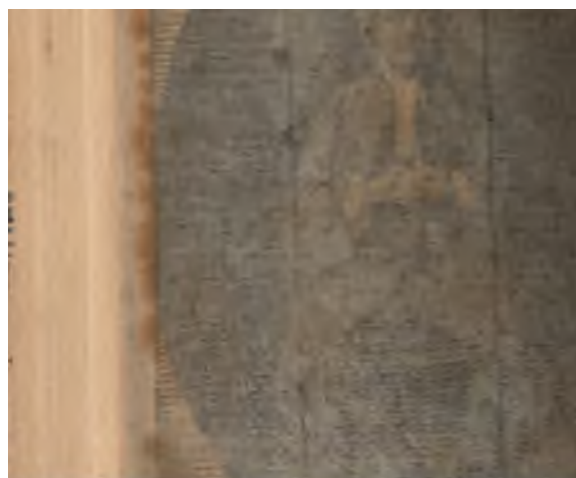
*L. Tru.* Well, learned sir, you are to give a proof of your art, not of your courage. Or if you will shew your courage, let it be at nine o'clock—for that is the time the noise is generally heard.

*Tin.* And look ye, old gentleman, if thou dost not do thy business well, I can tell thee by the little skill I have, that thou wilt be tossed in a blanket before ten. We'll do our endeavour to send thee back to the stars again.

*Sir Geo.* I'll go and prepare myself for the ceremonies—And, lady, as you expect they should succeed to your wishes, treat that fellow with the contempt he deserves. [Exit Sir George.]

*Tin.* The sauciest dog I ever talked with in my whole life !

*L. Tru.* Methinks he's a diverting fellow ; one may see he's no fool.



*Enter VELLUM, with a Pint of Sack.*

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail, don't I break in upon you unseasonably?

*Ab.* Oh, no, Mr. Vellum, your visits are always seasonable.

*Vel.* I have brought with me a taste of fresh canary, which I think is delicious.

*Ab.* Pray set it down—I have a dram-glass just by—[*Brings in a rummer.*] I'll pledge you; my lady's good health.

*Vel.* And your own with it—sweet Mrs. Abigail.

*Ab.* Pray, good Mr. Vellum, buy me a little parcel of this sack, and put it under the article of tea—I would not have my name appear to it.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail, your name seldom appears in my bills—and yet—if you will allow me a merry expression—you have been always in my books, Mrs. Abigail. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Vellum, you are such a dry jesting man!

*Vel.* Why, truly, Mrs. Abigail, I have been looking over my papers—and I find you have been a long time my debtor.

*Ab.* Your debtor! For what, Mr. Vellum?

*Vel.* For my heart, Mrs. Abigail—And our accounts will not be balanced between us till I have yours in exchange for it. Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Ha, ha, ha! You are the most gallant dun, Mr. Vellum.



THE  
*DRUMMER:*  
OR,  
THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

---

A  
COMEDY,  
BY JOSEPH ADDISON ESQ.

---

ADAPTED FOR  
*THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,*  
AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRES-ROYAL,  
DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

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MDCCLXII.



STANFORD LIBRARY

*Gripe.* Oh, m.  
*Brass.* Hold, s  
am looking for.  
What, are you ac  
your shop.

*Clip.* I only st  
necklace you left.

*Brass.* Why, sir,  
*Gripe.*]—I though  
smoke the matter—  
you are going to p  
purchase on't for A

*Gripe.* Where had

*Brass.* Look you, d  
it's in commission wi  
pennyworth on't.

*Gripe.* ^

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## PROLOGUE.

---

*IN this grave age, when Comedies are few,  
We crave your patronage for one that's new;  
Tho' 'twere poor stuff, yet bid the Author fair,  
And let the scarceness recommend the ware.  
Long have your ears been fill'd with tragic parts,  
Blood and blank-verse have harden'd all your hearts;  
If e'er you smile, 'tis at some party strokes,  
Round-heads and wooden-shoes are standing jokes;  
The same conceit gives claps and hisses birth,  
You're grown such politicians in your mirth!  
For once we try (though 'tis, I own, unsafe)  
To please you all, and make both parties laugh.  
Our Author, anxious for his fame to-night,  
And bashful in his first attempts to write,  
Lies cautiously obscure and unreveal'd,  
Like ancient actors in a mask conceal'd.  
Censure, when no man knows who writes the Play,  
Were much good malice merely thrown away.  
The mighty Critics will not blast, for shame,  
A raw young thing, who dares not tell his name:  
Good-natur'd judges will th' unknown defend,  
And fear to blame, lest they should hurt a friend;  
Each wit may praise it for his own dear sake,  
And hint he writ it, if the thing should take:  
But if you're rough, and use him like a dog,  
Depend upon it—he'll remain incog.  
If you should hiss, he swears he'll hiss as high,  
And, like a culprit, raise the hue and cry.*

*But.* How he talks! I could hear him all day.

*Vel.* And now, John, let me know whether your table-linen, your side-board, your cellar, and every thing else within your province, are properly and methodically disposed for an entertainment this evening.

*But.* Master Vellum, they shall be ready at a quarter of an hour's warning. But pray, sir, is this entertainment to be made for the conjurer?

*Vel.* It is, John, for the conjurer, and yet it is not for the conjurer.

*But.* Why, look you, Master Vellum, if it is for the conjurer, the cook-maid should have orders to get him some dishes to his palate. Perhaps he may like a little brimstone in his sauce.

*Vel.* This conjurer, John, is a complicated creature, an amphibious animal, a person of a twofold nature—But he eats and drinks like other men.

*But.* Marry, Master Vellum, he should eat and drink as much as two other men, by the account you give of him.

*Vel.* Thy conceit is not amiss, he is indeed a double man; ha, ha, ha!

*But.* Ha! I understand you; he's one of your hermaphrodites, as they call them.

*Vel.* He is married, and he is not married—He hath a beard, and he hath no beard. He is old, and he is young.

*But.* How charmingly he talks! I fancy, Master m, you could make a riddle. The same man  
! young! How do you make that out, Master  
?



## THE DRUMMER.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

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*A great Hall. Enter the Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.*

*Butler.*

THERE came another coach to town last night, that brought a gentleman to enquire about this strange noise we hear in the house. This spirit will bring a power of custom to the George.—If so be he continues his pranks, I design to sell a pot of ale, and set up the sign of the drum.

*Coach.* I'll give madam warning, that's flat—I've always lived in sober families—I'll not disparage myself to be a servant in a house that is haunted.

*Gard.* I'll e'en marry Nell, and rent a bit of ground of my own, if both of you leave madam; not but that madam's a-very good woman, if Mrs. Abigail did not spoil her.—Come, here's her health.

*But.* 'Tis a very hard thing to be a butler in a house that is disturbed. He made such a racket in the cellar, last night, that I'm afraid he'll soure all the beer in my barrels.

an opinion of the person's understanding who has the direction of them.—But see, Mrs. Abigail! she has a bewitching countenance; I wish I may not be tempted to marry her in good earnest.

*Enter ABIGAIL.*

*Ab.* Ha! Mr. Vellum.

*Vel.* What brings my sweet one hither?

*Ab.* I am coming to speak to my friend behind the wainscot. It is fit, child, he should have an account of this conjurer, that he may not be surprised.

*Vel.* That would be as much as thy thousand pounds is worth.

*Ab.* I'll speak low—Walls have ears.

*[Pointing at the wainscot.]*

*Vel.* But hark you, duckling! be sure you do not tell him that I am let into the secret.

*Ab.* That's a good one indeed! as if I should ever tell what passes between you and me.

*Vel.* No, no, my child, that must not be! he, he, he! that must not be; he, he, he!

*Ab.* You will always be waggish.

*Vel.* Adieu, and let me hear the result of your conference.

*Ab.* How can you leave me so soon? I shall think it an age till I see you again.

*Vel.* Adieu, my pretty one.

*Ab.* Adieu, sweet Mr. Vellum.

*Vel.* My pretty one—— *[As he is going]*

*Ab.* Dear Mr. Vellum.

*Coach.* Like a white horse.

*But.* Phoo, Robin! I tell ye, he has never appeared yet, but in the shape of the sound of a drum.

*Coach.* This makes one almost afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night, without my lanthorn, I fell across a beam that lay in my way; and faith my heart was in my mouth, I thought I had stumbled over a spirit.

*But.* Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw. Why, a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard a man, who was a great scholar, say, that he'll dance you a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle. As I sat in the pantry, last night, counting my spoons, the candle, methought, burnt blue, and the spay'd bitch looked as if she saw something.

*Coach.* Ay, poor cur, she's almost frightened out of her wits.

*Gard.* Ay, I warrant ye, she hears him, many a time and often, when we don't.

*But.* My lady must have him laid, that's certain, whatever it cost her.

*Gard.* I fancy, when one goes to market, one might hear of somebody that can make a spell.

*Coach.* Why, may not the parson of our parish lay him?

*But.* No, no, no; our parson cannot lay him.

*Coach.* Why not he, as well as another man?

*But.* Why, ye fool, he is not qualified. He has not taken the oaths.

*Gard.* Why, d'ye think, John, that the spirit would

take the law of him? Faith, I could tell you one way to drive him off.

*Coach.* How's that?

*Gard.* I'll tell you immediately. — [*Drinks.*] — I fancy Mrs. Abigail might scold him out of the house.

*Coach.* Ay, she has a tongue that would drown his drum, if any thing could.

*But.* Pugh, this is all froth; you understand nothing of the matter. The next time it makes a noise, I tell you what ought to be done—I would have the steward speak Latin to it.

*Coach.* Ay, that would do, if the steward had but courage.

*Gard.* There you have it. He's a fearful man. If I had as much learning as he, and I met the ghost, I'd tell him his own. But, alack! what can one of us poor men do with a spirit, that can neither write nor read?

*But.* Thou art always cracking and boasting, Peter; thou dost not know what mischief it might do thee, if such a silly dog as thee should offer to speak to it. For aught I know, he might flea thee alive, and make parchment of thy skin, to cover his drum with.

*Gard.* A fiddlestick! tell not me—I fear nothing, not I; I never did harm in my life; I never committed murder.

*But.* I verily believe thee. Keep thy temper, Peter; after supper we'll drink each of us a double mug, and then let come what will.

*Gard.* Why, that's well said, John—An honest man,



that is not quite sober, has nothing to fear—Here's to ye—Why, now if he should come this minute, here would I stand—Ha! what noise is that?

*But. Coach.* Ha! where?

*Gard.* The devil! the devil! Oh, no; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

*But.* Ay, faith! 'tis she; 'tis Mrs. Abigail! A good mistake; 'tis Mrs. Abigail.

*Enter ABIGAIL.*

*Ab.* Here are your drunken sots for you! Is this a time to be guzzling, when gentry are come to the house! Why don't you lay your cloth? How come you out of the stables? Why are you not at work in your garden?

*Gard.* Why, yonder's the fine Londoner and madam fetching a walk together; and, methought, they looked as if they should say they had rather have my room than my company.

*But.* And so, forsooth, being all three met together, we are doing our endeavours to drink this same drummer out of our heads.

*Gard.* For you must know, Mrs. Abigail, we are all of opinion that one can't be a match for him, unless one be as drunk as a drum.

*Coach.* I am resolved to give madam warning to hire herself another coachman; for I came to serve my master, d'ye see, while he was alive; but do suppose that he has no further occasion for a coach, now he walks.



*But.* Truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, that this same spirit is a very odd sort of a body, after it, to fright madam, and his old servants, at this rate.

*Gard.* And truly, Mrs. Abigail, I must needs say, I served my master contentedly, while he was living; but I will serve no man living (that is, no man that is not living) without double wages.

*Ab.* Ay, 'tis such cowards as you that go about with idle stories, to disgrace the house, and bring so many strangers about it: you first frighten yourself, and then your neighbours.

*Gard.* Frightened! I scorn your words: frightened quoth-a!

*Ab.* What, you sot, are you grown pet-valiant?

*Gard.* Frightened with a drum! that's a good one! It will do us no harm, I'll answer for it: it will bring no blood-shed along with it, take my word. It sounds as like a train-band drum as ever I heard in my life.

*But.* Pr'ythee, Peter, don't be so presumptuous.

*Ab.* Well, these drunken rogues take it as I could wish. [Aside.]

*Gard.* I scorn to be frightened, now I am in for't; if old dub-a-dub should come into the room, I would take

— ee, hold thy tongue.

— dd take him——

— beats: the Gardener endeavours to get off, falls.

Speak to it, Mrs. Abigail.

*Gard.* Spare my life, and take all I have.

*Coach.* Make off, make off, good butler, and let us go hide ourselves in the cellar. [*They all run off.*]

*Ab.* So, now the coast is clear, I may venture to call out my drummer—But first let me shut the door, lest we be surprised. Mr. Fantome! Mr. Fantome! [*He beats.*] Nay, nay, pray come out: the enemy's fled—I must speak with you immediately—Don't stay to beat a parley.

[*The back scene opens, and discovers Fantome with a drum.*]

*Fan.* Dear Mrs. Nabby, I have overheard all that has been said, and find thou hast managed this thing so well, that I could take thee in my arms and kiss thee—If my drum did not stand in my way.

*Ab.* Well, o' my conscience, you are the the merriest ghost! and the very picture of Sir George Truman.

*Fan.* There you flatter me, Mrs. Abigail: Sir George had that freshness in his looks, that we men of the town can not come up to.

*Ab.* Oh, death may have altered you, you know—Besides you must consider, you lost a great deal of blood in the battle.

*Fan.* Ay, that's right; let me look never so pale, this cut cross my forehead will keep me in countenance.

*Ab.* 'Tis just such a one as my master received from a cursed French trooper, as my lady's letter informed her.

*Fan.* It happens luckily that this suit of clothes Sir George's fits me so well—I think I can't be having the air of a man with whom I was so long acquainted.

*Ab.* You are the very man—I vow I almost start when I look upon you.

*Fan.* But what good will this do me, if I must remain invisible?

*Ab.* Pray, what good did your being visible do you? The fair Mr. Fantome thought no woman could withstand him—But when you were seen by my lady in your proper person, after she had taken a full survey of you, and heard all the pretty things you could say, she very civilly dismissed you for the sake of this empty noisy creature, Tinsel. She fancies you have been gone from hence this fortnight.

*Fan.* Why, really, I love thy lady so well, though I had no hopes of gaining her for myself, could not bear to see her given to another, especially such a wretch as Tinsel.

*Ab.* Well, tell me truly, Mr. Fantome, have you a great opinion of my fidelity to my dear lady that I would not suffer her to be deluded in this manner for less than a thousand pounds?

*Fan.* Thou art always reminding me of my promise—Thou shalt have it, if thou canst bring a project to bear: dost not know, that stories of ghosts and apparitions generally end in a pot of money.

*Ab.* Why, truly now, Mr. Fantome, I should think myself a very bad woman, if I had done what I do for a farthing less.

“ husband, if I married within fourteen months after  
“ Sir George’s decease.

“ *Tin.* Pray, my dear, let me ask you a question:  
“ dost not thou think that Sir George is as dead at  
“ present, to all intents and purposes, as he will be a  
“ twelve-month hence?

“ *L. Tru.* Yes; but decency, Mr. Tinsel——

“ *Tin.* Or dost thou think thou’lt be more a widow  
“ then, than thou art now?

“ *L. Tru.* The world would say, I never loved my  
“ first husband.

“ *Tin.* Ah, my dear, they would say you loved  
“ your second; and they would own I deserved it, for  
“ I shall love thee most inordinately.

“ *L. Tru.* But what would people think?

“ *Tin.* Think! why, they would think thee the  
“ mirror of widowhood——That a woman should  
“ live fourteen whole months, after the decease of  
“ her spouse, without having engaged herself. Why,  
“ about town, we know many a woman of quality’s  
“ second husband several years before the death of  
“ the first.

“ *L. Tru.* Ay, I know you wits have your com-  
“ mon-place jests upon us poor widows.”

*Tin.* I’ll tell you a story, widow :—I know a certain  
lady, who, considering the craziness of her husband,  
had, in case of mortality, engaged herself to two  
young fellows of my acquaintance. They grew such  
desperate rivals for her, while her husband was alive,

that one of them pinked the other in a duel. But the good lady was no sooner a widow, but what did my dowager do? Why, faith, being a woman of honour, she married a third, to whom, it seems, she had given her first promise.

*L. Tru.* And this is a true story upon your own knowledge?

*Tin.* Every tittle, as I hope to be married, or never believe Tom Tinsel.

*L. Tru.* Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you call this talking like a wit, or like a rake?

“*Tin.* Innocent enough! He, he, he! Why, where’s the difference, my dear.

“*L. Tru.* Yes, Mr. Tinsel, the only man I ever loved in my life, had a great deal of the one, and nothing of the other in him.”

*Tin.* Nay, now you grow vapourish; thou’lt begin to fancy thou hearest the drum by and bye.

*L. Tru.* If you had been here last night about this time, you would not have been so merry.

*Tin.* About this time, say’st thou! Come, faith, for humour’s sake, we’ll sit down and listen.

*L. Tru.* I will, if you’ll promise to be serious.

*Tin.* Serious! never fear me, child; ha, ha, ha! Dost not hear him?

*L. Tru.* You break your word already. “Pray, Mr. Tinsel, do you laugh to shew your wit, or your teeth?”

“*Tin.* Why, both, my dear.—I’m glad, however,

“that she has taken notice of my teeth. [*Aside.*] But  
“you look serious, child; I fancy thou hearest the  
“drum—dost not?”

“*L. Tru.* Don’t talk so rashly?”

*Tin.* Why, my dear, you could not look more  
frighted if you had Lucifer’s drum-major in your  
house.

“*L. Tru.* Mr. Tinsel, I must desire to see you no  
“more in it, if you do not leave this idle way of  
“talking.

“*Tin.* Child, I thought I had told you what is my  
“opinion of spirits, as we were drinking a dish of  
“tea but just now—There is no such thing, I give  
“thee my word.

“*L. Tru.* Oh, Mr. Tinsel, your authority must be  
“of great weight to those that know you.

“*Tin.* For my part, child, I have made myself easy  
“in those points.

“*L. Tru.* Sure nothing was ever like this fellow’s  
“vanity, but his ignorance. [*Aside.*

“*Tin.*” I’ll tell thee what, now, widow—I would  
engage, by the help of a white sheet, and a penny-  
worth of link, in a dark night, to frighten you a  
whole country village out of their senses, and the  
vicar into the bargain. [*Drum beats.*] Hark! hark!  
what noise is that? Heaven defend us! this is more  
than fancy.

*L. Tru.* It beats more terrible than ever.

*Tin.* ’Tis very dreadful! What a dog have I been,

nerally are—You'll quickly have a drum at your window.

*L. Tru.* I'll hide my contempt of Tinsel for once, if it be but to see what this wench drives at. [*Aside.*]

*Ab.* Why, suppose your husband, after this fair warning he has given you, should sound you an alarm at midnight; then open you curtains with a face as pale as my apron, and cry out with a hollow voice, what dost thou do in bed with this spindle-shank'd fellow?

*L. Tru.* Why wilt thou needs have it to be my husband? He never had any reason to be offended at me. I always loved him while he was living; and should prefer him to any man, were he so still. Mr. Tinsel is indeed very idle in his talk; but I fancy, Abigail, a discreet woman might reform him.

*Ab.* That's a likely matter indeed! Did you ever hear of a woman who had power over a man when she was his wife, that had none while she was his mistress? Oh, there's nothing in the world improves a man in his complaisance like marriage!

*L. Tru.* He is, indeed, at present, too familiar in his conversation.

*Ab.* Familiar, madam! in troth, he's downright rude.

*L. Tru.* But that, you know, Abigail, shews he has no dissimulation in him—Then he is apt to jest a little too much upon grave subjects.

*Ab.* Grave subjects! he jests upon the church.

*L. Tru.* But that, you know, Abigail, may be

“only to shew his wit—Then it must be owned  
“he’s extremely talkative.

“*Ab.* Talkative, d’ye call it! he’s downright im-  
“pertinent.

“*L. Tru.* But that, you know, Abigail, is a sign  
“he has been used to good company—Then indeed  
“he is very positive.

“*Ab.* Positive! why, he contradicts you in every  
“thing you say.

“*L. Tru.* But then, you know, Abigail, he has been  
“educated at the inns of court.

“*Ab.* A blessed education indeed! It has made  
him forget his catechism.”

*L. Tru.* You talk as if you hated him.

*Ab.* You talk as if you loved him.

*L. Tru.* Hold your tongue; here he comes.

*Enter TINSEL.*

*Tin.* My dear widow!

*Ab.* My dear widow! marry come up! [*Aside.*

*L. Tru.* Let him alone, Abigail; so long as he  
does not call me my dear wife, there’s no harm done.

*Tin.* I have been most ridiculously diverted since I  
left you—Your servants have made a convert of my  
pooby: his head is so filled with this foolish story of  
a drummer, that I expect the rogue will be afraid  
hereafter to go upon a message by moon-light.

*L. Tru.* Ay, Mr. Tinsel, what a loss of billet-doux  
would that be to many a fine lady!



THE DRUMMER.

*Ab.* Then you still believe this to be a foolish story?  
I thought my lady had told you, that she had heard it  
herself.

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* Why, you would not persuade us out of our  
senses?

*Tin.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Ab.* There's manners for you, madam. [*Aside.*

*L. Tru.* Admirably rally'd! that laugh was unans-  
werable! Now I'll be hanged if you could forbear  
being witty upon me, if I should tell you I heard it  
no longer ago than last night.

*Tin.* Fancy!

*L. Tru.* But what if I should tell you my maid was  
with me.

*Tin.* Vapours, vapours! Pray, my dear widow,  
will you answer me one question?—Had you ever  
this noise of a drum in your head, all the while your  
husband was living?

“*L. Tru.* And, pray, Mr. Tinsel, will you let me  
ask you another question? Do you think we can  
hear in the country, as well as you do in town?”

*Tin.* Believe me, madam, I could prescribe you  
cure for these imaginations.

*Ab.* Don't tell my lady of imaginations, sir, I have  
heard it myself.

*Tin.* Hark thee, child—art thou not an old ma

Sir, if I am, it is my own fault.  
Whims! freaks! megrims! indeed,

*Ab.* Marry, sir, by your talk, one would believe you thought every thing that was good is a megrim.

“ *L. Tru.* Why, truly, I don’t very well understand what you meant by your doctrine to me in the garden just now, that every thing we saw was made by chance.

“ *Ab.* A very pretty subject indeed for a lover to divert his mistress with.

“ *L. Tru.* But, I suppose, that was only a taste of the conversation you would entertain me with after marriage.

“ *Tin.* Oh, I shall then have time to read you such lectures of motions, atoms, and nature—that you shall learn to think as freely as the best of us, and be convinced, in less than a month, that all about us is chance-work.

“ *L. Tru.* You are a very complaisant person indeed; and so you would make your court to me, by persuading me that I was made by chance!

“ *Tin.* Ha, ha, ha! well said, my dear! why, faith, thou wert, a very lucky hit, that’s certain.

“ *L. Tru.* Pray, Mr. Tinsel, where did you learn this odd way of talking?

“ *Tin.* Ah, widow, ’tis your country innocence makes you think it an odd way of talking.”

*L. Tru.* Though you give no credit to stories of apparitions, I hope you believe there are such things as spirits!

*Tin.* Simplicity!

*Ab.* I fancy you don't believe women have souls, d'ye, sir ?

*Tin.* Foolish enough !

“ *L. Tru.* I vow, Mr. Tinsel, I'm afraid malicious people will say I'm in love with an atheist.

“ *Tin.* Oh, my dear, that's an old-fashioned word — I'm a free-thinker, child.

“ *Ab.* I'm sure you are a free-speaker !

“ *L. Tru.* Really, Mr. Tinsel, considering that you are so fine a gentleman, I'm amazed where you got all this learning ! I wonder it has not spoiled your breeding.

“ *Tin.* To tell you the truth, I have not time to look into these dry matters myself, but I am convinced by four or five learned men, whom I sometimes overhear at a coffee-house I frequent, that our forefathers were a pack of asses ; that the world has been in error for some thousands of years ; and that all the people upon earth, excepting those two or three worthy gentlemen, are imposed upon, cheated, bubbled, abused, bamboozled —

“ *Ab.* Madam, how can you hear such a profligate ! he talks like the London prodigal.

“ *L. Tru.* Why, really, I'm thinking, if there be no such things as spirits, a woman has no occasion for marrying — She need not be afraid to lie by herself.

“ *Tin.* Ah, my dear ! are husbands good for nothing but to frighten away spirits ? Dost thou think

" I could not instruct thee in several other comforts  
" of matrimony ?

" *L. Tru.* Ah, but you are a man of so much  
" knowledge, that you would always be laughing at  
" my ignorance—You learned men are so apt to des-  
" pise one.

" *Tin.* No, child ! I'll teach thee my principles—  
" thou shouldst be as wise as I am, in a week's time.

" *L. Tru.* Do you think your principles would  
" make a woman the better wife ?

" *Tin.* Pr'ythee, widow, don't be queer.

" *L. Tru.* I love a gay temper, but I would not  
" have you rally things that are serious.

" *Tin.* Well enough, faith ! where's the jest of  
" rallying any thing else ?

" *Ab.* Ah, madam, did you ever hear Mr. Fantome  
" talk at this rate ? [*Aside.*"]

*Tin.* But where's this ghost ? this son of a whore of  
a drummer ? I'd fain hear him, methinks.

*Ab.* Pray, madam, don't suffer him to give the  
ghost such ill language, especially when you have  
reason to believe it is my master.

*Tin.* That's well enough, faith, Nab ; dost think  
thy master so unreasonable, as to continue his claim  
to his relict after his bones are laid ? Pray, widow,  
remember the words of your contract, you have ful-  
filled them to a title—Did not you marry Sir  
George to the tune of 'till death us do part ?

*L. Tru.* I must not hear Sir George's memory  
treated in so slight a manner.—" This fellow must

"have been at some pains to make himself such a  
"finished coxcomb, [Aside."

*Tin.* Give me but possession of your person, and  
I'll whirl you up to town for a winter, and cure you  
at once. "Oh, I have known many a country lady  
"come to London with frightful stories of the hall-  
"house being haunted, of fairies, spirits, and  
"witches; that by the time she had seen a comedy,  
"played at an assembly, and ambled in a ball or two,  
"has been so little afraid of bug-bears, that she has  
"ventured home in a chair at all hours of the night.

"*Ab.* Hum—sauce-box. [Aside.

"*Tin.* 'Tis the solitude of the country that creates  
"these whimsies; there was never such a thing as a  
"ghost heard of at London, except in the play-  
"house."—Oh, we'd pass all our time in London.  
'Tis the scene of pleasure and diversions, where  
there's something to amuse you every hour of the  
day. Life's not life in the country.

*L. Tru.* Well then, you have an opportunity of  
shewing the sincerity of that love to me which you  
profess. You may give a proof that you have an af-  
fection to my person, not my jointure.

*Tin.* Your jointure! How can you think me such a  
dog! But, child, won't your jointure be the same  
thing in London, as in the country?

*L. Tru.* No, you're deceived! You must know it is  
settled on me by marriage-articles, on condition that  
I live in this old mansion-house, and keep it up in  
repair.

*Tin.* How!

*Ab.* That's well put, madam.

*Tin.* Why, faith, I have been looking upon this house, and think it is the prettiest habitation I ever saw in my life.

*L. Tru.* Ay, but then this cruel drum!

*Tin.* Something so venerable in it!

*L. Tru.* Ay, but the drum!

*Tin.* For my part, I like this Gothic way of building better than any of your new orders—it would be a thousand pities it should fall to ruin.

*L. Tru.* Ay, but the drum!

*Tin.* How pleasantly we two could pass our time in this delicious situation. Our lives would be a continued dream of happiness. Come, faith, widow, let's go upon the leads, and take a view of the country.

*L. Tru.* Ay, but the drum! the drum!

*Tin.* My dear, take my word for it, 'tis all fancy: besides, should he drum in thy very bed-chamber, I should only hug thee the closer.

*Clasp'd in the folds of love, I'd meet my doom,  
And all my joys, though thunder shook the room.*

[Exeunt;

*Sir Geo.* That, I think, cannot fail, since thou hast got this secret out of Abigail. But I could not have thought my friend Fantome would have served me thus.

*Vel.* You will still fancy you are a living man.

*Sir Geo.* That he should endeavour to ensnare my wife——

*Vel.* You have no right in her after your demise. Death extinguishes all property—*Quoad hanc*—It is a maxim in the law.

*Sir Geo.* A pox on your learning! Well, but what is become of Tinsel?

*Vel.* He rushed out of the house, called for his horse, clapped spurs to his sides, and was out of sight in less time than I can tell ten.

*Sir Geo.* This is whimsical enough. My wife will have a quick succession of lovers in one day. Fantome has driven out Tinsel, and I shall drive out Fantome.

*Vel.* Even as one wedge driveth out another—He, he, he! You must pardon me for being jocular.

*Sir Geo.* Was there ever such a provoking block-head? But he means me well—"Well, I must have satisfaction of this traitor, Fantome; and cannot take a more proper one, than by turning him out of my house, in a manner that shall throw shame upon him, and make him ridiculous as long as he lives."—You must remember, Vellum, you have abundance of business upon your hands; and I have

*Enter Butler.*

*But.* Sir, here's a strange old gentleman that asks for you ; he says he's a conjurer, but he looks very suspicious ; I wish he ben't a Jesuit.

*Vel.* Admit him immediately.

*But.* I wish he ben't a Jesuit ; but he says he's nothing but a conjurer.

*Vel.* He says right—He is no more than a conjurer. Bring him in and withdraw. [*Exit Butler.*]  
—And fourthly, as I was saying, because——

*Enter Butler, with Sir GEORGE.*

*But.* Sir, here is the conjurer—What a devilish long beard he has ! I warrant it has been growing these hundred years. [*Aside. Exit.*]

*Sir Geo.* Dear Vellum, you have received my letters but before we proceed, lock the door.

*Vel.* It is his voice. [*Shuts the door.*]

*Sir Geo.* In the next place, help me off with this cumbersome cloak.

*Vel.* It is his shape.

*Sir Geo.* So ; now lay my beard upon the table.

*Vel.* [*After having looked on Sir Geo. through his spectacles.*] It is his face, every lineament !

*Sir Geo.* Well, now I have put off the conjurer and the old man, I can talk to thee more at my ease.

*Vel.* Believe me, my good master, I am as much rejoiced to see you alive, as I was upon the day you



were born. Your name was in all the newspapers in the list of those that were slain.

*Sir Geo.* We have not time to be particular. I shall only tell thee, in general, that I was taken prisoner in the battle, and was under close confinement several months. Upon my release, I was resolved to surprise my wife with the news of my being alive. I know, Vellum, you are a person of so much penetration, that I need not use any further arguments to convince you that I am so.

*Vel.* I am—and moreover, I question not but your good lady will likewise be convinced of it. Her honour is a discerning lady.

*Sir Geo.* I am only afraid she should be convinced of it to her sorrow. Is she not pleased with her imaginary widowhood? Tell me truly, was she afflicted at the report of my death?

*Vel.* Sorely.

*Sir Geo.* How long did her grief last?

*Vel.* Longer than I have known any widow's—at least three days.

*Sir Geo.* Three days, say'st thou? Three whole days! I'm afraid thou flatterest me—Oh, woman, woman!

*Vel.* Grief is twofold—

*Sir Geo.* This blockhead is as methodical as ever—but I know he is honest. [*Aside.*]

*Vel.* There is a real grief, and there is a methodical grief: she was drowned in tears till such time as

the taylor had made her widow's weeds——Indeed, they became her.

*Sir Geo.* Became her! and was that her comfort? Truly, a most seasonable consolation.

*Vel.* I must needs say she paid a due regard to your memory, and could not forbear weeping when she saw company.

*Sir Geo.* That was kind, indeed! I find she grieved with a great deal of good breeding. But how comes this gang of lovers about her?

*Vel.* Her jointure is considerable.

*Sir Geo.* How this fool torments me! [Aside.

*Vel.* Her person is amiable.

*Sir Geo.* Death! [Aside.

*Vel.* But her character is unblemished. She has been as virtuous in your absence as a Penelope——

*Sir Geo.* And has had as many suitors.

*Vel.* Several have made their overtures.

*Sir Geo.* Several!

*Vel.* But she has rejected all.

*Sir Geo.* There thou revivest me. But what means this Tinsel? Are his visits acceptable?

*Vel.* He is young.

*Sir Geo.* Does she listen to him?

*Vel.* He is gay.

*Sir Geo.* Sure she could never entertain a thought of marrying such a coxcomb!

*Vel.* He is not ill made.

*Sir Geo.* Are the vows and protestations that passed between us come to this? I can't bear the thought

of it! Is Tinsel the man designed for my worthy successor?

*Vel.* You do not consider that you have been dead these fourteen months——

*Sir G.* Was there ever such a dog. [Aside.

*Vel.* And I have often heard her say, that she must never expect to find a second Sir George Truman—meaning your ho—nour.

*Sir Geo.* I think she loved me! but I must search into this story of the drummer, before I discover myself to her. I have put on this habit of a conjurer, in order to introduce myself. It must be your business to recommend me as a most profound person, that, by my great knowledge in the curious arts, can silence the drummer, and dispossess the house.

*Vel.* I am going to lay my accounts before my lady; and I will endeavour to prevail upon her ho—nour to admit the trial of your art.

*Sir Geo.* I have scarce heard of any of these stories, that did not arise from a love-intrigue. Amours raise as many ghosts as murders.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail endeavours to persuade us, that 'tis your ho—nour who troubles the house.

*Sir Geo.* That convinces me 'tis a cheat; for I think, Vellum, I may be pretty well assured it is not me.

*Vel.* I am apt to think so, truly. Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir Geo.* Abigail had always an ascendant over her lady; and if there is a trick in this matter, depend upon it, she is at the bottom of it. I'll be hanged if this ghost is not one of Abigail's familiars.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail has of late been very mysterious.

*Sir Geo.* I fancy, Vellum, thou couldst worm it out of her. I know formerly there was an amour between you.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail hath her allurements; and she knows I have pick'd up a competency in your honour's service.

*Sir Geo.* If thou hast, all I ask of thee, in return, is, that thou wouldst immediately renew thy addresses to her. Coax her up. Thou hast such a silver tongue, Vellum, as 'twill be impossible for her to withstand. Besides, she is so very a woman, that she'll like you the better for giving her the pleasure of telling a secret. In short, wheedle her out of it, and I shall act by the advice which thou givest me.

*Vel.* Mrs. Abigail was never deaf to me, when I talked upon that subject. I will take an opportunity of addressing myself to her in the most pathetic manner.

*Sir Geo.* In the mean time, lock me up in your office, and bring me word what success you have—Well, sure I am the first that ever was employed to lay himself.

*Vel.* You act, indeed, a threefold part in this house; you are a ghost, a conjurer, and my honoured master, Sir George Truman; he, he, he! You will pardon me for being jocular.

*Sir Geo.* Oh, Mr. Vellum, with all my heart! You know I love you men of wit and humour. Be as merry as thou pleasest, so thou dost thy business.

*Ab.* It would be a fine experiment if it should not succeed.

*L. Tru.* Well, Abigail, we'll talk of that another time. Here comes the steward. I have no further occasion for you at present. [Exit Abigail.]

*Enter VELLUM.*

*Vel.* Madam, is your ho-nour at leisure to look into the accounts of the last week? They rise very high. Housekeeping is chargeable in a house that is haunted.

*L. Tru.* How comes that to pass? I hope the drummer neither eats nor drinks. But read your account, Vellum.

*Vel.* [Putting on and off his spectacles in this scene.] A hogshhead and a half of ale—It is not for the ghost's drinking; but your ho—nour's servants say, they must have something to keep up their courage against this strange noise. They tell me, they expect a double quantity of malt in their small beer, so long as the house continues in this condition.

*L. Tru.* At this rate, they'll take care to be frightened all the year round, I'll answer for them. But go on.

*Vel.* Item, Two sheep, and a—Where is the ox?—Oh, here I have him—and an ox—Your ho—nour must always have a piece of cold beef in the house, for the entertainment of so many strangers, who come from all parts to hear this drum. Item, Bread, ten peck loaves—They cannot eat beef without bread.

*Item*, Three barrels of table beer—They must have drink with their meat.

*L. Tru.* Sure no woman in England has a steward that makes such ingenious comments on his works!

[*Aside*,

*Vel. Item*, To Mr. Tinsel's servants five bottles of port wine—It was by your ho—nour's order. *Item*, Three bottles of sack, for the use of Mrs. Abigail.

*L. Tru.* I suppose that was by your own order.

*Vel.* We have been long friends; we are your ho—nour's ancient servants. Sack is an innocent cordial, and gives her spirit to chide the servants, when they are tardy in their business; he, he, he! Pardon me, for being jocular.

*L. Tru.* Well, I see you'll come together at last.

o *Vel. item*, A dozen pound of watch-lights, for the use of the servants.

*L. Tru.* For the use of the servants! What, are the maids afraid of sleeping in the dark! What an unfortunate woman am I! This is such a particular distress, it puts me to my wits end. Vellum, what would you advise me to do?

*biVel.* Madam, your ho—nour has two points to consider. *Imprimis*, To retrench these extravagant expences, which bring so many strangers upon you—*Secondly*, To clear the house of this invisible drummer.

*L. Tru.* This learned division leaves me just as wise as I was. But how must we bring these two points to bear?

*Vel.* I beseech your ho—nour to give me the hearing.

*L. Tru.* I do. But, pr'ythee, take pity on me, and be not tedious.

*Vel.* I will be concise. There is a certain person arrived this morning, an aged man, of a venerable aspect, and of a long, hoary beard, that reacheth down to his girdle. The common people call him a wizard, a white-witch, a conjurer, a cunning-man, a necromancer, a——

*L. Tru.* No matter for his titles. But what of all this?

*Vel.* Give me the hearing, good my lady. He pretends to great skill in the occult sciences, and is come hither upon the rumour of this drum. If one may believe him, he knows the secret of laying ghosts, or of quieting houses that are haunted.

*L. Tru.* Pho! these are idle stories, to amuse the country people: this can do us no good.

*Vel.* It can do us no harm, my lady.

*L. Tru.* I dare say, thou dost not believe there is any thing in it thyself.

*Vel.* I cannot say I do; there is no danger, however, in the experiment. Let him try his skill; if it should succeed, we are rid of the drum; if it should not, we may tell the world that it has, and by that means, at least, get out of this expensive way of living; so that it must turn to your advantage, one way or another.

*L. Tru.* I think you argue very rightly. But where is the man? I would fain see him. He must be a curiosity.

*Vel.* I have already discoursed him, and he is to be with me, in my office, half an hour hence. He asks nothing for his pains till he has done his work—No cure, no money.

*L. Tru.* That circumstance, I must confess, would make one believe there is more in his art than one could imagine. Pray, Vellum, go and fetch him hither immediately.

*Vel.* I am gone. He shall be forth-coming forthwith. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Butler, Coachman, and Gardener.*

*But.* Rare news, my lads! rare news!

*Gard.* What's the matter? Hast thou got any more rails for us?

*But.* No, 'tis better than that.

*Coach.* Is there another stranger come to the house?

*But.* Ay, such a stranger, as will make all our lives easy.

*Gard.* What, is he a lord?

*But.* A lord! No, nothing like it—He's a conjurer.

*Coach.* A conjurer! What, is he come a wooing to my lady?

*But.* No, no, you fool, he's come a purpose to lay the spirit.

*Coach.* Ay, marry, that's good news indeed. But where is he?

*But.* He is locked up with the steward in his office.



*Sir Geo.* Then he has opened the whole story to her. I'm glad he has prepared her. Oh, here she comes.

*Enter Lady TRUMAN, followed by VELLUM.*

*L. Tru.* Where is he? Let me fly into his arms, my life! my soul! my husband!

*Sir Geo.* Oh, let me catch thee to my heart, dear of women!

*L. Tru.* Are you then still alive, and are you here? I can scarce believe my senses! Now am I happy indeed!

*Sir Geo.* My heart is too full to answer thee.

*L. Tru.* How could you be so cruel to defer giving me that joy which you knew I must receive from your presence? You have robbed my life of some hours of happiness that ought to have been in it.

*Sir Geo.* It was to make our happiness the more sincere and unmixed: there will be now no doubt to dish it. What has been the affliction of our lives, has given a variety to them, and will hereafter supply us with a thousand materials so tall.

*L. Tru.* I am now satisfied that it is not the power of absence to lessen your love towards me.

*Sir Geo.* And I am satisfied that it is not the power of death to destroy that love which I have for me the happiest of men."

*L. Tru.* Was ever woman so blessed! to find herself the darling of her soul, when she thought herself ever! to enter into a kind of second marriage.

with the only man whom she was ever capable of loving!

*Sir Geo.* May it be as happy as our first, I desire no more! Believe me, my dear, I want words to express those transports of joy and tenderness, which are every moment rising in my heart whilst I speak to thee.

*Enter Servants.*

*But.* Just as the steward told us, lads!—Look you there, if he ben't with my lady already?

*Gard.* He, he, he! what a joyful night will this be for madam.

*Coach.* As I was coming in at the gate, a strange gentleman whisked by me; but he took to his heels, and made away to the George. If I did not see master before me, I should have sworn it had been his honour!

*Gard.* Hast thou given orders for the bells to be set a ringing?

*Coach.* Never trouble thy head about that, it is done.

*Sir Geo.* [*To Lady Tru.*] My dear, I long as much to tell you my whole story, as you do to hear it. In the mean while, I am to look upon this as my wedding-day. I'll have nothing but the voice of mirth and feasting in my house. My poor neighbours and my servants shall rejoice with me. My hall shall be free to every one, and let my cellars be thrown open.

*But.* Ah, bless your honour, may you never die again!

*Coach.* The same good man that ever he was !

*Gard.* Whurra !

*Sir Geo.* Vellum, thou hast done me much service to-day. I know thou lovest Abigail ; but she's appointed in a fortune. I'll make it up to both you. I'll give thee a thousand pounds with her. is not fit there should be one sad heart in my house to-night.

" *L. Tru.* What you do for Abigail, I know  
" meant as a compliment to me. This is a new  
" stance of your love."

*Ab.* Mr. Vellum, you are a well-spoken man :  
do you thank my master and my lady.

*Sir Geo.* Vellum, I hope you are not displeased  
the gift I make you.

*Vel.* *The gift is two-fold. I receive from you*

*A virtuous partner, and a portion too ;*

*For which, in humble wise, I thank the donor*  
*And so we bid good-night to both your honours ;*

[ *Exeunt* on

Nay, 'tis  
pent.  
When h  
gh that hanc  
ng gentleman  
But. Does he in  
That time v  
Well, I hav  
d, Mr. Vellum,  
have said this ha  
I did not inter  
business—Let there  
Let your pots a  
Bid the co  
ness. And see that all the serv  
Ay, now I unde  
But I would rather hear y  
way.  
I shall explain to t  
by—Bid Susan lay  
But

*Protect him then, ye fair ones; for the fair  
Of all conditions are his equal care.  
He draws a widow, who, of blameless carriage,  
True to her jointure, hates a second marriage;  
And, to improve a virtuous wife's delights,  
Out of one man, contrives two wedding nights;  
Nay, to oblige the sex in ev'ry state,  
A nymph of five and forty finds her mate.  
Too long has marriage, in this tasteless age,  
With ill-bred raillery supply'd the stage:  
No little scribbler is of wit so bare,  
But has his sling at the poor wedded pair.  
Our author deals not in conceits so stale:  
For should th' examples of his play prevail,  
No man need blush, though true to marriage-vows,  
Nor be a jest, though he should love his spouse.  
Thus has he done you British consorts right,  
Whose husbands, should they pry like mine to-night,  
Would never find you in your conduct slipping,  
Though they turn'd conjurers to take you tripping.*

THE END.









